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"NO, MY NOSE ISN'T BROKEN. B-BUT I GUESS I HAVE P-PLAYED OUT"

CAMPUS DAYS

BY

RALPH D. PAINE

AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE YEARS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY

HERBERT BOHNERT

NEW YORK

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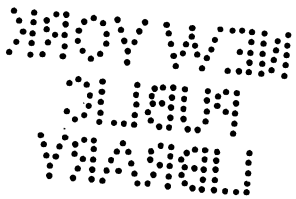

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CAMPUS DAYS

PLINY JOHNSON, PRODIGY

AT seeing Pliny Johnson on the Yale campus one naturally looked around to find the parents from whom he must have strayed in an unguarded moment. His knee-breeches and pipe-stem shanks, the voice which had not yet lost the boyish treble note, and his general aspect of juvenile immaturity made him a most incongruous figure among the undergraduates who imitated the dress and manners of grown-up men.

He was childish only in outward appearance, for the intellect of Pliny Johnson was a marvellous piece of machinery which was geared to handle mathematics, metaphysics, and dead languages with an ease and precision that had caused him to be regarded as a prodigy from the age of ten years. The members of the Yale faculty viewed him with awe and admiration, but the students, for the most part, were rather sorry for him. He seemed to have missed the fun of being young.

The father of Pliny was a psychologist with a theory. Pliny was the brilliant result. Catch a child young and train his mind to be interested in learning things worth while instead of romping and wasting his time like a foolish puppy, and he could be made ready for college at twelve or fourteen years old. He should have enough systematic exercise and diversion to main-

tain his physical health, but anything more in this direction was sheer economic waste. This is an age of mind, not of muscle, reasoned the eminent father of Pliny who had invented various intricate devices for determining how long it takes a man to change his mind and for otherwise prying into the mental processes, quite in the manner of a twentieth century wizard.

Pliny had not been sent to a preparatory school for the obvious reason that the faculty of such an institution could teach him nothing. At Yale he was permitted to select special courses in the abstruse and difficult subjects whose very names in the catalogue were apt to give the average undergraduate a headache. It goes without saying that he eschewed slang in all its forms and was guiltless of maltreating the English language after the fashion of the campus. If Pliny Johnson was pedantic and out of touch with the jovial, pleasant life around him, it was really no fault of his own. Prodigies have ever been compelled to flock by themselves.

Through Freshman year he thought of little else than the library, the laboratories, and the lecture-rooms where he made the professors ill at ease by propounding problems which baffled them, and then promptly solving them himself. He took regular exercise in the gymnasium as part of the appointed programme and sought his companions among the serious scholars of his class. He was an occasional spectator of athletic contests, but the fierce shock and fury of

foot-ball rather dismayed him and he had no desire to engage in such rough-and-tumble performances. When summer vacation came, Pliny's father was delighted with the boy's record of achievement during his first year at Yale, and boasted in a very dignified manner of the successful results of the great experiment.

Strange to say, Pliny himself had begun to wonder whether the experiment was altogether worth while. He said nothing about his doubts and misgivings but he found himself looking forward to his Sophomore year with twinges of real unhappiness. It was lonesome to be a prodigy. The other fellows seemed to be afraid of him or considered him uncongenial. In his heart he wanted to share some of their play, but he had never learned how to play at life. The things they talked about and all the activities with which they busied themselves when outside the classrooms belonged to a world about which knew almost nothing, although he dwelt in the midst of it.

During the summer he chanced to meet at a seashore resort a happy-go-lucky classmate with no pretensions to scholarship, Hector Alonzo McGrath by name. Hitherto Pliny Johnson had viewed this irresponsible young man with little short of contempt that he should hold learning in such light esteem. But McGrath was immensely popular in the campus world; and already poor Pliny Johnson was yearning for a little more popularity and a little less wisdom. So he greeted Hector Alonzo cordially and exclaimed in his precise, eager manner:

"I am very glad to see you. You are the first classmate I have met since we left New Haven. Are you having an enjoyable summer, McGrath?"

"Of course. I always do. Jim Stearns and I are frivolling along the coast for a little while, giving the girls a good time and sort of romancing around. I suppose you are chasing the fourth dimension to its lair and amusing yourself with Kant and Hegel and a few of those dusty lads."

"No, I am not," flatly declared Pliny Johnson, and his manner hinted at rebellion. "I should like to frivol, as you call it." He looked at Hector with frowning earnestness and asked, "Do you mind telling me how to frivol?"

"Oh, just get busy and do things," was the unsatisfactory answer of Hector Alonzo, who was quite taken aback. "I am so busy in college that, honestly, I have mighty little time to study."

"But is your father satisfied with your standing in your classes?" inquired Pliny, who was not to be baffled.

"Sure. Why not?" was the cheery response. "I keep out of trouble with the faculty, and I have tried to make every athletic team in college. What more can he ask?"

Pliny Johnson sighed and his precocious young face was clouded. He was usually sure of himself, confident in his own opinions, but now he became conscious of a certain timidity as if he had been found wanting in knowledge and was uncertain of his ground. "I think I should like to be better acquainted on the cam-

pus," said he. "How does it happen that everybody knows you and likes you, McGrath?"

"You flatter me," replied Hector with a grin. "Seriously, though, my son, the fellows have had no chance to know you. They are all in awe of you, for one thing. You look like a small boy but you run so much to brains that we don't know what to talk to you about. Break away from your books once in a while and try to do something for the college. That is the way to mix up with the crowd and make some new friends."

"But I can accomplish nothing in athletics," piped up Pliny. "I am not strong enough."

"Neither can I," said Hector. "Try for one of the college publications. Run for office. Get in the cheering section at the foot-ball and base-ball games and yell yourself blue in the face. Drop into other fellows' rooms and listen to the college gossip. And thank your lucky stars that you are a Yale man."

"If you are not too busy next year, I should like to call on you occasionally, just to talk things over," ventured Pliny.

"Bless you, look me up as often as you like," cried Hector Alonzo. "Sorry you can't meet Jim Stearns right away, but we are leaving town this afternoon."

For some time after this meeting, Hector was moved to sympathetic emotions at the recollection of the confession of the prodigy who had sought his aid and counsel. The interview was described to Stearns, but that versatile athlete was inclined to scoff and persisted in regarding the episode as distinctly humorous.

"That Pliny Johnson is a freak kid," said he. "The owlish, insufferable little prig! Imagine his making himself popular and getting into the social game, Hector. I would as soon try to make friends with the Encyclopædia Britannica. If he really follows you about next year, as he threatens to do, he will bore you to death."

"You big brute, you have no finer feelings," was the emphatic retort of Hector Alonzo. "That unfortunate lad has been brought up all wrong and he is just beginning to realize it. If I can let a few rays of sunshine into his blighted existence it will be a deed of kindness. Pliny Johnson, the prodigy, evidently needs me."

The good intentions of Hector were seriously intended, but the promise was easier than the performance proved to be. When college reopened in the autumn he rejoiced to meet his many friends, and the early weeks of the term were a sort of continuous reunion. True to his word, Pliny Johnson ventured to pay him a visit, but Hector's rooms happened to be filled with an uproarious company and a series of impromptu wrestling matches for the championship of the dormitory was in progress, regardless of the furniture. Pliny perched himself timidly upon a divan a little removed from the storm-centre and gazed wide-eyed, for conversation was impossible. At length, after three of the contestants had piled on top of Jim Stearns, an outcry arose:

"Oh, what a lovely pink shirt. Shall we take it?"

Pliny perched himself timidly upon a divan a little removed from the storm centre.

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"Sure thing. Shirt him. Jim has been bragging that he couldn't be shirted."

"Shirt him! Shirt him! Good hunting!"

Whereupon the young ruffians, with barbaric shouts, fell upon the captive Stearns, and ripped his pink shirt from his back, waving the fragments aloft in triumph. When he had been "shirted" to the collar, although he fought prodigiously, the company formed in line and tramped down-stairs to the campus. The bits of shirt were tacked to an elm-tree as a final ceremony, after which Hector Alonzo remembered his guest, Pliny Johnson, who had followed the procession.

"Won't you come up-stairs again?" he asked cordially. "The rough-house is all over for to-night. Stearns had to be taken down a peg. And he ought to have known better than to wear a shirt as pink as that. It was a provocation."

The prodigy cast a hasty glance at his own cuff, the pattern of which showed a perceptible pink stripe, and replied undecidedly:

"I have some work to do on my note-books and perhaps I had better not spare any more time to-night, thank you."

Hector had other business in hand and did not press the matter, intending to return the call in the near future and actively interest himself in Pliny's welfare. It was several weeks later, however, before he again thought of the prodigy, and unfortunately Pliny was not in his rooms when the altruistic McGrath dropped in to see him. The campus is a world in miniature and

its population moves in various orbits, the ties of congeniality and common interests dividing the young men into groups more or less detached, and it goes without saying that the orbit of Hector Alonzo McGrath nowhere intersected that of lonely, wistful little Pliny Johnson, to whom the social instinct had begun strongly to appeal.

He was prominent enough, the magazines and newspapers had given him more space than was bestowed on the most eminent athletes, but this kind of publicity no longer pleased him and his father's pride in his intellectual prowess found him unresponsive. His arguments with his professors had lost their zest, and the hazy flights into the mathematical regions of unknown quantities which existed only in the imagination were not as stimulating as of yore.

When spring time came, Pliny forsook his daily exercise in the gymnasium which was distasteful drudgery endured only for the sake of health, and began to walk out into the country, sometimes alone, sometimes with a companion who was likely to be a painfully serious-minded youth working for scholarship honors and eager to discuss some knotty problem with the prodigy. Such a one could not teach Pliny Johnson how to "frivol" and he felt as if he were inclosed within a high wall impossible for him to scale.

It happened one afternoon in May that he was sauntering alone in the direction of Fair Haven and came to the bridge across the Quinnipiac River just as the Yale 'varsity oarsmen were swarming out of the

boat-house to wait on the floating stage for the coaching launch. Pliny halted and leaned over the bridge railing to gaze at the rugged athletes, their bronzed arms and legs so supple and muscular, their faces shining with abundant health and high spirits. Pliny's father would have called them well-developed young animals whose vitality was being misdirected at the expense of their intellects, but Pliny admired them and wished with all his heart that he was big and strong enough to try to become one of them.

Jim Stearns, the stroke-oar, chanced to glance up at the bridge which crossed the stream a few yards from the boat-house and spied the small figure of the prodigy. The sight recalled to Stearns his conversation of the summer before with Hector Alonzo McGrath concerning the aspirations of Pliny Johnson and his desire to be something else than a concentrated package of erudition. The stroke-oar suddenly comprehended that he had been lacking in sympathy and with a kindly impulse he turned to Jack Stevens, captain of the crew in Stearns's Sophomore year, and said to him:

"Do you mind if I ask the marvellous child yonder to go out in the launch this afternoon? He looks sort of forlorn and lonesome. Hector McGrath will be aboard, so Pliny Johnson will have somebody to talk to."

"Good scheme. It will be a distinguished event," heartily replied Stevens. "The crew will appreciate the patronage of the prodigy."

Stearns walked to the end of the floating stage and raised his voice in cheery invitation:

"Do you want to go down the harbor for an hour or two? The launch will be here in a few minutes."

Pliny Johnson was so taken aback that he blinked for a moment, nervously adjusted his spectacles, and almost lost his foothold on the lower rail of the bridge. To be invited into the company of these Homeric heroes was a privilege of which he had never dreamed. Stammering excited thanks, he ran to the stairway leading down to the boat-house and hastened through the long room between the rows of racing shells. Stearns affably introduced him to the smiling giants of the 'varsity eight who appeared slightly abashed in the presence of so prodigious a mentality. As for Pliny himself, he quickly recovered his self-possession and began to ask questions. Rowing was something of a science, so he had been told, and he wanted to know all about it.

"You will hear about the first principles this afternoon," said Stearns. "Here comes the launch, and McGrath is galloping across the bridge, just in time to make connections, as usual."

The 'varsity men went to fetch their shell and put it in the water from the stage while the swift launch poked her nose along-side and the guests climbed aboard. The coach in charge of the day's work was a young man who looked no more than two or three years older than the oarsmen in charge and Hector explained to Pliny Johnson:

"He was captain in his Senior year. He is in the law school now, and is just filling in until the coaching staff can be reorganized."

"But where is 'Bob' Steele, the great head coach?" asked the prodigy.

"You are certainly a back number when it comes to keeping up with the really important college news," admonished Hector. "'Bob' Steele coaches just for love of the thing when he can spare the time from his business interests. He was called abroad by cable last week and he can't get back to the crew before the Harvard race. He was expecting to spend most of his time here this spring, had planned to take his vacation in this way, and this hurried flight of his has played the dickens."

Pliny nodded rather absently for he was immensely interested in watching the eight embark in its narrow, skittish craft and paddle into the stream to await orders from the launch.

"Go out in the harbor, easy stretches for a couple of miles, coxswain," shouted the coach. "And you, Stearns, set the stroke at not more than thirty-two. You simply must get together better to-day, men."

As the shell shot over the smooth water to the measured sounds of rowlocks and shifting slides, Pliny Johnson sat in a small heap, his chin in his hand, his forehead puckered in a frown, his alert eyes bright with interest. Already he had ceased to regard the crew as made up of a number of his fellow collegians training for a race with Harvard. The personal equation was forgotten in the mechanical problems which his unusual mind instantly perceived. Rowing was a problem of applying and transmitting power to the

greatest advantage and with the least possible waste. Here was a form of athletics in which a man might use his brains, and mere strength was the least of the factors involved. The crew was an engine, in short, and to be studied as such. The formulæ of dynamics, both theoretical and practical, could be brought to bear in making a shell move fast, reflected the prodigy, and he decided to ask many more questions when next he might find Jim Stearns at leisure.

"Good fun, isn't it, to be out here where the salt breezes blow," said Hector McGrath, breaking into the active mental operations of Pliny. "I'm jolly well glad I am not in that shell, aren't you?"

The coach was waxing impatient and his language was peppered with invective as he strove to mend the faults of swing and watermanship which his trained eye had detected. The men were an uncommonly heavy lot and their aggregate strength was tremendous, but their boat halted in its stride and ran sluggishly between strokes. Presently the light, wasp-waisted crew of Freshmen came swinging by and the 'varsity coach sung out for them to wait and make an even start for a practice sprint of a half mile or so.

At the word, Jim Stearns and the men behind him swung into it at their low thirty-two stroke while the Freshmen dashed away at a rate considerably higher. To the disgusted amazement of the coach in the 'varsity launch, the younsters drew ahead and soon a length of open water showed between their rudder and the bow of the 'varsity shell. Stearns raised his stroke

and doggedly set out to wear the Freshmen down, but the chase was a long one and the two crews had raced for almost the half mile before the 'varsity began to pull abreast of the snappy, aggressive Freshmen.

"'Vast all," roared the coach. "Hi, you 'varsity men. In a racing start with an ice wagon you would be left at the post. Please remember that you are to row four miles in your race, not ten or twenty. Good Lord! are you fast asleep? Look at those Freshmen, all laughing at you."

Stearns wiped his dripping face and winked at Hector as the launch drifted close to the shell. Pliny Johnson was quite agitated and ventured to inquire whether the situation was as hopeless as appeared.

"Oh, the coaches always blackguard 'em," McGrath assured him. "It is the fashion in rowing circles. There is the material for a splendid crew in the 'varsity boat, but it has not been hammered into shape."

Pliny became silent and pondered and observed while the launch sped farther out into the harbor, and the crew rowed doggedly and was scolded at intervals. The prodigy was still taciturn when the weary oarsmen returned to the river and the boat-house, but as he disembarked from the launch he fairly ran over to Jim Stearns and exclaimed with the most genuine enthusiasm:

"This has been the most enjoyable afternoon I have spent since entering college. I cannot thank you enough."

"Come again," smiled the stroke-oar. "It will do

you good to break away from the other high-brows now and then."

Pliny trotted away toward the campus and resolved to go at once to the library and find all the books that had been written about rowing. He could not be an oarsman for lack of weight and inches, but he proposed to know how the thing was done. He fairly yearned to meet Jim Stearns and his lusty friends again, but he felt that his company must bore them and he was reluctant to impose on their good nature. He was, in truth, a modest prodigy by now and rather inclined to hold himself in too small esteem.

Almost any afternoon after this, Pliny Johnson might have been seen along the river bank or harbor shore, trudging on foot to watch the 'varsity crew at work. He was careful to avoid the bridge and the immediate neighborhood of the boat-house, fearing lest his presence might be viewed as a plea to be taken out in the launch. His interest in the eight had a personal touch, for the boyish prodigy had become a hero worshipper and Jim Stearns was the object of his devotion. That afternoon in the coaching launch had opened vistas of a new, robust, and attractive world for Pliny Johnson, and he no longer agreed with the tenets of that psychological father of his.

It did not escape Pliny's keen young eyes that Stearns was worried and unhappy. He slouched across the campus, his hands in his pockets, inclined to avoid his friends, and Pliny had it from a classmate in the same recitation division that the stroke-oar was not

doing as well as usual in his studies. Gossip said that the crew was rowing below form and that the coaching situation was far from satisfactory, and Pliny attributed the melancholy of his hero to this lamentable state of affairs. At length the prodigy mustered courage to ask Hector McGrath for information.

"Sure, it's the crew that is preying on poor Stearns's mind," answered Hector. "They need 'Bob' Steele the very worst way but he can't be had. And to make the luck worse, old Johnny Page, the carpenter and rigger, is down with pneumonia. He is an awfully sick man. He has been at the boat-house for twenty years, and has rigged the 'varsity shell every season. He knew his business so thoroughly that the coaches have rather left all that to him."

"What do you mean by rigging the shell?" demanded Pliny. "It has no visible rigging."

"Oh, fitting the boat to the men. It's a deucedly complicated business, adjusting the height of the seat and the outrigger and the length of slide, and so on, and every man must have a different set of measurements."

"Ah, so that is what 'rigging' means," said Pliny, very wide-awake. "It is a mechanical problem, pure and simple. They use certain formulæ, I presume."

"Not that I know of," replied Hector. "I have heard Jim Stearns say that old Johnny Page did it all by rule of thumb, and shifted the measurements around until the men in the boat felt comfortable and were pulling all they could get away with."

"What an unscientific—" began Pliny, but he

checked his criticism as uncalled for and politely thanked Hector for his explanation. Thereafter the prodigy went about his daily round in an absent-minded manner, and his indifferent behavior quite alarmed his professors who were afraid that the machinery of his wonderful brain might have slipped a cog through being driven too hard. His father got wind of these disquieting symptoms and ordered Pliny home for several days. There his mental reactions were carefully tested by means of delicate apparatus and a physician examined his physical condition, but nothing was found to be the matter with him.

He returned to college shortly before the crew was ready to go to the quarters on the Thames above New London and was dismayed to note that Jim Stearns wore a countenance even more dismal than when he had last seen him. It required great assurance on Pliny's part and he laid awake almost the whole of one night before he could force himself to undertake the audacious enterprise, but he actually waylaid Stearns on the campus and said:

"Pardon me, but I should like to know if the crew is rowing satisfactorily. I am not as well acquainted with Captain Stevens as I am with you, Mr. Stearns, or I should go to him."

The demeanor of the prodigy was so tremendously in earnest that Stearns could not help smiling as he answered:

"You look as if you had bet your last dollar on that unfortunate crew of ours, my child. It is a poor specu-

lation, you can take it from me. We are rowing pretty well together and there is no end of power in the boat, but she doesn't move fast enough. It puzzles me, and no one else can seem to make head or tail of it."

Pliny gulped, his face grew a shade paler, and he twisted his hands nervously as he exclaimed:

"Of course I am not an oarsman, and it sounds preposterous for me to discuss rowing with you. But I have given the matter a great deal of thought, and after observing the crew, not once, but many times, I have been forced to conclude that the trouble is not with the men in the shell——"

Stearns was rude enough to interrupt with a laugh. "Then I suppose an error of the fourth dimension is responsible. What would you recommend?"

Pliny reddened and his lip quivered. He had expected to be rebuffed, but it hurt him to be ridiculed by none other than his hero whom he wished to serve. After some hesitation, the prodigy pluckily observed:

"Nobody ever mistook me for a fool. If you will come to my rooms for an hour, I think you will find it worth your while. A mistake has been made in rigging the shell, as you call it, and I can show you how to correct it."

"You can show me *what?*" Stearns cried explosively. "Great Heavens! what do you know about boating a crew?"

"I have a theory," meekly answered Pliny. "It is susceptible of proof."

"Lead the way, then. I am at your service," said

Stearns, who eyed the prodigy as if suspecting that a violent outbreak might occur at any minute. Pliny Johnson had nothing more to say until his sitting-room had been reached. Indicating his desk with a gesture, he proceeded to display a formidable number of sheets of paper covered with calculations, symbols, and diagrams as well as a collection of instantaneous photographs of the 'varsity crew in action, the product of his own camera. Jim Stearns glanced at Pliny with more respect and less suspicion than before, and was decently silent while the prodigy delivered an illustrated lecture thirty minutes long. It was astonishingly clear and to the point. Stearns had never bothered his head with the scientific principles of oarsmanship, but he soon comprehended that this absurdly boyish-looking classmate of his knew precisely what he was talking about.

"By Jove! you have mastered the theory," shouted the stroke-oar with great gusto. "Whether it will work in practice remains to be seen."

"Your Johnny Page was working along the right lines," affirmed Pliny, "and your coaches knew a good deal about rigging shells without reasoning why they did it. But there is a blunder in your measurements this year, and while you are setting them right, why not put aside all this uncertain rule of thumb practice, and use these formulæ which are scientifically and mechanically sound?"

Stearns scratched his head and looked foolish. "I will talk it over with the captain and the coaches,"

said he, "and try to persuade them to give you a hearing. Great Scott, my child, it appears to me that you have done something more than readjust the measurements for properly boating the crew. I am strongly inclined to believe that you have evolved a new stroke, a new style of rowing that will give more speed for the power than anything we have tried."

"If it should work in practice, I would be doing something for the college, don't you think?" inquired Pliny with a wistful little smile.

Stearns grasped the other's hand in his large fist and cried:

"You will be the biggest man in college, Pliny, and that is no jest."

It required much stubborn persuasion on Stearns's part before the sceptical captain would listen to the suggestion of inviting the prodigy to test his theory, and the coaches were even more obdurate. Considerable expense would be required. To this objection Pliny roundly declared that if his ideas were proved impracticable he would pay the cost of the experiment from his own pocket. The work of the crew continued to be so discouraging that those in authority were ready to clutch at any hope and the opinion of Jim Stearns carried a good deal of weight. The upshot was that Pliny was formally asked to set up his testing apparatus behind locked doors in one of the dressing-rooms of the boat-house.

He straightway sought the mechanical laboratory, consulted with the staff thereof, and then visited a

local machine-shop where the foreman, who was a Yale enthusiast, made haste to do what was wanted. Three days later, the apparatus was ready to assemble. A sliding seat and two outriggers, one on the port side, the other on the starboard, were set up, and an adjustable foot-brace fastened to the floor. The oar was connected with a registering device consisting of a powerful spring and a dial, so that the pull could be accurately measured in pounds. Stearns was the first victim and while he tugged at the oar handle, Pliny Johnson, hot and excited, consulted his tabulations, and had the rigging shifted and readjusted this way and that until he was satisfied that the oarsman was registering the last possible pound on the dial.

"And I am not breaking my back when I swing up," said Stearns. "And I swear I believe my leg-drive is a good deal more effective than it was."

"That is because your strength is more evenly distributed," explained the gratified Pliny. "This set of diagrams will make it clear to you."

One after another of the 'varsity oarsmen was subjected to this curious ordeal while the younger coaches looked on and wondered what their absent master, "Bob" Steele would say to this apparent tomfoolery. When the complete set of measurements had been recorded, Pliny Johnson spoke up with surprising confidence.

"Now if you will have the shell rigged according to this data, I think you will find a considerable improvement."

"You had better come out in the launch and watch us try it out," said Jim Stearns. "If the boat goes any slower than it did yesterday, I shall proceed to throw you overboard."

To the amazement of all hands except the prodigy the improvement in the speed and power of the crew was more than noticeable. It was positively phenomenal. The secret leaked out and the rumor spread around the campus that Pliny Johnson, Sophomore, was acting as advisory coach of the 'varsity crew and that the odds for the Harvard race had shifted to even money. Shortly after this, the captain was moved to remark to the stroke-oar:

"Everything is lovely, barring the coxswain. The wonderful child, Pliny Johnson, did a miracle for us, but I am afraid he can't readjust that flighty little runt who is steering the boat. He has no head whatever, and he doesn't know how to keep the men up to their work."

"Has it ever occurred to you that Pliny Johnson might make a great coxswain?" rejoined Stearns. "He knows as much about rowing as you or I, and what he doesn't know he will soon pick up. He weighs no more than a bag of feathers, and I can't imagine his being rattled under any circumstances."

"I'll try him this very afternoon," quoth the captain. "Why didn't I think of it before?"

The joy of the prodigy was beyond words when he was ordered to report for duty at the boat-house. Great was his reward. As he hurried down Chapel

Street, he hummed the refrain of "Bingo," and carried his head high. Now he was, in very truth, a Yale man. Why, if he could qualify as the 'varsity coxswain he would be entitled to wear his 'Y', just as much as if he stood six feet in his stockings and weighed in at a hundred and eighty pounds of beef and muscle. He was a rebel and proud of it, for that very morning he had received a letter from his father requesting him to be in New York that afternoon to address a certain very learned society on a mathematical theme of terrific obscurity. Pliny had replied by telegraph as follows:

Sorry cannot come, but am to be given trial as coxswain of university crew. This engagement much more important.

"There, that will jolt him some," said Pliny to himself, and was not a whit abashed at his shockingly colloquial language. An hour later he was picking up the tiller ropes in the stern of the 'varsity shell, and a most disreputable figure of a prodigy he was, his garments a faded, tattered jersey, and a pair of discarded rowing trunks, which wardrobe had been hurled at him in the boat-house.

"Don't lose your nerve," whispered Jim Stearns. "You have more brains than all of us put together. Bully the life out of the crew. Make 'em all afraid of you. And whenever a man gets slack in his work, scold him good and plenty. The captain and I will back you up."

The word of Jim Stearns was law unto Pliny John-

son, and he piped his shrill commands without faltering or hesitation. The men grinned, but they had a small Tartar to deal with. The prodigy was determined that mind should rule over matter, and this opportunity of winning college honors was not going to be thrown away because of any weakening on his part. It was like a wonderful dream, and he proposed to make it reality. The oarsmen respected his ready intelligence. He had demonstrated his ability to achieve practical results by solving the problem of the lost power in the shell. And for this reason they were ready and willing to obey him as coxswain. He felt this confidence in him, it filled him with a glorious sense of self-reliance, and as the responsive shell leaped to the swing of the eight men he was thrilled to the very soul. This was work and play combined, and life was no longer warped and one-sided.

The crew went to New London with Pliny Johnson as coxswain, and a hectoring, bullying martinet he was. When he gave an order, the men obeyed on the instant. They did not analyze it, but they obeyed without question because his was the finer, more commanding intelligence. He flatly refused to take any examinations at the end of the term, and even refused to carry his text-books to New London. He could make up the work at any time, he said, while a fellow could be 'varsity coxswain for only part of the year. His father visited the crew quarters and held indignant argument with the captain and the coaches. Pliny would catch a sunstroke, the excitement would over-

stimulate his heart-action, he was already disobedient and demoralized, and must be taken home for a mental readjustment. To which Pliny, as hard as a young Indian and as brown as a berry, made reply that he deserved a vacation from being a prodigy and that he proposed to have it, likewise announcing that if his brains really needed tinkering there would be plenty of leisure time during the summer.

At this, the distracted parent, Professor Aristides Johnson, found lodgings in a farm-house near the crew quarters at Gales Ferry, and hovered about his unexpected son like a hen that has unaccountably hatched a duckling. On the day before the race there arrived a burly figure of a man with a tremendous voice who was welcomed with riotous enthusiasm. It was the head coach, "Bob" Steele himself, who had wound up his business abroad with a cyclonic rush, and taken passage in a fast steamer on the chance of reaching New London in time to see the Yale eight pull against Harvard. The oarsmen regarded him with emotions akin to awe, but the coaching staff thumped him on that broad back of his until he was quite breathless. As soon as possible the crew was ordered out for his inspection, but he delayed to interview the prodigy of a coxswain. The diminutive Pliny had acquired a swagger by now and was a veritable bantam of a crew man. "Bob" Steele laughed whenever he looked at him and was more delighted than ever when the captain of the eight remarked in plaintive accents:

"He is the most tyrannical little rooster that ever

was, Mr. Steele. And he scowls at sight of a Harvard man as if he meant to eat him alive."

"I haven't the courage to question his authority," said "Bob" Steele. "This evening I must hear all about this new system of coaching a crew by means of mathematical diagrams. Did it really amount to anything?"

"It put a lot more speed into us," answered the captain. "If you or Johnny Page had been available perhaps we could have got along without Pliny Johnson, but he certainly delivered the goods."

"I must congratulate his father. I understand he is staying up here," said the head coach.

"You had better condole with him, sir. He thinks a prodigy has been spoiled to make a coxswain."

"Stuff and nonsense," was the scandalous comment of "Bob" Steele. "This will make an all-round man of the boy."

"Stuff and nonsense it is," echoed Pliny Johnson who had wandered within earshot.

As the eight slid across the quiet river for a practice spin, "Bob" Steele seated himself upon a camp-stool in the bow of the launch and scrutinized the rowing with an eagle eye. At length he smote his knee with his fist and burst out:

"The infant prodigy was right and we were wrong. For the last three or four years we have been unconsciously clipping our stroke, shortening up, doing too much work aft of the outrigger. I didn't realize it until I watched some of those English crews row this

spring. Young Pliny Johnson tackled the problem with a fresh eye and discovered the loss of power. Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings—well, by George, look at 'em bite into it and carry it through!"

On the morning of the race, Professor Aristides Johnson, a painfully agitated parent, was sufficiently human to feel something of the excitement and tense expectation that pervaded the Yale crew quarters. Pliny was much calmer than he. The prodigy was mightily resolved to acquit himself worthily, and he was ready to lay down his life for his college and his crew. His father comprehended something of this virile, heroic spirit that flamed in the heart of his only son, and he even concealed his chagrin at finding himself referred to in a New York newspaper, not as the distinguished psychologist of international renown, but as "the father of Pliny Johnson, the brilliant Yale coxswain."

The Harvard crew was uncommonly strong and fast, and had been rowing close to record time in practice over the four-mile course. The coaching staff at Cambridge had never been so well organized and no mathematical prodigy had been needed to mend matters. When the two splendid eights, of the crimson and the blue, paddled across the river to the starting line there was little to choose between them in finished form and disciplined power. In the Yale shell the men were high-strung and nervous and even such a veteran as the captain, Jack Stevens, was far from calm. It was the mite of a coxswain who steadied and kept them in

hand as a skilled jockey nurses a fidgety thoroughbred colt at the barrier. His voice had never a quaver in it as he piped his orders without hesitation.

The referee fired the starting pistol and away they went, Yale and Harvard together, bow and bow, and a fine, heart-stirring sight it was. Over the first two miles it was like other hard-fought races on the Thames course, the long shells shooting past the flags in series of fiercely contended spurts, the stroke dropping for a little way and then going up for another indomitable tussle, and neither crew able to gain a decisive advantage. Pliny Johnson was steering a course as straight as the flight of an arrow and shrewdly judging the pace and the reserve power left in his swinging line of men. Into the last mile the two eights surged, and Yale had fought her way no more than half a length to the front.

Pliny Johnson glanced beyond the bronzed shoulders of his panting crew to sight the next half mile flag, and keep his rudder true to the mark. The solid lines of yachts and excursion steamers which hemmed the course on either side were blowing whistles and firing cannon and the smoke and steam drifted low over the water. The Yale coxswain peered into this pearly haze which obscured his course and was startled to discern a tall-sided monster of a Sound steamer almost on the edge of the lane to the right of the flag. He took it for granted that she would move clear in plenty of time, and he held to his course without swerving a hair.

Nearer and nearer sped the Yale shell, but instead of moving from the path the steamer swung lazily into

the lane of open water until Pliny Johnson was steering straight at her looming prow. Her deep-toned whistle was bellowing a quick, incessant alarm, not of welcome to the crews, but of hysterical warning. In a flash of comprehension the Yale coxswain knew that the machinery of the steamer had become disabled, that she was not under control, and that the wind was slowly drifting her athwart the path of his crew. To steer wide and pass around this huge obstacle, meant to lose lengths of distance, to throw the crew out of its stride, and to sacrifice all chance of winning the race.

The mind of Pliny Johnson was operating with a flawless celerity and efficiency which instantly weighed the premises and was ready with the conclusion. The boy's face was white and his lips were bloodless, but his grip on the tiller ropes was deft and sure and he did not forget to watch the Harvard crew from the corner of his eye. The Harvard coxswain was hugging the inner edge of his own course, steering as close to the flags as he dared and the oars of the two crews were dipping and flashing no more than a few yards from each other. Pliny perceived that the rival coxswain intended to give not an inch. The Yale crew was therefore shooting at terrific speed toward the narrow bit of water, on the one side of which was the menacing steamer, and on the other, the Harvard shell.

A less courageous and clear-headed coxswain than the prodigy would have told his crew to quit rowing for a few strokes in order to go clear of the steamer,

or he would have sheered violently in the other direction and risked collision with the Harvard crew. In this moment little Pliny Johnson became genuinely great. It would be touch and go, the fighting chance, and miscalculation would mean a catastrophe perhaps fatal. The Yale crew would obey his commands. Of this he was sure. They had implicit confidence in his judgment. A few rods from the steamer, and Pliny thought she had ceased to drift any further into the course. He measured the gap with his eye and yelled fiercely:

"Steady all! Give it to her! Ten strokes now, for your life, and make her jump! Eyes in the boat! Don't you dare to flinch! This is my business!"

He shot the words at them like a volley of bullets. Jim Stearns at stroke glanced quickly to port and saw the great, steel-shod bow of the steamer tower above him just as he swung up on the catch. The copper tip of his blade ticked against the steamer's cut-water and the oar handle was almost twisted from his grip. He wavered in his swing, recovered himself, and drove the oar home with savage energy. Another stroke or two and he was again in his stride, while the men behind him picked it up with him and the speed of the shell had been checked only a little. The Yale crew was sprinting for the finish in magnificent form with Harvard abreast of them and honors still even. Pliny Johnson had kept to his course and his crew was still in the race. When the judge's flag was dropped and the two shells slackened away, it was a

Yale victory by the scant margin of six feet in four miles.

As Jim Stearns leaned across his oar handle and gasped painfully for breath, Pliny Johnson dashed the cold water into his face and exclaimed with tears of joy on his own cheek:

"We won. But supposing I had hit that steamer."

"Look at the tip of my oar," panted Stearns.

The copper band had been ripped off as with a chisel. One of the men who rowed on the other side of the boat muttered hoarsely:

"I felt my blade graze one of the Harvard oars. I was so scared I nearly fainted, but I knew that Pliny Johnson was right on the job."

"I had to do it without any formulæ," grinned the prodigy, "but I did it."

A little later, when the cheering and tumult had subsided, the Yale crew was returning up river to their quarters in the launch. Among the passengers was the father of Pliny Johnson who surveyed his son with an expression of something like humility. After shaking the prodigy's hand several times, the parent delivered himself of this statement:

"I was on that disabled steamer, Pliny, my son. I saw what you did, and I comprehended the reasoning processes which impelled you to perform that superbly intelligent and courageous act. I am convinced that the time spent in serving as coxswain of the Yale crew has not been wasted. I congratulate you with all my heart."

And to the amazement of all beholders, Professor Aristides Johnson, psychologist of international renown, waved his hat over his head, slapped his son on the back, and shouted with immense energy:

"Hurrah for Yale! Hurrah for the crew! And three times three for the coxswain!"

Pliny could hardly credit this phenomenon and while he stood gazing incredulously at his vociferous parent, "Bob" Steele, with a roar of jubilation, tucked this bantam of a coxswain under one arm, carried him forward and tossed him upon the cabin roof as an impromptu pedestal.

"There, you sandy little prodigy," shouted the head coach. "You stay up there until we all kow-tow and take off our hats to you."

Pliny Johnson leaned from his perch and asked with gravely earnest countenance:

"If you please, Mr. Steele, am I a real Yale man now? I was advised to 'get busy.' Have I been sufficiently busy?"

"You are the realest Yale man that ever came done up in a small package," cried "Bob" Steele.

"I never expected to be so happy in my life," sighed Pliny Johnson, and his wise young face was radiant with blissful contentment.

THE GREATER GAME

THE Yale campus was celebrating a famous football victory. Long after the hour when all respectable youths should have been in bed, a band of tireless enthusiasts still danced around a bonfire and hoarsely barked those staccato war-whoops known as "college cheers." At length one of the most energetic of the survivors mounted a barrel and declaimed as follows:

"This is all foolishness. Let us wind it up by going down-town for something to eat and then call it a day's work. My doctor says it is poor business to yell on an empty stomach. The supper is on me, barring Peter Burnham. His appetite calls for the backing of a syndicate."

"Good for you, Hector!" "A long cheer for McGrath!" shouted the audience, while Peter Burnham, the university pitcher, annoyed by the personal mention, swept Hector Alonzo McGrath from the barrel, overturned it, and with a remarkable exhibition of strength and quickness, doubled the orator like a jackknife and thrust him inside. Deaf to the smothered outcry, the hilarious company began to roll the freighted barrel across the campus while the pitcher maintained a solemn countenance and suggested:

"Trundle the little beggar over to the Green and give him a good start down the slope. He is too fresh.

I have been just laying for a chance like this ever since he smeared glue all over my chair in the Sophomore Greek division."

The victim's protests were even more wild and piercing as the barrel bumped across the stone walk, propelled by a dozen hands, and rattled toward the boundary of the campus. The dormitory walls obscured the street lights and the passageway was so dark that the heedless mob charged full-tilt into a shadowy figure of a man who seemed too bewildered to dodge to one side. He went down like a ninepin after collision with the hurtling barrel and the imprisoned Hector Alonzo was forgotten while the penitent youths gathered round to help the unfortunate stranger to his feet. He swayed as if hurt and Peter Burnham's long arm steadied him while he protested in a voice broken by age or weakness:

"Nothing serious, young gentlemen. I accept your apologies. I should have jumped out of the way."

"But we are afraid we shook you up," said the pitcher "It was awfully careless of us. Let me hustle to the corner and 'phone for a carriage, sir. We are sorrier than I can tell you."

"What about me, you heartless blackguards?" piped up Hector McGrath who was vainly trying to extricate himself from the smothering barrel. "Charity begins at home. Pry me loose, somebody. I'll assassinate you for this, Peter."

Two or three kind-hearted friends dragged Hector forth by his head and his heels and stood him up. No

sooner had he regained breath than he was taking command of the situation with respect to the elderly stranger who had been mowed down by this campus Juggernaut. Warmly addressing him, Hector exhorted:

"My dear sir, let us help you as far as the steps of Osborne Hall yonder where you can sit down and have light enough to look over the damages. I was forced into the company of these ruffians, I assure you."

Unresistingly and with dazed thanks, the object of this solicitude was escorted to the corner where the arc lamp revealed him to be white-haired, stooping, and shabbily clothed. None of the undergraduates had ever seen him before. Instead of anger or impatience his thin, kindly face reflected a sort of wistful eagerness to make his assailants feel at their ease, as if the blame were wholly his own. While Peter Burnham meekly brushed the dust from the rumpled coat, the old man bravely assured the group:

"Oh, I am not hurt in the least. Boys will be boys. Don't let me interfere with your frolic, I beg of you. Just leave me here, and I will rest a few minutes."

"Here, one of you fellows rout out Dan Mulligan with a hack," commanded Hector. "Where shall we send you sir, if you please? We can't run away and leave you sitting here alone after we knocked you off your pins. Not a bit of it."

The stranger was a prey to piteous embarrassment which could not be dissembled as he stammered:

"You—you are too kind. I prefer to walk—that is —I cannot allow you to—" He coughed, looked aside

and twisted his hands together as if unable to frame an adequate reply, and lamely concluded, "I am merely passing through New Haven and was about to look at the college buildings."

Hector Alonzo McGrath drew Peter Burnham to one side and whispered:

"It is close to midnight. Queer hour to be viewing the campus. The old gentleman seems badly fussed about his address. And he looks awfully down on his luck. Do you suppose he can be stranded?"

"Maybe so, I hadn't thought of it," growled Peter. "At any rate, we came near making a total wreck of him and it is up to us to find out something more definite. He seems so kind of helpless."

The little group of boisterous undergraduates had become suddenly quiet and were curiously gazing at the wavering stranger who had seated himself upon a stone step of the recitation hall as if he were weary. To Hector's renewed offers of aid he only returned with a bright, brave smile:

"Don't mind me, boys. Just go ahead with your fun. I like to see it."

Peter Burnham had an unwonted gleam of ready wit and suggested:

"Why not ask him to come along with us? Perhaps a few eggs on toast and a pot of coffee would brace the old gentleman up a bit."

"Bully! I really believe he wants to stay with us," murmured Hector. "And it will give us a chance to figure out his mysterious game."

Bowing to the forlorn old figure on the step, the youth spoke up with cordial deference.

"You said something about looking at the college buildings, sir. We are unworthy dwellers therein, just now bound to that humble tavern named in honor of the departed Mrs. Moriarity. Will you give us the great pleasure of your company? I speak for my friends."

To the surprise of the beholders, the singular guest arose with something like sprightliness, brushed a hand across his eyes as if moved by this invitation, and exclaimed:

"This is quite unexpected. It is really delightful. I ought to refuse, but I can't help myself. Thank you with all my heart."

With an air of filial care, Hector tucked a hand under the arm of this oddly recruited comrade and led a procession which trailed slowly down Chapel Street. The silent thoroughfare was empty of traffic and an occasional belated wayfarer turned to stare at Youth and Old Age abroad at the midnight hour. At length the stranger said falteringly, for his breath was scanty and the pace had insensibly quickened:

"My name is Perrine, young gentlemen. I am sorry that I cannot offer you my card."

The escort replied in kind, courteously doffing their hats, and Peter Burnham's booming bass led them in the harmonious declaration:

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny."

Soon they were tramping into the cozy tap-room of "Mory's" and clattering into chairs around the great round table, and when the rosy, bustling waiter had brought beverages, Hector raised his glass and cried:

"To the health of the guest. May he live long and never fall into worse company."

Mr. Perrine rose, bowed ceremoniously, and replied with a faint touch of color in his withered cheek:

"'Here's to good old Yale, drink her down.'"

"You're one of us for to-night," shouted his hearers. "We hereby adopt you."

At close range Hector Alonzo was shocked to note the pale, pinched aspect of the old gentleman and how very poorly he was clad. Under the stimulating influences of food and drink he began to appear less broken and aged, however, and now and then some gay sally evoked a subdued, gentle chuckle from his chair. Under cover of the flow of talk and laughter he confided to Hector with unsteady voice and grateful eyes:

"I should not have tried to deceive you, Mr. McGrath. When you found me I had no place to go to to-night. I am not a beggar, please understand me, but I cannot bear to be guilty of false pretences. When you and your friends are ready to leave here, please help me to slip away unobserved."

"And where to?" sharply queried the youth. "We are only thoughtless, noisy boys, but if it is not presuming too much, I wish you might feel like telling us more about yourself. We are good-hearted, honestly we are, and I can't let you go in this fashion."

Before there was chance for reply the company burst into prodigious uproar and scrambled for the door. A tall, stalwart young man had entered with an amiable grin lighting his bruised countenance, and his welcoming friends were shouting:

"Oh, you Jim Stearns! Come here, you foot-ball hero. 'Rah for Yale! You didn't do a thing to Harvard, did you?"

The captain of the victorious Yale eleven which had won its championship game a few hours earlier, was affectionately thumped and man-handled before he could fight his way clear and extricate a chair into which he fell with a sigh of contentment.

"Hello, you Indians," said he. "I broke training on one cigar and I wish I hadn't. I can't stand the pace like you seasoned rounders. I will take a lemonade, thank you. I thought I should find McGrath still circulating somewhere. The rest of the team shook me and went to bed. Sardines and a golden buck for me if you are all feeding your faces."

"Your face looks as if it had been pushed a-plenty," commented Peter Burnham. "It was a great game, Jim, and we certainly are proud of you. Talk about war! That thirty-yard run of yours with the whole Harvard team in the way was like the charge of the Heavy Brigade."

"Pretty stiff proposition all the way through. We were awfully lucky to win by one touch-down," replied the hero with a simple modesty that became him well. "I had a sandy lot of men and they didn't know

when they were whipped. Gee whiz, but I am glad the season's over!"

Mr. Perrine was forgotten while the clamorous friends bombarded Jim Stearns with questions and chorused his praises until he blushed. It was plain to read that they regarded him as the greatest man alive and his deeds as valiant beyond compare. During a lull, Hector turned to his venerable guest and said:

"If you have not seen one of our big foot-ball games, this must be very stupid for you, sir."

"I have not had the pleasure," was the subdued reply. "But I am enjoying every minute of this rare occasion."

"Here, Jim, pardon us," cried a jovial Senior. "We have not introduced you to our friend, Mr. Perrine. Shake hands. We kidnapped him on the way. Speech from Mr. Perrine.

Hector was about to interpose, but he was taken aback as the stranger rose to his feet, regarded the roysterers with affectionate smiling regard, and began to speak in a voice from which all the weakness had fled.

"It would be discourteous in me to refuse to make a speech. And I am no longer ashamed and humiliated to tell you that I was once a Yale man. Your welcome to your foot-ball captain opened my eyes, for although I am old and poor, and a failure, I, too, once went out from this college campus to fight, and perhaps you may think me worthy to be remembered as well as your famous athletes."

The bowed shoulders straightened, the faded eyes were bright, and the white head was thrown back as he continued while the laughing voices were stilled:

"I was only a Freshman. I did not stay to graduate. It was in the spring of '61 that my roommate and I marched away from the campus to volunteer in a greater game than foot-ball. He was killed at Antietam, and I was with him when he fell. We roomed in old South Middle. After the war began, we talked it over night after night through the spring term, until we decided to enlist and find our diplomas on the battlefield. I have never been in New Haven since that day. I have never seen the college since we passed down Chapel Street in the ranks of our infantry regiment, and the college has forgotten us. I was not with my class long enough to make many friends, and most of them are dead, but you have made those bright days live again. Gentlemen, I ask you to drink to the soldier dead of the class of '65, for their souls go marching on."

There was silence, respectful, almost awed, while these undergraduates of a new generation paid tribute to the vanished legion. Jim Stearns leaned across the table to say to Peter Burnham:

"I never happened to think of it before. Can't you imagine those Freshmen of long ago, no more than kids, sitting on the old fence and talking about going off to war just as we talk about the foot-ball practice, or the chances of the nine?"

"We had no athletics to speak of," chirruped Mr.

Perrine. "We handled muskets instead of oars, a good many of us. I was in training four years, until we were mustered out after Appomattox."

"Look here, it isn't polite to keep our guest up all night," grumbled Peter. "I move that whenever he gets tired of us, a guard of honor be appointed to see him home. How about Hector and Jim Stearns?"

"And you, too, Peter," shouted a neighbor. "The star pitcher and the foot-ball captain will make a distinguished escort. And to-morrow we will show Mr. Perrine around the campus and be proud of it."

"I—I—think I had better say good-night," the guest whispered to Hector, his timidity of manner returning. "Please do not trouble yourself to accompany me."

At a beckoning sign from McGrath, Stearns and Burnham excused themselves and sauntered outside where they waited in the darkness.

Presently the old gentleman drifted through the lighted door-way and looked about him uncertainly. Apparently he had no destination in mind. A moment later Hector Alonzo emerged from the tavern, signalled his brace of mighty comrades, and they closed in on the Freshman of long ago as if they intended to carry him off bodily. He tried to ward them off with fluttering gestures, but Hector emphatically explained:

"You are going to sleep on the campus to-night, Mr. Perrine. I thought of ordering these athletes to tuck you in bed in a room in the New Haven House,

but you belong beneath the elms with the rest of us. Not a word. I am very hot-headed and my side-partners are stubborn beyond words."

The wisp of a veteran soldier was forced to surrender unconditionally. It was not hard to comprehend that he had been in dread of having alms thrust upon him. He was silent as his kindly captors conveyed him across the Green, but when they passed into the college quadrangle, his thin voice was trying to follow them as they struck up the heart-stirring refrain of "Bright College Years." Up the creaking stairway of South Middle in the Old Brick Row they tramped two abreast, and into a low-raftered, homely sitting-room innocent of all "modern improvements." Hector touched a match to the kindling in the squat, rusty stove, and a wood-fire crackled merrily. Candle and lamp-light illumined the old-fashioned room and revealed the battered doors and wainscoting.

Hollister Perrine, a Freshman in '61, gazed about him as if in a dream and muttered as he sank into a stout arm-chair:

"Why this is the old building I lived in. And this looks like my room, where Harry Otis and I were chums."

"It is mine now," gleefully exclaimed Hector. "I tried to get it last year, and I was lucky enough to move in this fall. Hang the up-to-date dormitories with electric lights and steam-heat! I wanted to room in No. 14, South Middle, because my father lived in here through his Junior and Senior years. He was in the class of '68, sir."

"Considerably after my time," said the veteran. "What is the number of the room? Fourteen, did you say? My hearing is not as good as it was."

"The same, sir. Second floor, middle entry." Hector's eyes were dancing and his smile was mischievous, as he added. "I planned a surprise party for you, sir. This is your old sitting-room."

"And—and—how do you know?" gasped Perrine, clutching the arms of his chair and pulling himself erect. "There is not a living soul in Yale College that remembers me, or ever heard of me. What do you mean?"

"I guessed it just as soon as you told us about your going off to the Civil War as a Freshman. Jim Stearns and Peter Burnham had their suspicions but I signalled them to shut up. Not a year has passed since you left this room, Mr. Perrine, that you were not talked about and remembered and praised as a splendid, true-blue Yale man and patriot. Isn't that so, fellows?"

"Right you are. The tradition is still in prime working order," affirmed Jim Stearns. "Well, isn't this just great!"

Hollister Perrine stared at the beaming trio as if surmising that they were making sport of him. His lip quivered as he said quite haltingly:

"I am a derelict and a failure as you have guessed for yourselves. But if what you say could be true it would make me happy. I should think that my life has been a success."

Hector McGrath could hold the secret no longer. Grasping the hand of the veteran he led him toward the closet-door while Jim and Peter caught up candlesticks and followed at their heels. Pulling open the stout old door so that its inner panels faced the room, Hector waited in silence while his friends held the lights in order that their guest might gaze at close range. The stout old boards had been whittled and splintered by the jack-knives of one generation after another of undergraduates and were a veritable catalogue of initials and class numerals to recall the young men who had lived in this ancient room.

Midway of the door had been neatly chiselled a square border or frame enclosing two sets of roughly hacked initials, "*H. L. P.*" and "*H. S. O.*," and beneath the latter was painted in letters of Yale blue

DULCE ET DECORUM
EST PRO PATRIA
MORI

"Sweet and seemly is it to die for one's country," murmured the veteran. "H. S. O.—my roommate, Harry Otis. And there are my initials by the side of his, just as we cut them there in the fall term of Freshman year. And so were remembered at Yale? I can hardly believe my eyes. How did it happen?"

Hector shoved the arm-chair forward, and the undergraduates settled themselves comfortably in front of Hollister Perrine while the enthusiastic spokesman narrated as follows:

"I first heard of it from my father, Mr. Stephen McGrath, of Pittsburg, and you ought to see his face light up whenever he refers to it. The fellows who lived in these rooms just after you, Mr. Perrine, cut the frame around the initials and painted the motto. They had heard of your roommate's death in battle, of course, and they knew about you. And they used to talk about the two Freshman soldiers who heard the bugles calling and went away in their teens to fight for their flag. When my father came to college in '64 he chose these rooms, and the fellows living in them then showed him the initials and the motto they had painted in honor of you and your chum. And he passed it along to the next class, and so on, so that whoever lived in these old diggings had the story handed down to him, as a tradition and something to be proud of. Why, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for that old door, eh, Jim?"

"Tell him about the flag stunt," said the foot-ball captain.

"Well, my father began it," resumed Hector. "On the anniversary of the battle of Antietam he draped the stars and stripes above the initials on the door. And the next man to live in the rooms liked the idea and kept it up. Then when the soldiers' Memorial Day was founded the ceremony was shifted to that date and it has been remembered every year since."

Hollister Perrine was looking down the long vista of the years but his retrospection was no longer sorrowful. His worn face glowed with a brightness beyond *words as he said:*

"This is the most beautiful hour that has come to me in—well, since the days before you young men were born."

Jim Stearns and Peter Burnham rose and bade him good-night, to which he replied with absent-minded formality as if he were dwelling with his own thoughts and memories. When the twain were alone, Hector Alonzo McGrath began artfully and patiently to wrest from the reluctant veteran the story of his misfortunes. Little by little the tragedy was revealed, commonplace in a way, yet woven into its dull, gray fabric were golden threads of heroic endeavor and uncomplaining fortitude.

After the war, Hollister Perrine had found himself adrift without a profession, the family resources obliterated by the conflicting hazards and wreckage of a border State. He had prospered in one business undertaking or another until past middle-age when the tide turned and adversity swept him from his moorings. Broken in health, the friends of his youth gone, he had made a futile battle and in his declining years saw no other refuge for old age than a Soldier's Home, such as a generous government maintains in behalf of its veterans of '61.

Toward this harbor he had been journeying when it occurred to him to tarry at New Haven between trains, and visit the campus which his bright youth had known for a few fleeting months. In the train or railroad station he had been robbed of his purse and left penniless and helpless. In this plight the celebrants had found *him wandering* at midnight.

For once, that flippant and graceless collegian, Hector Alonzo McGrath, was profoundly moved and his countenance was grave and thoughtful as he confided from the window-seat:

"I didn't want to say anything more when Stearns and Burnham were here, Mr. Perrine, but I think my father would like to have me tell you the rest of it. One night just before I was coming to Yale as a Freshman, we had a heart-to-heart talk. He is one of these quiet, heavy men with a fighting jaw who doesn't go about telling all he knows, by a long shot. I used to be rather afraid of him, well—until that night. He swung into talking about his own life here at New Haven. He was a pretty big man in his class and I thought a good deal of his record, and the more I know of Yale the more I admire him for it.

"It seems that he went wrong in Freshman year, fell in with a crowd of sports and all that sort of thing. There was a very unpopular tutor and one night after the crowd had been down at the shore, they raided this tutor's rooms and handled him mighty roughly. It made a tremendous scandal on the campus and the faculty was mad clear through. As it happened, the wrong men were collared for the crime and they were in a sad fix, for it meant expulsion right off the reel. Father had been the ring-leader and his first impulse was to keep mum and thank his stars that he was all clear of the trouble.

"While he was threshing it over with himself he happened to look at that closet-door yonder. There

were your initials and those of that fine roommate of yours, and they simply scorched his conscience. You had staked your lives for honor and loyalty, and an ideal of conduct, and one of you had made the supreme sacrifice. And you had been just Freshmen at the time, and my father was another Freshman with a problem on *his* hands. You can guess the answer. He sat and glowered at those whittled letters on the door, and the upshot was that he trotted over to see old President Woolsey, and confessed up like a little man. And his reason for playing square must have appealed to Prexy, for he put father on probation and let him stay with his class.

"It is not such a big thing, as I tell it, but it seemed to make a great impression on my father. And he told me that it was a kind of turning-point in his life, one of those mile-posts along the road that a man never forgets. And you can bet that he was grateful to the two Freshmen soldier lads, living and dead."

"Wonderful! The ways of Providence are past finding out," solemnly murmured the other. "To be remembered, to have been a living influence all these years!"

"Oh, dad is not the only Yale man who has been braced to fight the good fight because he was lucky enough to have that closet-door handy," said Hector. "See here, Mr. Perrine, I am using you brutally. Not another word. You are going straight to bed. I will send your breakfast over from the club. You don't have to get up for chapel, you know."

Next morning Hector was accosted by Jim Stearns on the way to the first recitation, and the latter asked eagerly:

"How is our bully old Freshman this morning? And what are we going to do with him? I could raise a good, fat subscription for him in no time if you think that is the sane proposition. Yale owes him something, you know. Peter Burnham suggests that the nine play a benefit game, but he thinks only in terms of base-ball. And I suppose one of the New Haven Grand Army Posts would be glad to help him on his way."

"Jim, you make me weary," Hector contemptuously flung back. "Mr. Hollister Perrine, class of '64, is a Yale man and a gentleman. I don't propose to hand him out charity by means of such raw, coarse methods as you and your chuckle-headed friend Burnham suggest. You mean well, but you have as much tact as a steam-shovel. I am going down-town to send a telegram right after this recitation. Want to come along?"

"Sure thing! if I am not intruding, you impertinent, little shrimp. You seem to have monopolized our warrior friend."

Hector disdained reply, but he later consented to let Jim Stearns read the message which was addressed to "*Stephen McGrath, Empire Steel Co., Pittsburg.*"

You cannot guess in a thousand years who I have corralled. The Freshman volunteer of '61. *You know the initials H. L. P. on the old door. He is down and out, heading for a Soldier's*

Home. Unless advised to the contrary will ship him on to you to-day. Give him an easy job and look after him. He has earned it.

"There, I am doing dad a favor that will win much merit for yours truly," said Hector, with a virtuous air. "You had better be with me when I show the answer to Mr. Hollister Perrine."

"You are a wonder," quoth honest Jim Stearns. "This is more fun than winning a foot-ball championship. Mr. Perrine is the hero of a greater game than we play nowadays. Pity the college can't recognize it somehow! It gives us athletes trophies and all that sort of thing and we don't amount to shucks beside him."

"He can have no finer memorial than the old closet door," said Hector Alonzo with a flash of truest comprehension of the eternal values.

Later in the forenoon Mr. Hollister Perrine was patiently awaiting the return of his youthful host, and wondering what more trouble life had in store for him. To him entered Hector waving a yellow envelope while Jim Stearns was a stride or two behind. Conversation would have spoiled the grand climax wherefore Hector shoved the telegram under the astonished nose of the veteran who fumbled for his glasses and read that which moved him to tears of joy and pride and thanksgiving:

Greetings from McGrath, '68, to Perrine, '65. I have been forty years trying to find you. Please visit me and talk over old times. Hope I can persuade you to accept a congenial position of trust.

When Mr. Stephen McGrath expects his only son
et busy, I let no vegetation sprout under my shoes,"
:rved Hector Alonzo. "I am the wise child who
ws his own father. In order not to delay this Yale
ıion in Pittsburg, I would suggest that you please
by catching a train out of New York this after-
ı, Mr. Perrine. We hate awfully to lose you, and
will come back at Commencement time, won't
? I shall rely on father to bring you back to help
brate his class reunion. Now, Jim, poke your head
of the window and tell the fellows to cut loose. It
ust a cheer in your honor, Mr. Perrine. The
rd insisted on getting a look at you."
he veteran of '61 sat with his face in his hands and
ips were moving, perhaps in prayer to the God who
not forsaken him, as two score lusty voices rang
n their own peculiar war-cry:

Brek-ke-ke-kex,
Co-ax, Co-ax,
Brek-ke-ke-kex,
Co-ax, Co-ax,
Whoa-up, Whoa-up,
Para-ba-loo,
Yale-Yale-Yale!
Rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah,
PERRINE,
PERRINE,
PERRINE!

WITH THE BEST INTENTIONS

THE season of Jim Stearns's captaincy of the Yale eleven found Hector Alonzo McGrath continually on edge with excited interest. He was an on-looker, it is true, having been dismissed from the foot-ball squad in the very first week of training, but the mighty head coach himself could have been no more concerned over every detail of the daily practice and the condition of the men. The championship contests were looming near at hand when he hailed the captain on the campus and addressed him with a worried frown:

"See here, Jim, have you noticed anything wrong with Tillinghast? It strikes me that he has been going off his game for the last fortnight. For a big, husky guard he isn't tearing 'em up the way he was in the earlier practice games."

Captain James Montgomery Stearns smiled tolerantly, looked down at his slim and active companion, and rejoined:

"Hector, your intentions are gilt-edged, but you surely do go messing around in other people's affairs. Billy Tillinghast is not overtrained, if that is what you mean. And I have seen nothing to indicate that his mind has any serious kinks. I mean to let him rest for a couple of days, for he has been standing a lot of battering play."

The other youth looked dubious and unconvinced, and his brow was still furrowed. Not in the least suppressed he returned to the argument.

"The trouble with you foot-ball bosses is that you have no finer feelings. You are all beef and muscle and dunder-headed stubbornness. Temperament and the personal equation are totally beyond you. I tell you Tillinghast is preyed upon by a dark secret, and if he is not coddled along he will go to pieces before you play Princeton. I may be a dub of an athlete, but my eagle eye and keen intelligence are not to be pooh-poohed. Do you get that?"

By way of reply the stalwart captain dexterously grasped the impertinent Hector Alonzo, turned him upside down and shook him until a shower of silver coins jingled from his gaping pockets and danced across the turf. Again agitating the hapless victim to make certain that the treasury was emptied, Stearns reversed him, stood him on his feet, and blandly explained:

"I need a dollar and a half to pay my washerwoman. Thanks, old man. I shook the exact change out of you. Now go and play marbles or roll hoops, and forget your harmless delusions. Or if Tillinghast still ravages your sensitive emotions you might drop into his room after supper and hold his hand and jolly him into telling you the story of his life."

Red in the face and sadly rumpled, Hector Alonzo strode away with the air of a martyr to his convictions. That afternoon he critically surveyed the foot-

ball activity of Billy Tillinghast and was more than ever convinced that his surmise was correct. The tall guard was fretful and impatient of coaching, and instead of resting between the halves, he moved up and down the edge of the field in moody silence as if his thoughts were unhappy. Although he had jeered at Hector's suspicions, yet Jim Stearns had a lively respect for the shrewd, observant mind of that flighty classmate and he covertly watched the demeanor of Tillinghast. After the day's work, when the team tramped into the dressing-room, the captain called the guard aside and asked in friendly fashion:

"How's the work going, Billy? Everything all right? Good news from home?"

"Oh, I am all right, thank you," said the other, who was a Sophomore and stood somewhat in awe of the older captain. He flushed and bit his lip as if embarrassed by this frank questioning, but added nothing more than, "The end of the season is apt to wear on a fellow's nerves, I guess, and I have been studying pretty hard besides."

"You must not worry about your position on the team. The coaches have no notion of making a shift," suggested Jim, thinking the youngster might be borrowing trouble on this score.

"That is good news. I'm very much obliged," replied Tillinghast with no more animation.

"Mind you, I want to know if anything is going wrong," concluded the captain with a strong hand on the lad's shoulder.

Reassured, Jim Stearns dismissed the guard from his busy mind and was inclined to view the interference of Hector Alonzo McGrath as a false alarm to be charged against the account of that erratic young man. Hector, however, was not to be discarded as easily as this. Any trifle, however small, that concerned the welfare of the foot-ball team was to be viewed with prodigious seriousness. No more than two or three days later he climbed the dormitory stairway to Billy Tillinghast's room and unceremoniously announced:

"Glad to find you alone. I have come for a heart-to-heart talk."

The foot-ball player, who was absorbed in a text-book beside the lighted lamp, scrambled to his feet with a dumfounded air and stammered:

"P-pleased to see you, Mr. McGrath. W-won't you sit down?" There was in his manner a good deal of perplexity at this intrusion of a very prominent upper-classman with whom he had no more than a speaking acquaintance.

"Certainly, for I expect to stay some time," cheerily quoth Hector. "You can deceive Jim Stearns, but you can't bluff me, do you understand? I have been talking to your roommate about you, prying into your affairs. Oh, I plead guilty. I wormed out of him that you are not sleeping very well, and are pretty grouchy company. Now, this will not do, Mr. William Tillinghast. It won't do at all. I have been sleuthing on your trail for the last week. I am the original little mind-reader."

The guard dropped his book, blinked as if dazed by this frontal attack, and smiled a slow, sheepish smile. He was not ready to surrender, however, and returned evasively:

"Supposing I tell you that this is all a pipe-dream of yours, Mr. McGrath."

The visitor scanned the massive shoulders and towering height of the Sophomore with an apprehensive eye and meekly replied:

"If I call you a liar I presume my friends will be saying to-morrow that I look as natural as life and will be matching pennies to see who pays for the wreath of immortelles. But my thoughts are my own. Honestly, I can't be hoodwinked. I want to help you. I am the recognized college life-saver. My fad is answering distress signals."

There was no withstanding the genial, warm-hearted insolence of Hector Alonzo McGrath as others had discovered. He did not invite confidences. He simply took them by force. Billy Tillinghast, good-natured, boyish giant that he was, was already on the defensive. His handsome face brightened and he laughed aloud as he confessed:

"My roommate wouldn't dare to come at me in this way, and as for Captain Jim Stearns—well—it seems so confoundedly silly that I can't bear to tell——"

"There is a dark secret then," triumphantly cried Hector. "My brutal corkscrew methods have extracted that much already. However silly it is, you are worrying yourself sick and at this rate it is going

to put you off your game before you play Princeton. Now, I can straighten everything in a jiffy. Out with it. No more dodging."

The guard rose and paced the floor, obviously disturbed, yet reluctant to obey this peremptory mandate. After some hemming and hawing and staring blankly into space, he turned a rosy countenance toward Hector Alonzo, and vouchsafed:

"I don't understand how you guessed it, but I am in the dickens of a pickle, and it has nothing to do with my foot-ball work, that is, not directly. I might as well own up, now that you have me backed into a corner with my hands up." He halted, glowered at the floor, and went on with more difficulty than ever, "Well, there is a girl in it, and—and——"

"Of course there is a girl in it," firmly asserted Hector Alonzo with the air of a man of the world. "There always is. I have been there myself. Go on. The ice is broken. Now dive in."

"In the first place, then," heroically resumed Tillinghast, "I live with my grandfather in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He is putting me through college, and he is a fine old gentleman, every inch of him, but he is almighty set in his notions and some of them are—er—peculiar. He is dead set against my playing foot-ball, for one thing, and I have kept him tamed only by plugging hard at my books and maintaining a high stand. With the least provocation he would forbid my playing, but so far I have given him no chance. His other pet dislike happens to be the girl in the

case. In fact, I made a good deal of an ass of myself, Mr. McGrath."

"In which you are by no means alone," Hector judiciously interpolated.

With a beaming, grateful grin, Billy Tillinghast plunged into the heart of his confession.

"It was not very serious and I am not nursing a broken heart. But I was pretty soft while it lasted, and my grandfather was disgusted to beat the band. He is rampageous at times and this was one of them. He told me to cut it out, but you know how it is. A fellow can't wind up that sort of a thing at a moment's notice. It isn't gentlemanly, is it?"

Hector nodded a grave affirmative. The narrator who had become more at ease thereupon continued:

"After the old gentleman issued his blazing ultimatum, I wrote her some letters, and she wrote me some letters. I really didn't mean to deceive him, and it was a foolish proposition. I wouldn't do it again."

"And you failed to burn the letters," cried Hector.

"Worse than that. I tied her letters in a package and meant to bring them to college with me this fall. I couldn't bear to destroy them, you know. But I overlooked them when I was packing my trunk in a hurry. They were tucked away in a drawer of the desk in my room at home and all safe enough. Grandfather wouldn't go snooping around, I was sure. Well, I got a letter from him a couple of weeks ago that jarred me like the very mischief. He has been in California, and is on his way home now. He happened

to say that now that I was done with that old-fashioned desk in my room he was going to lug it down to the library to use in mounting his collections. He chases butterflies and bugs and so on as his hobby. Then he kindly added that he would empty the drawers very carefully and put my belongings away in an orderly, systematic manner."

"Um-m, and he will spot those sugary epistles from the damsel?" sympathetically observed Hector.

"Sure thing! How can he help it?" was the gloomy answer. "He will read them, too. Even the date of the postmarks will convict me. He knows her slantendicular handwriting. He will be madder than a wet hen, and the first punishment that pops into his head will be to forbid my playing any more foot-ball. This is an outline of the situation."

"And, of course, you can't leave the team to chase way out to Fort Wayne and beat the old gentleman to the documents," sagaciously reflected Hector Alonzo. "It looks pretty black, if he is as peppery as you make out. For pity's sake, William Tillinghast, haven't you a chum in the home town who can be trusted to do a little second-story work?"

"All the fellows there know the girl. Do you suppose I want them butting into this tragedy? Not on your life! The house-keeper isn't fond of me, and I suppose the cook has been shifted several times since I left. No, this is too delicate a matter to be intrusted to anybody. My roommate is too bungling to send out there."

"It sounds like comic opera to me, but it is making you gray-headed and your mind is being distracted from the foot-ball practice," exclaimed Hector.

"You don't know my grandfather, Mr. McGrath."

"I would give a good deal to know the girl, Mr. Tillinghast. Having pledged my knightly word to pull you off the rocks, there is only one thing to be done. I will go to Fort Wayne and get the letters. Hist! not a word! Spies may be within ear-shot. Draw me a plan of the house, marking the place (X) where the desk may be found. I start to-night. This is nuts for me. I am passionately fond of travel and excitement, and I will trust to the McGrath luck to square the absence with the Dean."

"You take it all as a joke. I am sorry I told you," sputtered the distraught athlete. "I know it sounds like a fairy tale but it is life or death to me."

"Same here. I am as dead in earnest as you are," solemnly quoth Hector Alonzo. "You just go out to the foot-ball field to-morrow and commit manslaughter on the foe with a light and happy heart. Fort Wayne for me. Hold the fort, for I am coming."

A little later in the evening Hector sought Jim Stearns and confidentially announced:

"I was right, as usual, about Tillinghast. I can't give him away, but I expect to restore his sanity. They may be delusions, the story sounds uncommonly like it, but the one best bet is for me to humor him to the limit. I may be away from town several days. If the Dean asks you where is Hector Alonzo, the pride

of his class, tell him I have been summoned on an errand of mercy."

The captain looked stern and emphatically protested:

"This is all tommy nonsense. What do you think you are doing? Only a month ago, you told me that you could not possibly leave New Haven again before the Christmas vacation. You even showed me the letter from your father in which he said if he heard of your being away from college he would find a penalty to make you wish you hadn't. You would dash down to New York every week, you know."

"Oh, I know all that, but I couldn't explain it to Tillinghast, Jim. This is a case in which the interests of the college must come first. I don't mean to disobey the pater, and this deception grieves me beyond words. But my intentions are excessively good and I simply must pull poor Tillinghast out of a hole. So long Jim. Try to think kindly of me, won't you, for I mean well."

Thereupon Hector dashed across the campus, galloped up to his room, packed a bag, and fled to catch the next train to New York. His plan of campaign was nebulous in the extreme, beyond the hasty conjecture that he might have to entangle himself still further in the web of complications woven by that luckless young sentimentalist, William Tillinghast. Your true knight-errant, however, reckons not with the odds nor is it his to reason why. And the buoyant optimism of Hector Alonzo McGrath was seldom

pervaded by the cold light of logic. It was one of his basic tenets that wherever a girl was concerned a fellow could not be viewed as wholly sane, and therefore the story of the explosive bundle of letters and the irate grandparent was no more than what might be expected of a muddle-pated Sophomore.

After a journey to Fort Wayne endured with enviable cheerfulness and enlivened by a companionable interest in his fellow-passengers, young Mr. McGrath alighted from the limited train and betook himself to a hotel. Inside the hour he won the confidence of the landlord, and was asking information concerning the personality of the grandfather of the harassed Yale guard.

"Old Dexter Tillinghast, you mean," quoth the other with a shrug. "The richest man in town, and the crankiest. Good-hearted in his way, but say, when he blows the lid off his temper you'd think the San Francisco earthquake was no more than a gentle shiver. If you have any business with the old gentleman you have landed just in time. He came home from the West this very morning."

"So he beat me to it," gasped Hector, dismayed for once. "Thank you kindly. I will stroll to his mansion and look him over. If you hear a noise like a cataclysm please turn in a call for an ambulance and a squad of reserves."

Alas! there was no time for elaborate strategy. The citadel must be stormed on the instant or not at all. Hector's brow was clammy and his knees were singu-

larly weak as he moved up the street with hesitant step and strove to evolve a scheme of action. To disguise himself as a book-agent; to pass as a telephone repair-man; to wait until nightfall and attempt burglary pure and simple; one desperate device after another was reviewed and cast aside as defective. Billy Tillinghast's desk stood near the door of the left-hand room at the top of the front staircase. To reach it and flee with the perilous love-letters would require no more than a few seconds, once the way was clear and the line of retreat open.

The hour was now in the early afternoon. With nervous fingers Hector unfolded the rude floor plan of the mansion as sketched by Billy Tillinghast, and scanned it gloomily.

"The blithering young ass," he bitterly soliloquized. "He has drawn the house without putting one solitary door in it. And I surely need them to get in and out of. Did he expect me to use the chimney?"

Instantly his face brightened, he uttered a jubilant cry and fairly danced along the pavement under the spur of a glad inspiration. "The chimney, by Jove!" he said aloud. "There's the clue. It's risky but here goes."

He set out at a brisk stride and ere long came in sight of the bulky, substantial home of Colonel Dexter Tillinghast, its pillared front secluded behind a stone wall and an attractive expanse of shaded lawn. Halting as if to reconnoitre, the indomitable youth buttoned his coat, jammed his hat down hard, sighed,

and was ready to offer himself as a forlorn hope. Don Quixote in his most sublime moments was no more genuinely heroic. Then as if he were shot off the mark by the pistol of Mike Morrison, the Yale trainer, Hector Alonzo McGrath sprinted toward the mansion over the gravelled path and turf. Straight to the front porch he bolted, bounded up the granite steps, clattered to the front door, and furiously rang the bell, peal after peal, while he bawled breathlessly:

"Oh, Colonel Tillinghast! Hurry up! There's a fire in the back of your house! A fire! A fire! Get busy and put it out."

From within echoed the confused sound of hurrying footsteps as if the summons had alarmed several members of the household. A moment later and the door was flung open by an agitated, gaping servant. Behind her towered the gaunt, militant figure of the grandfather himself, while the elderly woman of dignified presence who followed in great haste was obviously the house-keeper. Waving his arms imploringly Hector Alonzo sputtered:

"Back of the house. Fire in it. I saw it from the street. Can I help? Don't call the engines yet. Maybe we can handle it."

Without a word, Colonel Dexter Tillinghast executed a lightning right-about, brushed the womenfolk aside, and led the charge toward the kitchen. The hall was emptied in a twinkling. So astoundingly successful was this simple stratagem that the bold invader grinned as he sped up the staircase with swift

stealth and dived into the left-hand door-way. There stood the old-fashioned desk exactly as he had pictured its location. He had only to pull out the topmost drawer, and, presto, the trick would be done. Flight was only a matter of a few seconds, and once outside the house he could take to cover with instantaneous rapidity.

Alas, when Hector tugged at the drawer it refused to budge. Billy Tillinghast had assured him that there was no possibility of its being locked. Dampness must have swelled the wood. With panicky trepidation yet reluctant to retreat, the scapegrace of an intruder jerked and yanked in vain. He was about to abandon this frontal attack and make a frantic effort to start the balky drawer by prying it from underneath with a paper-knife, when his ear noted a heavy tread in the room directly across the hall, and a resonant masculine voice shouted:

"What is all the infernal racket down-stairs, Colonel? It woke me out of a sound nap. I'll be there in a minute."

Hector collapsed over the top of the desk and groaned. There could be no mistaking those accents. His father, Stephen McGrath, captain of industry, was in the next room. The stricken youth murmured:

"He hears his master's voice! So dad is visiting Billy's grandfather! Buying a few steel mills and railroads together, I suppose. Here is where I fall dead!"

Not daring to dash into the hall, for Mr. McGrath,

Senior, could be heard hastily getting under way, and, moreover, there was no closed door between parent and son, Hector held his breath, backed warily toward a corner of the room and wondered if he had been overheard. Apparently without suspicion that an amateur burglar was lurking at close range, the elder McGrath ran down-stairs just as Colonel Dexter Tillinghast came pounding into the lower hall and declaimed in passionate tones:

"The infernal young rascal! The house was not afire. He was a clever sneak-thief. It was a ruse. Undoubtedly I have been robbed. I must telephone the police at once."

"I thought I heard some one slip up-stairs," said Mr. McGrath.

"He may be in the house now. You stay here, Colonel. I will look around. Have you any kind of a weapon handy?"

"Nothing but that pair of horse-pistols on the library wall," grunted the old gentleman.

From the direction of the kitchen floated the unctuous, Irish voice of the hilarious cook:

"Murther me, I'm wore out entirely. An' th' only fire was the wan in the stove. Th' little divil fooled us nately, so he did, the Colonel and all. Was there anny silver lift layin' about, I wonder."

Listening to the menacing dialogue wafted from the hall below, the quaking Hector Alonzo felt like a rabbit in a trap. He was presumed to be anchored hard and fast on the Yale campus by paternal decree, and

this situation was entirely too complicated to be explained by the tongues of men or of angels. Even now as he cowered in the closet to which he had slunk, a step at a time, his father was ascending the stairs, horse-pistol in hand, while Colonel Dexter Tillinghast was shouting excitedly into the telephone.

With anguished eyes the hunted youth gazed at the nearest window and perceived that it overlooked the roof of a side porch. Bounding across the room he hoisted the sash, scrambled through, and was trying to find secure foothold when his father entered in time to catch a glimpse of the quarry. Hurling the horse-pistol at the vanishing back of the "burglar," Mr. McGrath, Senior, shouted lustily:

"I've flushed him, Colonel. There he goes, off the porch roof!"

With a smothered howl, for the butt of the ancient weapon had smitten him between the shoulders, Hector Alonzo slid to the edge of the roof, twisted his legs around a supporting column, and fairly whizzed downward to land in a flower bed with a dislocating thump. Picking himself up, he took to his heels, running straight ahead, his wits confused, thinking only of avoiding the street and the expected police force of Fort Wayne. With splendid agility he scaled a lofty garden wall of brick, topped with broken bottles, where he left some cuticle and more fragments of raiment, and crashed through a trellis on the farther side. His impelling purpose was to flee the town before he should be surrounded by the cordon of a general police alarm.

After scurrying through several backyards, he came upon a small, quiet side street which seemed to lead away from the direction of the storm centre, and he followed this thoroughfare at a brisk gait, keenly conscious of his torn and muddied clothing and his scratched, besmeared hands. He dared not retreat to the hotel whose affable landlord could furnish an accurate description of him, coupled with the excessively awkward fact that he had set out to find the home of Colonel Dexter Tillinghast. Like many another routed strategist, Hector Alonzo was compelled to abandon his baggage on the field of battle. To seek refuge at the railroad station with the intention of fleeing by the first train leaving for anywhere would be folly even worse. The police could easily overtake him by telegraph.

"Just imagine this story getting back to college," said Hector to himself. "I could never live it down. I'd be laughed clean off the campus. And my intentions were certainly the best ever. To be hunted by your own father is the limit. There is no keeping out of the calaboose, as far as I can figure the game out. And how can I ever, ever face Billy Tillinghast again."

There was nothing else to do than to keep moving along, wholly at sea in a strange city in which every man's hand was against him. He decided to press on, away from the business quarter, toward the suburbs and the open country where he might trudge on foot until he should come up some sequestered rural railroad station. Presently, his errant route turned into

Mr. McGrath, Senior, shouted lustily: "I've flushed him, Colonel. There he goes!"

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a spacious, prosperous residence street which looked suspiciously like the thoroughfare that had led him to the home of Colonel Dexter Tillinghast. Bewildered, the refugee halted to seek his bearings.

No more than a hundred yards away two stalwart policemen were advancing rapidly toward him, and at sight of the disconsolate, disreputable figure they broke into a run and flourished their heavy sticks with the utmost animation. Hector was too weary to run away, and the attempt would be hopeless once the hue and cry was started. He looked to right and left with a hunted air, and spied an ornate, powerful touring car drawn up at the curb almost at his elbow. A handsome young woman was the only occupant, and she was regarding him curiously. With never a word of apology, the desperate young criminal leaped to the driver's seat, set the car in motion with practised skill, and vanished from the sight of the amazed policemen with a mighty dust and noise.

Whatever speed limits were laid down for motorists of Fort Wayne were smashed to fragments ere Hector had driven a dozen blocks. The young woman had screamed only once, after which she maintained a silence which was inexplicable, even when her abductor shouted over his shoulder that he regretted having to interfere with her social engagements. A few minutes later they were skimming along a country highway between brown, autumnal fields, the city left far behind. The fugitive lost all fear of being overtaken. He was about to slacken speed and explain

his atrocious misconduct when a stinging pain shot through the back of his neck and he jumped in the air with a wild cry. Twisting about to discover the cause, he beheld his fair passenger about to jab him again with a most formidable looking hat-pin. Instantly tamed, Hector dodged and implored:

"I surrender. What are you going to do with me?"

"I think you have gone about far enough," was her firm rejoinder. "Now, do you mind telling me why you wanted to run away from those two policemen? I might have poked you into submission with a hat-pin a good deal sooner, you know. But I had a vague impression that I had seen or met you somewhere."

"Upon my word, you are a most admirable girl," cried the youth. "I never heard anything like it. I was prepared for hysterics, fits, scolding, and what not, and was about to beg seven kinds of forgiveness for this mad escapade. My name is H. A. McGrath, and when clothed and in what passes as my right mind, I am a Senior in Yale College. My sad story is too long to tell you out here on the public highway, but suffice it to say that I am innocent."

At this she exclaimed with a brilliant smile, "I will take your word for it. Do you mind driving my car into that road to the right which leads back to Fort Wayne by a very roundabout course. I am sure they will not think of chasing you in that direction."

More than ever puzzled by her composed demeanor, Hector meekly obeyed orders and as soon as the main

highway was hidden behind the rolling fields he began to narrate the heart-rending episodes of his ill-starred quest. She was greatly amused and let him babble on until he paused for breath when she remarked with a melodious laugh:

"I was not quite frank with you, Mr. McGrath. I was almost sure that it was you. You see, I am the girl who wrote the letters to Billy Tillinghast, and I knew that you were coming to town to try to get them for him."

The expression of Hector's ingenuous countenance was blankly foolish. He stared, put his hand to his head, and abjectly faltered:

"This is a mad, mad world. It is presumptuous for me to ask your name. I overlooked extracting it from Billy."

"I am Miss Sue Sheldon," and she blushed, but bravely continued:

"Billy is a dear boy, but he is dreadfully young. He took me too seriously. And for his grandfather, there has been a fine, staunch feud between our families for years and years. I don't even know what began it, except that my father and Colonel Tillinghast quarrelled over a business transaction. That is why the old gentleman was afraid that Billy would fall in love with me."

"I don't blame the Colonel if he lost sleep over it," gallantly remarked Hector Alonzo. "Whew, my intellect must be pretty solidly ballasted or I should be far from lucid by now, for I never saw things hap-

pen as fast. Now, Miss Sheldon, may I ask how you knew I was myself and what I was doing in Fort Wayne?"

"Oh, Billy wired me not to worry about his grandfather's finding my letters and that you were coming on to rescue them. I saw you at a Glee Club concert in Chicago last year. Billy is such a goose. It never entered my head to worry about my letters to him. Why should I?"

"But I swore to Billy that I would get them," grievously protested the knight-errant with a wail in his voice. "And I have simply botched it all from one end to the other."

"You may drive me back to town, if you please," said Miss Sheldon with a blithe, encouraging smile. "It is a long lane that has no turning, Mr. McGrath. My engagement to Mr. Percival Knowlton, of Harvard, was announced to-day. I was waiting for him when you kidnapped me. Colonel Tillinghast will be so delighted to hear that there is no more danger of my marrying Billy that he will forgive him for anything—even for corresponding with me."

"Not Percy Knowlton, the Harvard centre-rush?" faltered Hector. "He will make two bites of me for kidnapping you. This is out of the frying-pan into the fire. Now I dare not go to Fort Wayne."

"I will pacify him, Mr. McGrath. You have not forgotten how I cowed you with a hat-pin, have you? Of course all the policemen in town will be looking for you and this automobile, but if I can telephone

my father from the next farm-house I think I can head them off and explain matters after a fashion."

"And what do you advise me to do?" submissively besought Hector.

"Go straight to Colonel Tillinghast and your father, and make a clean breast of it. If there is any sense of humor in these gentlemen you will be forgiven with open arms."

Hector gulped, remembering that he had flagrantly disobeyed his father by leaving college, but accepted this mandate as the square and honorable course. Before he bade Miss Sue Sheldon farewell in front of her home, he spoke his almost tearful thanks and she replied with a friendly hand-clasp:

"Do tell Billy Tillinghast to get over the notion that every girl who flirts with him is in love with him, won't you? It may do him some good."

"For a full-fledged Harvard girl you have played the game for Yale in magnificent style to-day," fervently exclaimed Hector Alonzo.

"I hope Billy Tillinghast will play a good game against Harvard," was her generous reply.

"That is exactly what I am here for, Miss Sheldon."

Without molestation Hector regained the hotel, skulked to his room after evading the landlord, and hastily repaired damages. Sprucely attired as was his wont, he set out for the residence of Colonel Dexter Tillinghast, and chanced to meet the elder McGrath at the gateway.

"Hello, what in thunder are you doing here?" sternly cried the surprised parent. "I thought I told you to stay in New Haven. Didn't I make myself clear?"

"You emphasized it on my back with the butt of a horse-pistol this afternoon, Dad," grinned the undaunted offspring. "Where did you learn to throw, anyhow?"

"What—what—it can't be possible—are you having fun with me, Hector? You were the burglar I chased to the roof?"

"The very same, sir. And I was mighty glad your old blunderbuss was too rusty to shoot. I was trying to help a friend out of trouble with the best intentions. I'll take my punishment. I am here to confess like a little man."

Stephen McGrath took his son by the ear, led him toward the mansion, and said with a very grim aspect:

"You will explain yourself to the Colonel first of all, you unspeakable reprobate. You have me flabbergasted."

When the doughty old gentleman beheld the captive who was conducted into the library still in the grip of his stalwart sire, he roared with fiery gusto:

"So you caught him yourself, did you, McGrath? Bully for you. I always said the police were blockheads. Let's look at him."

"Yes, this is the sneak-thief, Colonel," soberly answered Mr. McGrath. "When not practising his profession, he is known as my only son."

The grandfather of Billy Tillinghast banged the table with his fist and snorted:

"You are drunk, McGrath. Hold on, where are my spectacles. God bless me, he does look amazingly like you. Now quit this play-acting. Let go of his ear and unravel the plot. I will bet you a new hat that my Billy Tillinghast is at the bottom of all the mischief, whatever it is."

Hoping to spike the Colonel's guns with no more delay, Hector announced the engagement of Miss Sue Sheldon, and then most abjectly confessed his mission and his crime.

"Oh, confound his letters, her letters, the whole kit and boodle of them," shouted the grandparent. "So long as Billy can't marry John Sheldon's daughter, I won't scold the boy. Go up-stairs, you young rascal, and break open his desk and throw the silly letters into the fire as soon as you like. And you tell him for me that I hope he has learned a lesson, the big booby. I am down on his playing foot-ball, but is Billy going to make the Yale team, young man?"

"I tried to help him make it and stay on it by dashing up here to end his worry," said Hector. "Yes, sir, he is a rattling good guard."

"I expect him to be," exclaimed the Colonel. "And I like your spirit. Make it a clean slate, McGrath, and don't scold this boy of yours."

"I will make it unanimous," replied Stephen McGrath. "But you won't play hookey again, will you, Hector, even with the best intentions?"

"Never again, Dad," was the solemn verdict. "The next man who has a girl proposition on his hands will have to chloroform me before I will consent to give him any first aid to the injured."

HIS CLASS REUNION

WHEN Sidney Shattuck decided to attend his class reunion, he was some ten thousand miles distant from the New Haven campus. His little caravan was trailing out from the towered gateway of a mud-walled Chinese city in the early morning while he rode ahead of the carts and coolies and thought of his chance meeting with the missionary who had been in Yale with him. Until long after midnight these two exiles had talked with shining faces and boyish laughter of the friends they had last seen fifteen years before.

Here in this remote back country, far from treaty ports, the missionary had toiled and endured while Shattuck had drifted hither and yon in a gamble with fortune until a favoring turn of the tide had flung him into China as a mining engineer and partner of a syndicate with rich concessions to be explored and developed. Now he was hurrying to the coast with good news of wealth in mineral resources which meant that he had won a fortune for himself.

Yes, he had at last "made good," he reflected, after so many years of failure and folly that he had been ashamed to return with his college class for the jovial reunions held since graduation. His friends had expected great things of "Sid" Shattuck, Yale crew and foot-ball man, but he had sorely disappointed them.

Instead of facing them with excuses he had preferred to drop from sight, vowing to reappear only when he should be able to hold up his head with the best of them. But the ties of college sentiment become tenuous and fragile if too long neglected, and even now Sidney Shattuck might have forgotten them had it not been for the missionary in the swarming, filthy provincial capital. A Yale flag and framed class pictures were hung on the latticed walls of the native dwelling, the missionary's wife sang "Bingo," "Upidee," and "Bright College Years," and so fond were the memories thus revived, that Shattuck began to think himself a Yale renegade.

"You have made your lucky strike just in time to go back for your quindecennial reunion. Why don't you do it?" the missionary had suggested. "I am due for a leave of absence and a trip home this summer, but my reunion comes next year and my wife and I have agreed to stick it out a while longer and go back then."

"Why don't I go? By Jove! it seems silly to travel half round the world to meet a lot of men you parted company with fifteen years ago."

"You did not feel that way when you left them. Then you would have gone all the way round the globe to see your pals," returned the missionary, and his eyes were wistful. "It will keep you young in heart, Shattuck, and that is what makes life worth living."

This was the argument which dwelt in Shattuck's thoughts as he led the creaking carts into the open

country of millet fields and squat, huddled villages, along the paved highway rutted and scarred by a thousand years of traffic. To keep young in heart, ah, there was nothing so well worth while, and China was so aged and hoary and weary that he had begun to feel like an old man.

He was homesick for his own kind and his own friends. Through the long monotonous days of overland travel in the bright spring weather, Sidney Shattuck was bemused with memories of his college years until he fretted with impatience to be sailing eastward. Without misadventure he reached Shanghai, dispatched his business, arranged for three months' absence, and discovered that the next mail-boat was scheduled to arrive at San Francisco one week before his classmates should assemble in New Haven.

"If the old tub loses three or four days at sea, I shall still be in plenty of time for the Yale-Harvard ball game, the class dinner, and the boat-race. Wow, just to hear the cheering, and to sing until you can't croak above a whisper, and to get heart failure when the crews paddle over to the start, and to sit up all night with the old gang! I guess they will be glad to see me. Fifteen years out! We were all going to be famous or dead by now. I may have been one of the dead ones, but here goes for a resurrection that will shake New Haven to the centre."

Alas, for this reawakened enthusiasm! There was not an atom of Yale luck in the voyage of the *Mongolian*. She lost three days between Yokohama and

Honolulu because of a break-down in the engine-room. On the short leg of the run from the latter port to San Francisco, unseasonable head winds and thundering seas buffeted the steamer until she wallowed along like a cargo tramp day after day. When the Golden Gate was sighted Shattuck had to confess himself beaten. There was still a fighting chance of seeing the boat-race, however, and he fled ashore to find a limited train. A washout in the Nevada Desert delayed him long enough to miss the eastern connection from Chicago and he read the newspaper account of a Harvard victory at New London which made him no happier. The Commencement throng and the festive alumni had vanished from New Haven, and feeling that he had made a fool of himself, this sentimental pilgrim journeyed sadly eastward to find such few kinsfolk as he had not lost track of.

His route lay through New Haven but in his disgruntled mood he had no intention of alighting in this deserted, melancholy place until from the car window he chanced to espy the battered, rubicund countenance of Dan Mulligan who was perched atop his ancient hack. Ah, there was really some one left in New Haven who used to know him, thought the traveller from far Cathay. Good old Dan Mulligan! Grayer than of yore, somewhat more weather-beaten, the old hat cocked over one eye with the same jaunty good humor! Friend and counsellor of undergraduates, faithful in all weathers, a genial philosopher whom naught could dismay! Shattuck's face brightened.

Impulsively catching up his luggage, he ran out of the car and hurried across the station platform. Dan Mulligan cut short his wordy warfare with a fellow hackman, stared at the tall, lean, sunburned stranger who was smiling at him, and then observed with unerring memory:

"'Sid' Shattuck it is, an' God bless ye. Your class was all a-wonderin' where th' dickens ye were this reunion. They had a turrible old time, they did that. 'Sid' Shattuck! Why, man, I've niver clapped eyes on ye since you left college for good an' all. An' how has the worrld been treatin' you. Fine as ye deserve?"

Shattuck was shaking Dan's hard hand, genuinely delighted that he had not been forgotten, grateful for this friendly interest. The next best thing to a class reunion was a leisurely chat with Dan Mulligan, and Shattuck instantly announced:

"I am going to ride up-town on the box with you, Dan. We can sit in the shade on the campus and talk it over. Your hack is hereby chartered for the day."

"You weren't so glad to see me the time you an' your pals stomped the floor out o' me hack comin' home from Mory's an' I made ye run along inside a block before I extry-extry-cated ye," chuckled Dan as he prodded his drowsy nags. "I heard ye were livin' in China. Did ye twist any money out of thim cock-eyed haythen? They ought to pay ye well for living amongst 'em."

"I have just landed a pretty big stake, Dan. How about yourself? Almost ready to retire?"

The grizzled driver's face became sober, his eye lost its twinkle and he said with a husky, hesitant cough:

"'Tis time I quit after stickin' to me hack thirty odd years. The boys have been ginerous to me, barrin' the bills I cuddent collect, and I had a bit o' money saved but I speckilated an' got stung bad. Gid-dap, me troubles is me own. Will I tell ye about your classmates and th' reunion? I have seen some high-steppin' classes come back in me time, but thim tarriers of yours come nearest to removin' New Haven from th' map. They had two brass bands relievin' each other an' anybody who went to bed at all was disgraced for life."

Shattuck had turned to wave a beckoning hand at a white-bearded, round-shouldered little man who was moving listlessly toward the campus as if time hung heavy on his hands.

"Old 'Pop' Tate is still on deck but there ain't nothin' for him to live for when college is closed and there's no athletic teams in trainin'," said Dan. "Want me to pull up for him?"

"Sure thing! My class adopted 'Pop.' Make him hop inside and come along. I want to talk to him."

"Pop" Tate had quickened his gait, and cocking a bright eye at the hack he exclaimed with a shrill cackle of delight:

"Gracious goodness, it *is* 'Sid' Shattuck, captain of the crew, left guard of the eleven. But, oh, wasn't it dreadful about this year's boat-race? I ought to be ashamed of myself for laughing when I recognized

you. I vow and declare I never expected to laugh all summer. Licked by five lengths, think of it."

"So you haven't forgotten me, either," said Shattuck. "Jump in 'Pop.' You and Dan together make a full-fledged reunion celebration."

"Pop" climbed aboard with surprising agility, still muttering in his beard about the tragedy of the boat-race, while Dan pensively remarked:

"You must be makin' a collection of campus relics. 'Pop' Tate ain't changed a mite except to get more white-whiskered and wizened up an' single-minded. He still goes out to the field every day there's football or base-ball practice, rain or shine, an' he don't think of nothin' else. During vacations he just hangs around th' campus lookin' miserable."

The hack halted at the elm-shaded corner of Chapel Street. Gone was "The Old Fence," the rallying place of student life where Shattuck had learned to know his friends and dreamed his dreams of the after years. Where its worn rails and posts had stood was an uncouth recitation hall of a garish modernity of aspect which jarred with the plain, homely architecture of the quadrangle. Shattuck felt no desire to wander over the untenanted campus. He had come back to recall old friends and old places, and he could do no better than to spend an idle hour or two in the company of Dan Mulligan and "Pop" Tate, who was as much a campus fixture as Julius Cæsar Jones, purveyor of candy and peanuts, and mascot extraordinary. In the foreground of most of the class photo-

graphs of his time you were sure to find "Pop's" white beard, although this patriarchal little figure of a man had no official status of any kind.

Of course he remembered Shattuck. He knew the names, faces, and records of every man who had won his "Y" since the dark ages of organized athletics, and as if they had parted only yesterday, he began to recite in his nervous, sputtering manner:

"I was thinking not long ago, 'Sid,'—yes, I was, of the last half of the game you played against Harvard in your Junior year. Doggone it, Dan, don't you squint at me as if I was wrong. You got the ball on a fumble—Hendricks, the Harvard right half-back dropped it—precisely four minutes left to play—you dodged the whole dratted team of red-legs, or knocked 'em end over end—ran thirty-eight yards—and won the game. Zip! but you felt good, didn't you?"

"No better than I felt in my last boat-race," smiled Shattuck, as happy as a boy. "Ten clean lengths we won by, in lightning fast time."

"Nine and a half lengths—time was twenty minutes, thirty-two and two-fifths seconds," instantly piped up "Pop." "I'm surprised you forget such important things, 'Sid.'"

Thus they talked together through the drowsy summer noontide, thrilling at recollection of days and deeds which were no more than legends to the present generation of undergraduates who were infants when Shattuck was a campus hero. At length Dan declared he must feed his horses and "Pop" announced a pressing

engagement of vague import. As a whimsical fancy, it occurred to Shattuck to seek the landlady of his lodgings in Freshman and Sophomore years, before he had attained the dignity of rooms on the campus. In his sentimental, susceptible mood, he wanted to see the place in which he had begun his college life and to offer the harrassed landlady apologies for his share of hilarious episodes which must have prematurely aged her.

A drudging, unlovely person she had been, widowed, worn, and worried, whose only source of joy was a baby girl of whom Shattuck had been very fond.

"Upon my word, that blessed infant must be grown up!" he said to himself with a start of dismay. "Nineteen years since I entered the Freshman class! Um-m, she must be twenty. Oh, hang it, a man has no business coming back here all by himself. It makes him feel older than the Great Wall of China."

It was the landlady who opened the door and gazed blankly at the stranger until he spoke his name.

"Oh, Mr. Shattuck! Yes, indeed. I'd have known you in a minute or so. They come and go until I can't be blamed for forgetting them. You smashed a set of black-walnut sitting-room furniture all to bits with your wrestling matches. I remember it most distinctly. But you paid the damage like a gentleman. Won't you come in? The boys haven't changed much. They are as thoughtless and destructive and exasperating as ever. Dear me, here I am, just as you left me!"

Her years had not been smooth, no need of words

to tell it. Shattuck was sincerely sorry for her and asked, to shift the topic:

"And how is the baby that used to play with me, Mrs. Hinkle?"

"Mabel has sense enough to steer clear of the college boys," was the severe reply. "She went through the high-school and is teaching in Fair Haven. She has gone to spend the day with her aunt."

"I can't reasonably expect her to remember me," said Shattuck. "I suppose she would class me with the oldest living grads. May I look into my room, second floor back, Mrs. Hinkle?"

The landlady assented with a wondering air and he climbed the stairs. Freshmen had not changed their ways in fifteen years. The walls were covered with school and college banners, signs, placards and other purloined trophies, and photographs of athletic teams. Shattuck leaned against the window-seat and looked out at the tiny green yard, and drifted into a reverie. Rousing himself with a sheepish air, as if it were unmanly to sigh for his vanished youth, he was about to depart when there popped into his mind a most astonishing and attractive idea. He had journeyed ten thousand miles to attend his class dinner. Why not have a dinner after all and invite those who knew the Yale of his time, with whom he could talk as if he had left the campus only yesterday? There was Dan Mulligan, and "Pop" Tate, and Mrs. Hinkle. They had been identified with the college for years and years, but who had ever thought of asking them to share its

festivities? They deserved a dinner, and they must help to celebrate Sidney Shattuck's quindecennial reunion. Thereupon he sought the landlady and staggered her composure with this declaration:

"When I lived in your house I behaved like a young brute and never stopped to think you had human feelings. If it is not too late to square matters, I want you to come to a blow-out which I am going to give at Savin Rock in honor of a few friends. A carriage will call for you at five this afternoon. I can't accept any excuses."

The landlady showed symptoms of alarm. But this eccentric Mr. Shattuck appeared sober and it could not be a college prank devised to plague her. Then she flushed and her eyes filled as she said:

"Do you really mean it? You have thought of me after all these years, and want me to be your guest? I'll take back all I ever said about heartless, careless, bothersome Freshmen. It will be a great pleasure, thank you with all my heart, Mr. Shattuck."

"We old-timers might bore Miss Mabel or I should ask her," said he. "I thought I was fairly young and well-preserved at thirty-eight until I crossed her trail again. All right, Mrs. Hinkle. This is to be my quindecennial celebration."

Recrossing the campus, he glanced up at the windows of the rooms in the Old Brick Row where he had lorded it as an upper classman. On the chance that the door might be unlocked he ran up-stairs and discovered two tall youths in the act of strapping two

trunks for a belated vacation flitting. As they straightened to greet him they were so amazingly alike in appearance that he stepped back, rubbed his eyes as if they had been out of focus, and was quite dumfounded. The two youths perceived his confusion and tactfully explained:

"My name is Hamilton Casselbury."

"My name is Horace Casselbury."

"They call us the Casselbury Twins."

"We shall be Seniors next year."

"Pardon the intrusion, Messrs. Casselbury Twins," said the visitor. "I used to live in these diggings, and I had a foolish notion of looking in for a minute or so. My name is Shattuck."

"Not the great Sidney Shattuck!" shouted Hamilton Casselbury. "I know all about *you.* I played left guard on the eleven last fall, and the coaches still tell us youngsters how you used to play the position."

Shattuck grinned and sat himself down upon a trunk before he said with infinite gusto:

"This is simply immense! I came back here where I thought I was totally forgotten and I have been holding a reception ever since I hopped off the train. Does the other Casselbury play foot-ball?"

"I am next year's chairman of *The Yale Lit,*" solemnly answered Horace. "Hamilton is the athlete, though the fellows get us mixed even now."

"I rowed on the crew, too, but we were whipped," said Hamilton in lugubrious accents. "You rowed on three winning crews, Mr. Shattuck, didn't you?"

"My dear boy, you must come to my dinner to-night," cried Shattuck delightedly. "It will help you to forget your broken heart. You belong in my reunion party because you know who I am, or was. And you, too, Mr. Horace Casselbury. Unless you both come, I can't be sure which is my guest. Now don't refuse. Your trunks can wait over night."

"I am proud and happy to be your guest," said Hamilton, too polite to ask what was meant by a reunion dinner when all the eligible guests had fled town.

"It will be a great pleasure," echoed Horace. "My only business in life is to try to give Hamilton a good time and make him forget the boat-race."

After explaining matters with more detail Shattuck hastened to order a banquet, an orchestra, and decorations to suit the occasion. Dan Mulligan was commanded to leave his hack in the stable and ride in a hired victoria with "Pop" Tate and the Casselbury Twins, while the host and the landlady followed in another carriage. She expressed surprise and coldly displeased was her manner upon discovering that Dan Mulligan was to be one of the guests. Shattuck feared he might have made a social blunder and that the question of caste disturbed the mind of Mrs. Hinkle. But she regained her composure with evident effort and voiced no protest, although her demeanor was that of a martyr and her conversation monosyllabic in the extreme.

"Come, come, my dear Mrs. Hinkle, there must be no shadow at the festal board," quoth the host. "It

can't be that you are hostile toward good old Dan Mulligan. He is one of the finest that ever breathed. This is a lark, you understand, just among us old friends."

Mrs. Hinkle locked her thin lips, tossed her head, and glowered at the landscape. After an interval of painful silence she crisply vouchsafed:

"Dan Mulligan and I don't speak. But there won't be any row at the dinner-table. I am too much of a lady for that. Please don't make me sit next to him, that is all I ask."

"You and Dan don't speak!" groaned the host. "Here is a cheerful kettle of fish! How in the world did you two ever happen to start a feud? I thought everybody liked old Dan. He is a New Haven institution. I'd as soon expect you to have a grievance against the college, or the town hall, or the East Rock monument. My reunion pilgrimage has certainly been Jonah'd all the way from Shanghai to New Haven, inclusive. If misery loves company, Mrs. Hinkle, I pray you devote yourself to whichever Casselbury twin it is that rowed on the losing crew. He is so sore on himself and the world at large that he will make you forget all about Dan Mulligan."

Determined to make his "reunion" a success though the heavens fell, Shattuck cajoled the landlady into good-humor by dint of divers jests and blandishments, but her lineaments became frozen when she descried Dan Mulligan waiting upon the porch of the hotel at Savin Rock. His frock coat was adorned with a bunch

of violets, his tall hat shone resplendent, and his ruddy face was beaming like the harvest moon. At sight of Mrs. Hinkle, however, his portly bulk seemed to shrink within his garments, his jaw dropped, and with every sign of fright and consternation he began to back toward the nearest door-way, shamefully retreating in the face of the enemy. The Casselbury Twins, observing this singular tableau, were quite bewildered, and knew not what to do, and it was "Pop" Tate who darted to the rescue with a glad cry of:

"The orchestra is all tuned up, Mr. Shattuck, and I told them to play the foot-ball march that was composed in honor of your famous,—doggone it,—your *immortal* run through a broken field in your last Harvard game with precisely four minutes to play."

Regaining his wits, Shattuck helped the irate landlady to alight and left her in the chivalrous care of the Casselbury Twins while he caught Dan Mulligan by the arm, and led him beyond ear-shot of the group on the porch.

"For goodness sake, Dan, what have I got myself into?" he implored. "Brace up. Are you afraid of this woman? I am ashamed of you. You used to be a dead-game sport. Do you want to ruin my dinner?"

Dan gulped, fumbled with his buttons in an agitated manner, cast a piteous glance at his captor, and with a brave attempt to play the man, threw back his shoulders, thrust his chin forward, and declared in a hoarse whisper:

"Be gob, I'll stand me ground. An' niver a worrd

will I say to put a crimp in the festivities. Whin ye said your old landlady was a-comin' to the party I niver thought it cud be *her*. But what has passed betwixt me an' Mrs. Hinkle is forgotten, but she don't seem to be forgettin' it by the look of her. 'Tis a turrible tongue she has, tho' we niver speak as we pass by. Sure, I have nawthin' agin her."

"But what is it, Dan?" anxiously queried the other. "Can't I play peace-maker? I didn't come all the way from China to preside over a funeral."

A melancholy shake of the head was the Mulligan response and whatever he was about to say was smothered by the orchestra which could no longer withstand "Pop" Tate's eager prayer for "some real Yale music, to liven things up." Shattuck went outside, offered the landlady his arm and led the way to the table, the Casselbury Twins dutifully separating to escort the brace of their elders. Seating Mrs. Hinkle and the subdued hackman as far from each other as possible, the host remained standing and said with smiling face:

"You must think me a queer Dick to call this my quindecennial reunion, but I assure you it is a rare pleasure to be able to meet in this way those who belonged in my four years at Yale, who shared my joys and troubles, who are still as loyal to Yale as any of her graduates. Because you have not forgotten me, I want to show you that I have remembered you. Our young friends, the Messrs. Casselbury—take your choice, and you won't go wrong for I can't tell them apart—have joined our party from the goodness of

their hearts, for they had planned to leave town to-day. They may like to hear something of the Yale we used to know, the Yale that was then, as she is now, the finest place on God's green earth. Here's to her!"

"Right you are," roared Dan Mulligan, and he looked the landlady firmly in the eye as if defying her to do her worst. For her part she could not help thawing when the host proposed as the next toast:

"The New Haven Landlady. What would Freshman Year be without her?"

"It must be purgatory with her," murmured Dan Mulligan behind his napkin, but his ungallant comment carried no further than Shattuck who vigorously kicked the offender's shins. The Casselbury Twins were so courteously attentive to Mrs. Hinkle as to make her feel that the dinner was given in her honor. She became oblivious of the disquieting presence of Dan Mulligan who lost himself in picturesque narration of certain episodes in the lively college career of Sidney Shattuck. "Pop" Tate piped up, whether any one listened or not, with garrulous flow of foot-ball and rowing reminiscences. The danger of an explosion so sensibly diminished as the dinner wore on that the host became rashly sanguine of bringing about friendly relations between Dan Mulligan and the landlady.

The table had been placed by a window which overlooked the shore and Long Island Sound that shimmered golden in the lingering light of the long summer day. Strolling along the strip of beach or loung-

ing among the rocks were hundreds of city folk who had come thither for picnic suppers and the contentment of being out of doors with the salt wind and the gleaming water and the sunset sky. In front of the hotel was an overturned dory which had been hauled above high-water mark. Toward this inviting resting place there slowly walked an uncommonly pretty girl and a very young man. He appeared indifferent to all else than her engrossing charms while she was no less interested in his share of the animated conversation. Halting beside the dory, they seated themselves thereon and made an attractive picture of the kind that might be labelled, "When We Were Twenty-One."

Then it was that Sidney Shattuck's banquet was disrupted as if a bomb had exploded under the table. Simultaneously Mrs. Hinkle and Dan Mulligan glared fixedly at the pair of innocent, unconscious lovers outlined against the evening sky, and as with one accord bolted from their chairs and made for the door. Their distracted host, more nimble of movement, blocked the exit in the nick of time and passionately implored:

"Have you gone crazy? Were the clams bad? I demand an explanation. Calm yourselves. Give the lady the floor, Dan. What is this awful mystery? Really I can't allow you to run away from me like this."

"It is my Mabel," gasped Mrs. Hinkle, wringing her hands. "I forbade her having another thing to do with that feather-headed young slim-jim. Spending

the day with her aunt, indeed! I shall take her home this minute and put her to bed."

"'Tis me grandson, Robert, as fine a lad as ever stepped," blurted Dan Mulligan. "I told him to cut loose from the Hinkle girl till her mother learned sinse enough to appreciate him. Feather-headed young slim-jim, indade! I'll sind him home as quick as I can lay me two hands on him."

In the twinkling of an eye, the dinner party had become no more than the background of tragic romance. "Pop" Tate and the Casselbury Twins were like the Greek chorus to applaud or condemn as the gods should order the fates of the luckless principals so cozily seated upon the dory, unwitting of impending disaster. Sidney Shattuck launched another appeal, with frantic gesticulation:

"But why this scene of violence, Dan? They look perfectly harmless and happy. Why can't they marry each other and be done with it? Let me ask them in to join us. We are long on chaperones. What is the matter with young Robert? Isn't he an eligible party, Mrs. Hinkle?"

The hackman gazed over the landlady's head and spoke with indescribable hauteur:

"Will ye be kind enough, Mr. Shattuck, to inform Mrs. Hinkle for me, that bein' as I am in 'th' place of a father to th' lad yonder, I am responsible for him an' his doin's. An' you will tell her that I have niver consinted to him courtin' th' girl of hers, tho' she accused me to me teeth of eggin' him on whin me an'

her had worrds. Th' lad is only nineteen an' I'll say this, that whin he grows up a bit more 'tis good enough he'll be for anny one's daughter."

"He is working for eight dollars a week in a wholesale store," cuttingly announced Mrs. Hinkle, addressing herself to Shattuck. "I don't want my girl to be a drudge like her mother. They are a pair of little idiots and they ought to know better."

"He wint through the high-school and stayed in Yale for his Freshman year. I was aimin' to give him an eddication but me speckilation busted me flat," explained Dan in softer tones. "He had to go to wurrk, but ye can't keep a good man down."

"Oh, this is a tempest in a teapot," cried the host. "I hereby declare a truce for to-night. Don't spoil a good time. And look at poor old 'Pop' Tate. He is about to burst into tears. Come now, let me go fetch these two young criminals. We can all be happy together and let to-morrow go hang."

The belligerents appeared rather shamefaced as if realizing they were playing sorry parts as guests, while Shattuck, taking advantage of the lull, bore swiftly down upon the dory and startled the blissfully communing pair whose faces were turned seaward. Making hurried apology he explained:

"I am giving a little dinner in the hotel and among my guests are Mrs. Hinkle and Mr. Daniel Mulligan. I shall be delighted to have you join us."

"My mother!!!!" cried the girl.

"Grandpop!!!!" groaned the youth.

They were about to take to their heels with no more parley when Shattuck made them heed him in spite of themselves.

"This is the very best thing that could happen, my dear children. Keep your nerve and do exactly as I tell you. Buck up, Robert Mulligan. Show her how brave you can be in a crisis."

There was manly stuff in the young Mulligan and he looked it. Taking the girl's hand in his, he led her in the wake of this mysterious friend. With lightning expedition Shattuck whisked them into the dining-room and had them seated before they could argue the matter. Mrs. Hinkle looked not only daggers but cutlasses, bayonets, and boarding pikes, while Dan scolded his grandson in an affectionate, growling undertone.

With great presence of mind the nearest Casselbury Twin instantly devoted himself to blushing, fluttering, agitated Mabel, while "Pop" Tate calmly resumed an interminable description of a championship base-ball game, to which nobody paid the slightest attention. Shattuck keenly surveyed the young Mulligan and the longer he studied him the better he liked him. Unless his trained judgment of men was in error, the boy was clean, bright, and ambitious, and ought to have a chance to finish his college course. As for this slip of a girl with whom he was flagrantly, head-over-heels in love, she was more than merely pretty and deserved to win happiness.

"And they are only nineteen and twenty," said

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Sidney Shattuck to himself. "Great Scott, to be twenty and in love! I wonder what has become of the little girl I used to bring down to Savin Rock when I was a Sophomore and twenty."

As if fathoming what was in his mind, Dan Mulligan leaned forward to whisper behind his hand:

"'Tis a blessed thing to be as young and foolish as that. 'Tis me only objection to their hookin' up together. I want thim to wait a while, but her mother wudn't listen to it on anny terms. An' as you may have noticed, we lost our timpers."

This public parade of the sorrows of these hapless lovers may have softened the adamantine heart of Mrs. Hinkle, for she foreswore open hostility and did her part to banish the cloud which had overspread the festivities. The host beamed benevolently. His "quindecennial" had escaped disaster, and in a rosy glow of satisfaction he fell to wondering how he might make the evening even more memorable. Somehow he must achieve harmony between the houses of Hinkle and Mulligan. It was apparent that he had been led all the way from China for no other purpose. This was without doubt the real mission of his rattle-brained dinner project. At length he arose, glass in hand, smiled in a fatherly manner at the embarrassed lovers who had become objects of his solicitude, and delivered himself of the following oration:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the pleasure of informing you that a Yale scholarship is to be established in memory of my great and glorious class. The first

recipient of this scholarship will be Mr. Robert Mulligan,—Robert Emmet Mulligan,—bet you ten to one, Dan, I guessed right on his middle name. His college expenses will be paid by this fund for three years, when, if his record shall have been satisfactory, he will be offered a position with The China Exploration and Trading Company, Limited, with such prospects of advancement as will enable him to marry without undue risk of starvation. The word of Dan Mulligan that his grandson will make good is all the recommendation I want. I have been trying to work out some scheme for giving something to the college that gave so much to me, and this scholarship proposition hits the nail on the head. I have one thing more to say."

But Dan Mulligan was on his feet, thumping the benefactor between the shoulder-blades, his face very red, his voice tremulous as he shouted:

"'Twas the dream of me life to put th' lad through Yale. And I'd ha' done it but for that dommed speckilation. God bless ye, 'Sid' Shattuck. Th' boy will make good, I'll bet me life on it. 'Twas worth drivin' a hack thirty-odd years for th' chance o' pickin' you up at the station this mornin'."

Young Robert was struggling to express his amazed gratitude, but Shattuck fought for a hearing and at length subdued the Mulligans so that he was able to say:

"The scholarship has one condition. This kind of thing has to have a string to it, or it is not up-to-date philanthropy. Far be it from me to attempt to blunder into, hem!—into a situation requiring the utmost deli-

cacy and diplomacy, but,—well,—I am willing to stake Robert Emmet Mulligan as aforesaid if, and only if,—a certain other young person who is blushing most entrancingly at this moment,—if she will consent to wait for him,—and he for her,—and do nothing rash in the meantime. And furthermore, provided that her estimable mother will lay aside such feelings of—er—displeasure as she may have entertained toward my dear friend, Daniel Mulligan. In other words, I must have a unanimous vote, or all bets are declared off. After which, I shall wish you to join me in a health to the future Mrs.—that is to Miss Mabel Hinkle, the belle of our festal occasion, who used to sit on my knee. Don't glare at me, Robert Emmet Mulligan. It happened the year you were born."

Immediately thereupon the Casselbury Twins arose as one and cheered with tremendous effect, volleying nine staccato "rahs" for Yale and Sidney Shattuck.

"Greatest game I ever sat in," quoth Hamilton as he sat down.

"Regular fairy story with a melodrama on the side," said Horace. "Makes you forget the boat-race, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Hinkle had already capitulated. Her handkerchief was at her eyes as she faintly murmured:

"I never had anything serious against the Mulligans. And—and—I'll never say another word against a Freshman, Mr. Shattuck. Your heart is big enough to cover the sins of the whole tribe. Of course Mabel will wait for him—if he is going to be a Yale man."

But Mabel had fled into the night. It was unseemly, impossible, for her to face this overwhelming ordeal. Young Robert Mulligan vanished no more than three seconds later, and old Dan lifted up his voice in farewell:

"Come back whin you've fixed it up, an' we'll clear th' floor for a bit of a dance. Will ye be me pardner for the first waltz, Mrs. Hinkle?"

"With pleasure, Mr. Mulligan, and by-gones are by-gones. Our tempers have been worn to a frazzle with all the years of dealing with the college boys, or you and I wouldn't have had any falling out."

"I was a hot-headed old fool, ma'am, and I beg your pardon on me knees. Am I walkin' on me head or me heels, I wonder? 'Tis th' grandest Yale dinner ever held, and I've seen many a one of thim."

"I have learned that there is more fun in giving other folks a good time than in moping over pleasures that have flown," said the host with the air of a man making a brand new discovery.

"I am prouder than ever that my brother and I live in Mr. Shattuck's old rooms on the Campus," observed Hamilton Casselbury.

"I wouldn't have missed it for a year's allowance," said Horace.

"Pop" Tate had to sing or explode so he piped up "Bingo," standing upon his chair and leading the orchestra with a fork for a baton. Presently young Robert Mulligan poked his head in the door-way and announced in resolute tones:

"We accept the conditions, but we prefer to stay outside, if you don't mind."

"They are perfectly right," cried Shattuck. "Let 'em go it while they're young. By Jove! I don't feel a day over twenty myself. Well, well, this is worth coming from China for. What do you think of my quindecennial reunion, Dan?"

"They won't beat it in a thousand years, sir. An' what could ye do if you was a pair of twins like these Casselburys? New Haven cudn't hold you at all."

"I hope young Mulligan will make the eleven or the crew," said Hamilton.

"I am very anxious to have him try for *The Lit*," said Horace.

"Let us hope he will make a good Yale man first of all," exclaimed the host.

"If he is as good a Yale man as 'Sid' Shattuck, he will be a man for the college and for the girl to be proud of," roared Dan Mulligan. "Here's to our host and his class! May he be lucky enough to find the girl of his own and bring her back here to his centennial reunion."

A TRAINING EPISODE

"You simply must work ten pounds of weight off your fat self between now and the race. This hot weather ought to have pulled you down, but you eat your head off and sprawl around in the shade like a lazy loafer. As it is, you are too heavy to move lively enough in the boat, and I don't propose to carry any freight."

These harsh, unfeeling words were addressed by the captain of the Yale crew to his Number Seven, Ted McDuffie, who was playing mumblety-peg with the coxswain on the lawn of the quarters at Gales Ferry. The wooded shores of the Thames swam in a haze of breathless heat and the other oarsmen were lounging in shady corners or trying to sleep in hammocks slung along the crest of the hill which sloped down to the boat-house at the water's edge. McDuffie jabbed his jack-knife into the turf and looked aggrieved as he protested:

"I row as hard as any of them. What else do you expect me to do? It is like being cooked in a Turkish bath just to sit here and sizzle to-day. Why don't you get after the coxswain here? He is a disgusting little roly-poly, and I, for one, am tired of rowing him up and down the river."

"I am gunning for the coxswain, too. Don't let that fret you," snapped the captain who sternly re-

garded that offending wight and went on to say: "You are pounds and pounds too heavy, Stubbs, my boy. I never saw such a chunk of a coxswain. You and McDuffie make me tired. Between you the stern of the shell will be swamped. I propose to make you earn your keep from now on."

Young Chester Stubbs lost all interest in mumbletypeg and looked up with piteous entreaty in his eyes as he faltered in mock terror:

"You are not going to make me take to the open road, are you, captain dear? I can't help growing. I am only a child. Send McDuffie out to run his fat off. He is as big as a house and can stand cruel treatment, but I——"

"Oh, stuff! Stubbsey," and the captain grinned in spite of himself, for the coxswain was on his knees, his hands clasped in prayerful appeal. "We are up here to win a boat-race. I want you and McDuffie to begin running your extra weight off right away. Put on two heavy sweaters apiece and jog-trot at least four miles every day until further notice. No fooling, mind you."

McDuffie scrambled to his feet, tucked the coxswain under one arm, and bore him down the hill toward the boat-house.

"Whoa, there," called the captain. "What are you idiots up to now?"

"Going to take to the road and have it over with," sung out McDuffie as he carelessly tossed the squealing coxswain into a lilac bush. "The hotter the day

the better the deed, eh, Stubbsey? Oh, but I wish I had never learned to row."

The culprits twain whose guilt lay in the fact that there was too much of them, gloomily shifted from their trim white flannels into jerseys, wriggled inside one stuffy, woolly sweater after another, and poking their heads therefrom like turtles, eyed each other and remarked:

"I saw it coming, Ted. I have been doomed ever since the captain caught me on the scales Saturday night."

"It is all right for a runt of a coxswain, Stubbsey, who doesn't do any hard work in the boat, but to make a man run who is rowing twice a day is an outrage that baffles description."

"It won't hurt you a bit, you great, big, six-foot-two of beef and brute strength. Come along. Which road shall we take? A shady woodland path and a few bosky dells for mine."

"Oh, the road that leads straight back into the country is as good as any," growled the perspiring Number Seven. "Four miles, did he say? I can drop a pound a mile on a day like this."

They trudged up the bank and across the lawn while their luckier comrades cheered and taunted them as slaves and martyrs. The head coach "Bob" Steele, gray and portly, was taking his ease in a hammock, and he laughed uproariously at the wretched pair who suggested a big and a little polar bear landed in a sweltering tropic clime.

"You ought to have put on a few more sweaters," he suggested. "I am afraid you may feel chilly. Why, you don't know what hard training is in this effeminate age. When I was rowing at Saratoga in the Yale crew of '73, we used to fall out of bed at daylight and run six or eight miles before breakfast, and pull in the boat all day long on a diet of raw beef, dry toast and oatmeal water. Don't let McDuffie loaf, coxswain. If he wants to go to sleep under a tree, club him with a fence rail."

In no mood for persiflage, the disconsolate woolly ones broke into a lagging trot and pounded along the dusty highway until they were beyond sight and sound of the quarters before McDuffie grumpily observed:

"They were all giants and iron men in 'Bob' Steele's day, to hear him tell it. Whew, this dust is awful. Don't run so fast, you little sandpiper. I am looking for a good excuse to lie down and die."

"I am keen on getting back for a swim in the cold, wet river as soon as possible," panted the coxswain. "How much is four miles on land, Ted?"

"Blessed if I know. We shall have to ask the peasantry. My extra weight is running off me in torrents already."

They trotted in silence for some time, their spirits wilted by the excessive heat, yet thus far there was no faltering nor any symptoms of halting by the wayside. The habit of doing as they were told held them in a grip not yet loosened, and a command from the captain was a law to be obeyed to the letter. McDuffie's

wind and muscle were superbly conditioned after six months of training, and this enforced pilgrimage was no great ordeal, notwithstanding his lamentations. The coxswain, however, was soft from ease and idleness, and before long he began to be short of breath and lagging of footstep.

"You are just about as hard and fit as a bowl of mush, Stubbsey," muttered Number Seven. "Do you want me to carry you?"

"Not a bit of it, Ted, but, oh my, I am as dry as a fish. Can't we stop long enough for a drink of water? I would give a year of my life for a sight of the old oaken bucket."

"You poor little shrimp! There is a house yonder, vine-covered porch, old-fashioned garden, cold spring water, I'll bet. We'll put on brakes and fill your tank. I had better fight shy of strange drinking water myself, but coxswains don't count."

Entering the dooryard and veering around the nearest corner to the side porch, they confronted, not a farmer's wife, but an extremely pretty slip of a girl of some nineteen or twenty summers. She dropped her novel, whisked out of a big wicker chair, and stood facing the intruders with an air of surprised dismay. Admiration, contrition, apology, were expressed on the dusty, dripping countenances of the polar bears, the larger of whom hastened to stammer with a bow of homage:

"We are from the Yale crew, Miss—Miss. May we trouble you for a drink of water? Running is hot *work to-day.*"

The girl laughed musically and cried with cordial animation:

"Of course you are welcome to drink the well dry. But why in the world are you running along the road all bundled up in those dreadful woolly sweaters? It seems like cruelty to animals. I am quite wilted at the sight of you. Are you running away from the crew? Have you mutinied?"

Her friendly frankness appeared quite adorable in the eyes of McDuffie, who was a susceptible young colossus, and he gallantly made answer:

"The brutal captain ordered us out to run four miles. We hated like fun to come, it seemed an awful bore, but every cloud has a silver lining, you know. And I am glad we happened along this stretch of road."

"Have you found it such a good road? We think it quite horrid and dusty," said she with an arch smile and a mischievous twinkle.

Now the coxswain had a girl of his own at home and his heart was proof against fresh assaults, wherefore leaving McDuffie to enjoy the fascinations of the fair stranger in the white frock, he drifted off in search of the well. The sight of a pump and a tin dipper lured him as far as the garden fence, and while slaking his acute thirst he gazed curiously at a person of the most extraordinary appearance and antics who was disporting himself at the far end of the rows of potatoes, cabbages, and peas.

It was a man, very tall, as thin as a paling, wearing spectacles and a close cropped brown beard which made

it difficult to determine whether he should be called young or middle-aged. His head was swathed with wrappings like a bulky white turban, the ends of which dangled down his back. From neck to heels he was enveloped in a gray garment like a bath-robe.

Young Mr. Stubbs, unconscious that his own appearance was eccentric in the extreme, continued to stare at this odd figure, who ever and anon dropped his hoe, kicked up his heels, and waved his arms in astonishing gesticulations as if he were warding off invisible foes.

"Hot enough for you?" politely called the coxswain, as the other drew near along the rows of vegetables which he was so spasmodically hoeing. The gentleman addressed nodded with a friendly grin but said never a word as he danced and brandished his arms before resuming his task.

"Um-m, he thinks he is some kind of a bird," said the coxswain to himself. "He is looney, all right, but harmless or they wouldn't have turned him out to pasture. Perhaps poor old McDuffie will get that way if he sees the girl too often. Maybe she sets her victims at work in the garden. A regular little Circe, I declare."

After a farewell survey of the entertaining gentleman in the garden, young Mr. Stubbs sauntered back to the side porch, where he found his comrade in the midst of a vivacious conversation with the pretty girl, who was quizzically regarding him from her throne, the wicker chair heaped with blue cushions.

"Thank you so much for the water," courteously observed the coxswain.

"Come on, Ted. This will never do. The crew goes out for practice at five, and we must run our little three miles more and hustle back to Gales Ferry."

"No hurry, you little nuisance," growled Number Seven, who seemed rooted to the porch. The coxswain could not help glancing toward the garden fence, and the girl, reading his dubious expression, nodded with a sadly serious air as if she guessed his distressed suspicions. Thus emboldened, Stubbs tapped his forehead with an eloquent forefinger and the girl cried reassuringly:

"Oh, no, I am not afraid to be left alone with him. My father and mother have gone to New London for the day, but they will come home before dark."

The coxswain made sympathetic response:

"Oh, they sometimes get over it, you know. McDuffie here is beginning to show symptoms of the preliminary stages. I know him like a book."

"It is not a matter for jesting, is it?" said the girl, looking gravely toward the garden, in the foreground of which the amiable lunatic was gyrating like a whirling dervish.

"Shut up, you impatient runt, and come along with me!" fiercely muttered Number Seven, who was blushing like a whole bed of peonies. Thereupon the pilgrims twain said their farewells and trotted into the white streak of highway, scuffling little whirls of dust as they jogged away from the girl on the vine-covered

porch, and the mysterious man with the hoe, when last seen, was behaving himself in the strangest manner imaginable. McDuffie cast many a backward glance at the girlish figure in white as descried through the curtaining foliage. At length he burst out with explosive energy:

"Isn't she a dream, Stubbsey? You can't tell me she is a farmer's daughter. She was reading George Meredith when we arrived. By Jove! I don't even know her name."

"And all this time 'Bob' Steele and the captain are holding watches on us," said the unresponsive coxswain. "I hope we can find another road to go home by, or you will be delaying the game some more. I am not big enough to drag you past her cottage by main strength."

"We take this same road to-morrow, Stubbsey. What were you and she making signals about? The Johnny in the garden? I didn't pay much attention to him."

"Didn't you get a line on him, you infatuated ass?" cried the coxswain. "Why, he is a lot more interesting than the girl. He was a real adventure. She is just one of those every-day, fluffy summer episodes. Ouch! don't hit me again. What, ho, here is a cross-road that winds around to the river below the quarters. I remember it from last year. This will fetch us home."

"And not see the girl again, Stubbsey? Perhaps you are right. I couldn't keep away from the side-porch on the return trip."

A little later these serfs of the oar and rudder finished their stunt with a fine flourish of speed and scampered across the lawn of the quarters as if they had been running for dear life all the way.

Charging down hill to the boat-house they stripped off their soggy, stifling sweaters and doused each other with pails of cold water while the captain followed after to query with marked suspicion:

"How far did you really go, and how long did you loaf?"

"We chased ourselves across the rural landscape for miles and miles," answered McDuffie. "I thought I'd drop in my tracks."

"Past a cottage with a stunning girl on the porch and a lunatic in the garden," chirruped the coxswain. "We stopped for a drink but McDuffie was for casting anchor. I dragged him away."

"A pretty girl and a lunatic," echoed the captain, who looked as if he had something more in his mind to say. He preferred to keep his comments to himself and added severely:

"Don't let it happen again. McDuffie can't be trusted. He has never been able to keep his eyes in the boat when there were any girls in the coaching launch. Better find some other road to-morrow."

Soon after breakfast next morning the pair of slaves dutifully enveloped themselves in the hateful sweaters and trotted away from the quarters. Alas, there was no seeking another road. The coxswain protested, but as a pocket-edition of an athlete he could not resort

to violent measures of opposition with his stalwart companion.

"I don't need any drink of water, Ted," said he. "As for the girl, forget her. You will dally around her longer every day, and first thing you know our esteemed captain will discover that you are loafing on the job and read you the riot act. And I don't want to go running all over the country by my lonesome little self. I must pull down my weight or the crew will mob me before the race."

"Sending me out on the road is all foolishness," grumbled Number Seven, whose sense of duty seemed to have gone to pieces over night. "I can pull as strong an oar as the next man."

'Tis a pity that it should have been chronicled of this misguided young athlete, but at long range McDuffie spied the pretty girl among the flower-beds in the dooryard and joyfully exclaimed:

"She is surely a wonder, Stubbsey. And I learned her name last night from the rural delivery postman. It is Hope—Florence Hope."

"Then the daffy man in the vegetable garden must be the forlorn Hope," grinned the coxswain. "Did you ask the postman how about him? I suppose not. Now shut your eyes tight, Ted, and I will steer you safely past the gate, just like Ulysses and the siren ladies."

"Not on your life. I am going to help weed her flower-beds."

"Well, I can't bear to leave you without a chap-

eron," weakly murmured the coxswain. "I don't see the flighty gentleman this morning, or I might go and play tag with him."

The girl greeted them pleasantly, quite at her ease, and McDuffie's manner was so grandly gallant that the coxswain snickered. It was like watching a play, he thought to himself, and deciding that he spoiled the stage setting he sat himself down upon a step of the porch while McDuffie pulled weeds and conversed with Florence Hope. There were weeds innumerable, or else many things had to be talked about, for the coxswain read two short stories in a magazine found in the wicker chair with the blue pillows, ambled to the vegetable garden in futile search of the interesting lunatic, and fetched two pails of water for the pansy bed before McDuffie could be prevailed upon to forsake his absorbing task. When at length they took the road again young Mr. Stubbs was in a peevish mood and railed against his fate.

"We have been away from the quarters long enough to run twice four miles, Ted. This won't do at all. The scales will give us away. I am thoroughly ashamed of you."

"Oh, what's the odds? We are going to beat Harvard. Our last pull against time over the course was within twenty seconds of the record."

"Yes, with a ripping fast tide and the wind blowing a gale straight behind us. You are over-confident and a confirmed loafer, and this girl is just having fun with you."

Number Seven looked annoyed. He did not like to be bullied by this bantam of a coxswain, whose remarks were too near the truth to be comfortable. Habit is a pertinacious task-master, however, and already McDuffie could not picture himself passing the cottage without turning in at the gate. Inasmuch as this attraction lay less than a mile from the quarters it will be readily understood that he was in a fair way to shirk his work most scandalously. He had to confess to himself that he was not getting rid of those obnoxious ten pounds, and, worse than this, he was guilty of beguiling the roly-poly coxswain from the path of duty.

Good resolutions melted like wax, and day after day McDuffie and the complaisant coxswain tarried longer and longer at the cottage and ran shorter distances. The captain and the head coach sharply questioned them, but both were ready with glib explanations and appeared grieved that they should be suspected.

"You are positively getting fatter, upon my word," said the captain. "I believe you go to sleep under a tree as soon as you are safely out of sight. I thought that Yale crew men need not be watched. Do you want me to send a substitute after you on a bicycle, as if you were a pair of naughty kids trying to play hookey from school?"

"Try us one more day and we promise to run ourselves to death and stagger home mere shadows of our former selves," pleaded the coxswain. "Don't hurt our feelings by sending a sleuth on our trail."

"I am too busy to keep tabs on you," said the captain. "So brace up, won't you, and sweat yourselves down to fighting trim. Four miles a day is a mere trifle."

McDuffie fairly beamed with praiseworthy intentions, but next day, alas and alack, he could get no farther than the cottage and the girl in the white frock and the big sun-hat, while the coxswain, sad to relate, went to sleep beneath an apple-tree waiting for him. When at length they trotted home they knew themselves to be, past all extenuation, a brace of graceless, abandoned loafers. During the crew practice that night, Number Seven was clumsier and slower than usual, for his mind was not in his work. The head coach roared at him through a megaphone from the launch alongside and swore to make him liven up if he had to "ride him with a pair of spurs."

"What you need is to be thoroughly awakened just about once, you great clumsy lubber. You were all right last year when you trained down to a hundred and eighty pounds. Jump into the catch, rip it through, start your slide, and shoot out your hands, man. Whew, you remind me of a sack of meal tied in the middle."

McDuffie grunted, chewed his lip, wiped the sweat from his eyes, and labored mightily at the handle of his sweep while the coxswain grinned with wicked delight and hurled more insults at him.

At supper McDuffie sulked, and in the long June twilight strolled away by himself along the back road.

It is to be presumed that he had a destination in mind. At any rate, he did not return for some time and was more abstracted than ever. By this time the coxswain had become most genuinely repentant. He would have no more of this criminal partnership. If Number Seven insisted on losing his head and his self-respect, he must henceforth go it alone. As for Chester Stubbs, he proposed to run his four miles every day if it killed him.

The following morning was bright and hot when they started out, and the sweaters were more than ever a burden and torment. With every stride the heat became more oppressive.

"I see McDuffie's finish to-day," said the coxswain under his breath. "He won't budge off that side porch, and I shall have to plug along alone."

McDuffie said never a word. Now and then he glanced over his shoulder to make certain that the threatened substitute was not following on a bicycle. The cottage was no more than a few rods distant when he muttered with a scowl:

"Stubbsey, I honestly meant to go the whole route with you to-day, but I feel all played out. I must be overtrained. We rowed at least ten miles yesterday afternoon. I never could stand blazing hot weather. Wow, but I have a beastly stitch in my side."

"Good bluff, Ted. It sounds almost genuine. Don't risk your precious health. Run right along in and give her my kind regards. I'll come back this way and pick you up."

The coxswain halted in his tracks, his face took on a shade of pallor, and with staring eyes he hoarsely croaked:

"Jumping Julius Cæsar, what is that! Look yonder. I don't like his actions. So long. I'm due up the pike a long way from here."

McDuffie wheeled and stared at the orchard which skirted the road behind them. A tall, skinny man was in the act of vaulting the fence into the highway. He was clad in blue jersey, trunks, and a white sweater emblazoned with a blue "Y," for all the world like a grotesque carricature of a Yale oarsman. His spectacles gleamed ferociously, his brown beard fairly bristled, and in his fist he brandished a revolver of huge dimensions. One glance at the gleaming weapon,-another at the menacing figure which portended death and destruction, and the coxswain took to his heels with a yell of terror, not toward the crew quarters, for retreat in that direction was cut off, but up the back road straight away from the only refuge he knew.

McDuffie stood his ground a moment longer. Perhaps he had some vague thought of risking his life to save the girl in the cottage from this lunatic of hers, but the revolver was swiftly approaching, its cavernous muzzle was aimed straight at his manly chest, and its possessor was shouting as he covered ground with prodigious strides:

"Rah, rah, rah, Yale, wow, wow, wow!! We'll show 'em how to run a mile a minute, won't we? I am the trainer, the best in the world. Get moving, get mov-

ing, or I'll have to shoot to put some speed into you. Brek-ke-ke-kex—burn up the track."

McDuffie's legs took command of him. Whirling about, he set out in chase of the flying coxswain who was rapidly diminishing to the size of a bobbing white speck against the dusty ribbon of road. Behind the fleeing Number Seven pattered the cadaverous one, talking loudly and incoherently. That he fancied himself to be the Yale trainer or coach was the only possible conjecture.

"I thought he had been put away somewhere," groaned McDuffie as he obeyed the exhortation to "burn up the track." "I have not seen him since the first day in the garden, and Florence Hope never mentioned him again. This is one of his violent spells. I ought to grapple with him and protect her but——"

"Now you are hitting a nice gait. Keep it up," shouted the frenzied pursuer, who was loping easily and evidently enjoying himself. They were fast overhauling the coxswain who was not as high-geared, so to speak, although his short legs were fairly twinkling. McDuffie's panicky mind was much befogged. He dare not look behind him for fear of losing his hard-won distance. Haunting his agonized mind was the vision of the acrobatic lunatic as Stubbs had described his behavior in the garden. Seeing the two crew men running past the cottage must have inspired his brain-sick fancy to imitate them. How far and how fast could he run? This was the vital question. And what was his ultimate intention? To shoot his vic-

tims in the home stretch? After a splendid burst of speed the coxswain was overtaken by the harassed Number Seven, who panted as he drew abreast:

"He is stark, staring mad, Stubbsey. How is your wind? Can you run him off his feet?

"N-not if he p-pushes us as hard as this. Why-why don't you turn around and t-tackle him? You're big enough."

"With that gun? Not on your life! Where does this road go to?"

"To the village three miles back. But I'll never live to see it."

"Brace up. He is slowing down. We may tire him before long."

Behind them the eccentric athlete of the active arsenal was romping along, throwing his bare knees high, and emitting blood-curdling whoops between such remarks as these:

"Quit that chatter and save your wind. We have miles and miles and miles and miles to go before we come in sight of the finish. Hi, there, turn off on that right-hand road through the woods. I should hate to shoot you full of holes and report it to the college. But training discipline must be maintained."

Instantly obedient, the two fugitives bore off from the highway into a grassy lane that led through the cool woodland. There was no hope of succor along this lonely pathway. No farm-houses were visible. The tragic procession was curtained from the world. It was like a nightmare and nothing else. McDuffie

cursed himself for a fool and a coward, but there was no arguing with his confounded legs. They were bent on carrying him onward.

"One mile, and nine more to go," yelled the wild-eyed person in their wake. "Pick up your feet, both of you. Whoopee, I will fire you off the team if you don't obey orders. I never trained a losing team yet. I'm a world-beater. Mike Morrison is scared to death of me. Harvard offered me a million dollars a year to sign a contract. To-morrow I'll put you over the hurdles, seven thousand high hurdles in a row."

McDuffie shot a fearful glance behind him. The lunatic still clutched the revolver nor did he appear in the least fatigued. His pace was slackening, however, into a long, swinging trot, as if he intended to keep it up for ten miles. The woodland road seemed to have no end. They came to a farm-house and a clearing and the coxswain yearned to bolt for the open door of the barn, but the pursuer headed him off with menacing outcry and this haven was soon left astern. Presently the road veered sharply to the left and the victims discovered that they were swinging back toward the highway from which they had set out.

"He is chasing us back home," grunted McDuffie with a ray of hope. "Talk to him, Stubbsey. Maybe he will call it off when he gets in sight of his cage."

"I—I don't feel chatty," sputtered the coxswain. "My wind is most gone. Say it yourself."

"Sprint for the end of the first lap," shouted the vigilant lunatic. "One hundred thousand people in

the grandstands are waiting to cheer you. I ordered the thirteen brass bands to play 'Boola' all together."

One more winding stretch and the trio emerged on the back road no more than a quarter of a mile from the cottage in which dwelt Miss Florence Hope. They had fetched a wide circuit and McDuffie tried to wheel toward the river and the crew quarters when, bang, the revolver barked behind him, and he ducked and fled the other way.

"I don't want to have to wing you, and put you out of the race," exclaimed the crack-brained despot, "but discipline must be keyed up if I have to shoot you all and pick a new team. That's how I win races. I had to bury seven fine young athletes only last week. Their parents were quite put out about it, and I told 'em it was all for Yale. Here we are. End of the first lap. Don't let the cheering rattle you."

The miserable wretches trotted past the cottage with labored breath and hanging heads. Florence Hope stood at the gate, wringing her hands, and her mother was peering from a front window.

"Father has gone to the crew quarters for help," she screamed. "And I have telephoned the village. They ought to be here now. Do just as he tells you, you poor boys. He has been harmless for a long time. This spell may not last. Can you keep on running?"

"We can't, but we'll have to," moaned the coxswain.

"We are just leading him away from harming you," cried McDuffie.

Like another scene of a nightmare, the cottage,

the frantic girl at the gate, and the frightened mother in the window slid into the background and vanished, while the long-legged terror in the imitation Yale sweater sung out in a rasping voice:

"Great, isn't it? Biggest crowd I ever saw on the old college field. Such cheering as that ought to put fresh life into you. We're off on the second lap. You know the track now. No need of sprinting. I am the finest judge of pace in the whole world, not to mention the moon and stars."

The coxswain had gained his second wind and was keeping abreast of his comrade with less agonized effort than before. The hope of succor on the next "lap" was a powerful stimulus and they moved briskly, no longer expecting to be run to a standstill and then shot by way of enforcing insane notions of athletic discipline. But the bearded spectre who dogged their heels had not been oblivious of the warning that his pastime might be soon interfered with. He was cunning enough to circumvent the plans of his would-be captors mobilizing at the cottage and ere long he steered his victims into a pasture of large extent, well screened from the road, and set them to running round and round in a circle of some ten acres.

Now, indeed, the phantom of hope fled away, and black despair enveloped the weary pair. They became mere automatons mechanically moving their trembling legs. Time and space had ceased to be. The chatter of their pursuer fell on dulled ears. Their dominant emotion was bewildered surprise that they should be still in motion.

They knew not how many miles they trotted in this wise. Fear gave the coxswain strength and endurance that were simply supernatural. At length the voice to rearward was heard to say:

"Pretty work. Now for the home-stretch. The Yale crew will be in the grandstand. I sent them special invitations. The President and his Cabinet have come on from Washington to see you finish. Rah, rah, rah, here's to good old Yale and the grandest team that ever came down the pike."

At the word of command McDuffie and his partner turned into a stretch of road which they had not previously traversed. They had not gone far before the coxswain puffed in broken accents:

"He has lost his way. This road doesn't go back to the cottage. It strikes the river just above our quarters."

McDuffie was beyond speech as he stonily glared in front of him and dragged one heavy foot after another. Shame was tormenting him. How could he ever face his comrades of the crew? As for the girl, she seemed to belong in some other life he had lived years and years ago. She was responsible for this disgraceful, unheard of tragedy. Why had she not confided in him, given him some warning, explained this hideous lunatic who was a member of her household?

The coxswain yelled, a wordless cry of joy, hope, thanksgiving. Ahead of them gleamed the placid river. Above the trees fluttered the blue flag of the Yale *quarters*. With desperate energy the two young men

fairly flew for home, nor looked behind them. They were alone when they tottered through the gate, fell on the lawn and lay fighting for breath, the most distressful spectacle ever beheld at Gales Ferry, not excepting a beaten crew.

McDuffie glared wildly toward the road and whispered:

"W-hy, he's gone."

"I can't believe he ever was," groaned the coxswain.

"Where are the fellows?"

"Gone in chase of the lunatic?"

"Let's get out of this before they find us all spraddled out."

"Oh, I can't wiggle, can you?"

"Too late, here they come, all in a bunch."

The crew, led by the captain, was trooping into the yard amid a clamor of excited shouts. Some of them were armed with clubs, handles of broken oars, and bits of scantling from the boat-house work-bench. McDuffie tried to scramble to his feet but flopped over like a dying walrus. The coxswain moved not at all. They heard a chorus of tumultuous greetings:

"Hooray, here they are! All safe and sound!"

"What did you do with the crazy man?"

"Are you shot full of holes?"

"We lost you in the woods."

"It must have been awful."

"The whole village is out after him."

Strong arms lugged the two fugitives to near-by hammocks and dumped them therein. A buggy rat-

tled into the yard and the head coach clambered out as the tail-ender of the rescue party.

"Get them down to the boat-house," he commanded. "Don't let them catch cold. I am mighty thankful to see you two men back alive. You needn't row to-day, McDuffie."

"I shall be all right by this afternoon, sir," pluckily croaked Number Seven. "It was a close shave, pretty tough on the nerves."

Dodging vollies of eager questions, the heroes stiffly made their way down the hill as soon as they rested a little. The coxswain happened to think of his weight, and stepped upon the scales as a matter of daily habit.

"Eight pounds, Ted! I ran off eight pounds. Good Heavens, man, think of it! Eight pounds in a couple of hours! It was scared off me as sure as you live. I'll bet I never get it back."

Number Seven solemnly took his turn and announced:

"Nine pounds I lost since breakfast. Would you believe it! But I shouldn't have been very much surprised to find that I was shy twenty pounds."

"The fellows didn't guy us very much, Ted," and the coxswain's tired voice had a hopeful note.

"Oh, we haven't heard the end of it, Stubbsey. I hope they catch the lunatic and lambast the tar out of him, don't you?"

"Lynching would do him a whole lot of good."

Lying on their backs at one end of the floating stage, they blinked at the sun and let their aching muscles relax in drowsy contentment. The dinner call aroused

them and they crawled slowly up the path to join their hungry comrades who insisted on hearing every detail of the mad and harrowing flight. In the midst of the moving narrative the captain was called to the telephone and returned to announce:

"They have caught him near the village. He had rounded up a couple of farmers and was chasing them around the imaginary track. He fought hard but they tied him up and put him in the calaboose."

"Who is he?" asked McDuffie. "Thank goodness he has been stowed where he belongs."

"You ought to know, McDuffie. I hear you have been seen calling at his house."

Number Seven blushed and had nothing to say. The coxswain giggled and explained:

"McDuffie wasn't looking for lunatics."

By late afternoon Number Seven was sufficiently recuperated to insist that he be permitted to row in the practice spin before supper. To the astonishment of the onlookers in the coaching launch, he swung into the stride of the rest of the eight with a limber dash and ease of movement that kept his body and oar in unision with the harmony of the long swing, drive, and recover. He felt fagged and disgruntled but there was no denying the fact that the shell slid over the mirrored river with more consistent speed and power than on the previous days of practice. The head coach grinned as he watched McDuffie's long, sunbrowned back sway on the catch, and said to the skipper of the launch:

"Well, we've taken the kinks out of him at last. It appears to have been just the dose he needed. I shouldn't have dared to apply such heroic treatment myself, but his experience this morning was an ill wind that blew the crew no end of good."

"He is plain lazy this year," said the skipper. "I've been watchin' him close. He got a first-class wakin' up. Gosh, but I'm glad I wasn't in his shoes. Seems to be the stern of the shell don't sag so much. The coxswain shed a few pounds, I guess."

The head coach was well pleased with the work and told the crew so in a rare mood of open praise. And McDuffie was so delighted that he forgot the girl and the lunatic and dreamed of beating Harvard by a dozen boat-lengths. When the crew had paddled back to the boat-house in the summer twilight and were bathed and dressed and ready to stroll up to the lawn, McDuffie spied two visitors standing at the brow of the hill, as if waiting for the oarsmen to return.

Nearer vision made his heart beat faster, for one of them was a winsome girl in white whom he recognized as Florence Hope. Her companion was a tall, very slender man, most correctly attired in outing flannels, and to be further described as wearing spectacles and a close-cropped brown beard. At sight of him McDuffie stood as if paralyzed, but the other oarsmen came rushing up the hill with hoots and whoops and yells of joy, derision, triumph.

Miss Florence Hope, alarmed by this wild charge, retreated to a rustic summer-house near by, but the

tall gentleman stood his ground and waved his straw hat in greeting to the captain of the crew who cried as he grasped his hand:

"Oh, you did it up in bully fashion, old man. Thanks in behalf of the crowd. It was simply immense. And not a soul got wind of the strategem. Now you can reap your reward. Look what they are doing to McDuffie and Stubbs."

The oarsmen had formed a ring around the two heroes of the episode of the murderous madman and were dancing in a whirling, noisy mob, gasping with laughter, cheering themselves hoarse. The victims were speechless, overwhelmed by this topsy-turvy, incredible happening. And while they vainly tried to fight clear of the crowd of oarsmen who were making a sport and mockery of them, the captain of the crew was presenting the tall stranger to the head coach with the smiling explanation:

"We did not dare to let you in on it, Mr. Steele, for fear you might think we were going a bit too far. Mr. Harry Hope is the brother of Miss Florence. He is up from New York for a little vacation. You must remember his name. He was champion long-distance runner, amateur and intercollegiate, until he graduated from Boston 'Tech' a few years ago. He won the Marathon in the Olympic games at Paris—keeps himself in prime condition even now."

The head coach's keen eyes twinkled with understanding. He had not fathomed the details of the plot but its general outline appealed to him as magnificent.

"How did you happen to think of chasing these two young rascals?" he asked.

Mr. Hope hesitated, looked at the captain, who blushed and nodded, and elucidated as follows:

"The captain has known my sister for some time. In fact, though it isn't announced yet——"

"It will be, right after the race, win or lose," put in the captain, very spiritedly. "You see, Mr. Steele, I thought it would be setting a poor example to the rest of the crew if I kept chasing up to the Hope cottage from the quarters, so Florence and I agreed to keep mum until after the race. Of course I have strolled up there now and then for a few minutes, but—but I sort of kept quiet about it. The fellows might say I wasn't thinking every minute of rowing. Excuse me, I'll bring her over from the summer-house. She is marooned while those Indians tear all over the lawn. They aren't doing a thing to McDuffie and Stubbs. It was coming to them, all right."

Dainty Miss Florence was rescued and conveyed to a quiet corner where "Bob" Steele lost no time in asking her:

"Are you the chief conspirator? Come now, please tell me all about it. I am sure that is why you came down here to-night with your brother."

She laughed, cast a sidelong glance at the stalwart captain of the crew, and confessed with a pretty air of triumph:

"I am loyal to the crew, of course, Mr. Steele, even though it has made the captain neglect me shockingly.

And when Mr. McDuffie and Mr. Stubbs began to stop at our cottage every day, why of course I told Jack—I mean the captain. And he said they were supposed to be running four miles every morning. He was going to scold and punish them right away, but I—well, I might as well confess it all—I asked him to wait until Harry, my brother, came up from New York again. It was Mr. Stubbs's mistaking Harry for a lunatic on the first day that put it into my head."

"And how did the mistake happen?" asked the chuckling head coach.

The girl turned laughingly to her brother and besought him:

"This is your part of the story. Tell it, please. It always gives me the giggles."

Mr. Harry Hope looked somewhat sheepish and related with an air of reluctance:

"When the family rented the cottage up here for the summer, I took it into my silly noddle that I would keep a few hives of bees as part of the simple life. I am a trifle near-sighted and they say I am absent-minded. At any rate, I blundered among the confounded bee-hives just before dark one day, and upset 'em all over the place, and what those pet bumble-bees did to me was a caution. They stung me until I was a human pin-cushion. For a week after that I was all wrapped up like a mummy, and every time I moved I yelled blue murder. The first day these two young gentlemen of yours dropped in, I was trying to handle a hoe, and every time I swung it I smarted and burned

and felt pins and needles in a hundred different places. I wiggled and cussed and danced and tried to keep my clothes from touching me, and I guess I cut a very queer figure indeed."

"And the coxswain was so tactful and sympathetic about you, Harry," murmured his sister. "I told you to keep out of the garden until you could conduct yourself like a sane person. Well, when I discovered how very naughtily Mr. McDuffie and Mr. Stubbs were behaving in forgetting their duty to the crew and the orders of the captain, I just led them along, waiting for Harry. And he was delayed in New York and so the plot hung fire until to-day."

"The other fellows all knew it when we pretended to chase the lunatic to-day," added the captain.

"A most ingenious punishment for loafing," gleefully commented the head coach. "So you have been helping the crew in your own way, Miss Hope? Well, well, you are to be doubly congratulated, once for your cleverness and loyalty, and again for your engagement to the captain of the crew. You have succeeded, in partnership with your brother, in running the extra weight off those two young loafers. They will need no more prodding."

The tumult on the lawn had subsided. The voice of the coxswain could be heard begging for mercy, and McDuffie was crying for help in stentorian accents. Presently they broke away from their tormentors and drew near the little group in the shadows. They had the pluck to take their punishment like men, and it

was McDuffie who advanced and held out his hand to Miss Hope as he said with a boyish smile:

"It hurts some, not so much being made a blithering fool of, as—oh, pshaw, I don't dare to say it, while the captain is around. But I got what I deserved all right. So did Stubbsey. Speak up for yourself, you runt."

The coxswain looked first at the girl, then at her tall, fleet-footed brother, and observed with an air of conviction:

"So McDuffie was the real lunatic after all, and the only one. However, if you have helped us to win the boat-race I guess I shall have to forgive you. The fellows have been telling me, that is—the crew wants to chip in and send a wedding present when the time comes, Miss Hope. I suggested a punch bowl engraved with the Yale coat-of-arms and a lunatic rampant."

THE HOUSE DIVIDED

WHENEVER one of the Thorpes of Maryland became old enough to wear long trousers he was sent to Andover to prepare for Yale, as his father and his grandfather had done before him. It was one of the solid traditions of a family which, although long established on its native soil, had not begun to go to seed. Of the latest generation four tall sons had already won their diplomas at New Haven where they were noted for athletic ability, besides which they managed to maintain creditable standing in scholarship and friendly relations with the faculty. It was taken as a matter of course that there should be a sturdily built, plucky Thorpe on the eleven or in the 'varsity boat, and no sooner was one of them graduated than another came into prominence to carry on the succession. In college opinion they were a Yale dynasty.

It happened, at length, that of the six Thorpe brothers only two remained to be stamped with the Yale hall-mark. Two years apart in age, Warren Thorpe, the elder of the twain, had trouble with his eyes through a tedious winter, for which reason Harry gained a lap on him, so to speak, and began his last year at Andover when Warren entered Yale as a Freshman. This temporary separation distressed neither of them. Their temperaments clashed at many points,

they had ruffled each other since boyhood, and whatever brotherly love may have existed between them was hidden from the casual eye.

All the other Thorpes, past and present, were famous for sticking together through thick and thin. The four older brothers were cut after the same pattern and shared their likes and dislikes in common. Theirs was a congenial and close-knit alliance. When it came to the two youngsters, however, instead of striking the family average they seemed to have inherited sharply contrasting qualities, as if each threw back to a particular, unblended line of ancestry, Warren to the plain-spoken, steady-gaited, practical Hemphills of his mother's race, Harry to the hard-bitted, reckless soldiers and lords of plantations of the earlier generations of Thorpes. At Andover they ceased rooming together by mutual consent after trying to hit it off for one term. Each had his own interests, his own group of friends, and went his own way.

As a Freshman at Yale, Warren Thorpe was early impressed with the fact that he must work for the honor of his name as well as for the glory of the college. He walked across the campus not as a stranger, but as one who had come into his own and was mightily resolved to be worthy of it. Ever since he could remember he had heard Yale doctrines preached at home as a sort of secular gospel. And now that he was actually an undergraduate the atmosphere of the place thrilled him with a sense of familiarity, like a dream come true. The four older brothers mobilized in New

York and journeyed to New Haven to see to it that Warren was properly started and soundly advised, while the father of them all, statesman and diplomat, forsook the Senate in Washington to spend a Sunday in New Haven and spin yarns to the fledgling collegian of his own bright years beneath the elms.

The family council foregathered in farewell session at a quaint little tavern in a dilapidated quarter of the town where Senator Thorpe had aforetime enjoyed tuneful sessions with his chums over plates of welch rarebit and mugs of ale. On a battered table is a dingy corner he was rejoiced to find his initials not yet obliterated, and the four brothers, one by one, discovered the handiwork of their own careless jackknives. As a ceremony of considerable importance, Warren Thorpe, Freshman, added his sign manual to this roster of the family, at which the father, gray, dignified, and of a soldierly presence, regarded his five fine sons with affectionate pride and said:

"Harry must carve his initials on the old table next year and then we must buy it of old Patsy Shane and keep it in the library at home. This old building will be pulled down before many years and it won't do to leave the table here for the next generation of Thorpes to whittle. I mean to run no risk of losing it."

"Only one more boy to come," observed Norman Thorpe, the eldest. "There will be something of an interregnum before your grandsons begin to make things lively on the campus, father."

There was a brief silence while they contemplated

the Freshman, and young Warren stirred uneasily. He felt that they were thinking, not of him, but of Harry at Andover, and the father clinched this surmise by remarking with grave deliberation:

"The boys and I want you to keep in touch with Harry this year, Warren. Your influence ought to amount to a good deal with him now that you are in college. He is the baby, you know, and your mother worries about him just because he is the youngest of the six. And you and he will be together in college for three years and you can help him get started right. We want you to run up to Andover now and then when it will not interfere with your college work."

Warren flushed and stared at the table. His honest, stubborn face expressed no great happiness as he replied:

"I will do my best, sir, but Harry doesn't care much about advice from me, and he is so busy with his own affairs that if I go to see him at Andover it is a good guess that he will ask me what I'm butting in for."

"Hum-m, I thought you two boys were getting on better together for the last year or so," said Senator Thorpe, and his intonation was the least bit impatient. "You ought to be a kind of balance-wheel for Harry. He is head-strong and full of life and I presume his mother and I have spoiled him a bit. That is a parents' privilege with the youngest of six. However, four years at Yale will hammer him into shape, and you must share the responsibility with the rest of us, Warren, my boy."

"Yes sir, I understand," dutifully returned the Freshman, holding in check the natural inclination to defend his own attitude in the matter. "I must sort of pave the way for Harry in college and set the pace for him, just as you older brothers did for each other and for me."

"No need to tell you to play the game for all you are worth," put in one of the others. "We all won our 'Y's,' you know, and you can't keep out of foot-ball clothes to save your life."

"I can make the Freshman eleven, all right," replied Warren. "A fellow who has played half-back two years on the Andover team has some reputation to help him when he comes down here."

"Good enough," exclaimed another brother. "I was talking to Wallace Kemp about you this morning, and he is the wisest coach that ever was. He has his eye on you, Warren, but the 'varsity team had great material behind the line this season and you are not likely to get your chance until next year. So hit the line hard with the Freshman outfit and show them that the Thorpes are still in the game."

"Harry is captain of the Andover team this fall," said the father, quietly chuckling. "You two boys may be playing against each other. When Greek meets Greek, eh? I wish I could be there to see it. Well, Warren," and he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, "there are other things more worth while in college than winning foot-ball games. Don't forget that, although it sounds old-fashioned. A scholar, a gentle-

man, and an all-round man, that is what we want you to be. The Thorpes have always fought fair, in war, in politics, in business, and in athletics."

He rose, and the others stood while he lifted a glass and, in his courtly way, pledged the health of the Freshman son and of Yale. The hour of departure was at hand and Warren followed his father and his four stalwart brothers out of the little tavern and went with them to the railroad station. He was proud of them all, and grateful for their interest in him, but after the train had borne them away he was conscious of an agreeably flavored sense of freedom. He wanted to stand upon his two feet and work out his own salvation. It was worth while to be a Thorpe, but a fellow felt shackled to the past and the future if he had to think of the family all the time.

As Warren mingled among his Freshman classmates of the campus he was troubled now and then by twinges of unhappiness which could not be diagnosed as homesickness. His father and his brothers had been primed with the best intentions in the world but they had not quite understood him. They had failed to do him justice, not so much in the spoken word as in tacit assumptions, and he could not help believing that they held him more or less responsible for the lack of intimacy with his younger brother. They were inclined to hold him accountable for Harry's school and college career, and failed to realize the radical differences of tastes and temperament which stood like a wall between the two boys.

However, in the first tumultuous weeks of Freshman

year, Warren Thorpe had little time to brood over family misunderstandings. The prestige of his athletic career at Andover and his sterling qualities of leadership in other directions soon distinguished him from the mob of several hundred irresponsible youths who had not yet found themselves, and they were glad to elect him to various offices and shift to his capable shoulders the duties of spokesman at campus gatherings. Then, too, he was chosen captain of the Freshman eleven after the first week of practice, an honor which he fairly deserved.

The most important game of the season's schedule was that with the Harvard Freshmen, which came at the end of the fall campaign, and the earlier contests were usually by way of preparation. No sooner had Warren Thorpe assumed the captaincy, however, than he found himself thinking a good deal more anxiously about the game between the Yale Freshmen and the Andover team of which his brother Harry was captain. There had been no open hostility between them on the school field and little chance of jealous rivalry because there was room for both, as right and left halfbacks, a combination which had made Andover a match for many of the smaller college elevens. Now for the first time the Thorpe brothers were to be pitted against each other, and the circumstance awakened uncommon interest in the match.

The Yale Freshmen players talked it over among themselves, and one of them, who had come down from Andover, imparted to the others in the dressing-room:

"Whew, fellows, you can take it from me, this is going to be no game of marbles. Warren Thorpe is working us harder than I ever played before, and you can just bet that Harry is keeping the Andover team on the jump. Mixing up in a family affair is more than I bargained for."

"Oh, any team that goes against Andover has to play hard," carelessly spoke up a lanky youth who had come from the Middle West. "It will be fun to see the two brothers tackle each other. You talk as if we were going to have a set-to with battle-axes."

"Wait and see, my son," was the judicial reply. "I roomed with Harry Thorpe my last year at Andover. They are surely the queer pair of brothers. Why, they never even borrowed each other's money, and sooner than borrow a shirt or a pair of trousers from each other, they would have paraded the campus without any. What else is a brother for, if you can't use him?"

"But they didn't quarrel, did they?" asked another curious listener.

"No, not exactly. They seemed friendly enough when they happened to meet, but they didn't fall on each other's necks. Down here at Yale the saying is that a Thorpe never knows when he is whipped, so if Harry and Warren ever do lock horns there will be something doing, you mark my word."

"Anyhow, we are going to have a rattling good Freshman eleven, thanks to Warren," said the centre rush.

"And Andover will have a whirlwind team, thanks to Harry," was the comment.

As the date of this game drew near, Warren began to regret that he had accepted the captaincy. The personal issue loomed larger and larger. It was his habit of mind to take life rather seriously for a young man of his years, and this contest appeared to him as something more vital than college pastime. He was disturbed by a letter from his mother which read:

MY DEAREST SON:

I notice that the newspapers are trying to make a little sensation of the fact that you and Harry are to meet as captains of rival foot-ball teams, and this morning I happened to read a perfectly absurd statement, alleging that there was bad blood between you, and so on. It would be dreadful if such things were true. I have often wished that you could show more fondness toward each other, but I am quite sure there has never been any enmity between you, Warren, dear, and you are a college man now, and Harry is still a school-boy, so you can afford to be generous. Not that I am asking you to let his team win, but I wish you were not going to play against him. If you do win, please try to spare Harry's feelings as much as you can. My heart is torn two ways for my splendid boys, and I am always

Your loving and devoted

MOTHER.

The Freshman captain read this letter twice before he muttered aloud with a perplexed sigh:

"That doesn't sound quite like mother. She is usually pretty logical and says what she means. I may be a bit older than Harry, but he is as big and strong

as I am, and faster on his feet. He is plenty able to take care of himself. And she wants me to quit the team, or, if I do play, to lose the game so that Harry won't be unhappy. What about my feelings? This kid brother business makes me tired. What would the college think of me if I refused to play against Andover? I should be branded as a quitter, queered for the rest of my college course."

The game was to be played at Andover, a considerable journey from New Haven, and ordinarily no more than a handful of loyal Freshman "heelers" would accompany their team. For this occasion, however, the delegation promised to be numerous and noisy. The duel between the Thorpe brothers as captains twain appealed to the youngsters as excitingly spectacular. There was much running to and fro to find the price of a railroad ticket and something over for incidentals. Many of the class had been despoiled by the mercenary Sophomores who sold them discarded furniture fit only for the junk heap and charged them preposterously, while the upper classmen, taking these poor victims in flank, as it were, wrung them dry of cash for all manner of subscriptions to college activities. The Freshman in his first term is not yet sufficiently hardened to write home for more money when his allowance vanishes painfully soon, nor has he acquired the boldness of imagination which can stretch the items of "laundry," "charity," and "text-books" to make an expense account wear a plausible aspect.

Not withstanding these inevitable financial crises,

sixty Freshmen took train for Andover, singing valiant songs of their own composing which they had not dared to rehearse within ear-shot of the campus through fear of predatory Sophomores. They spent the night in Boston. Captain Thorpe sent his foot-ball players early to bed after signal practice in one of the upper corridors of the hotel. He was rather relieved to be informed by letter and telegram that all four brothers were kept away by business engagements. As it was, he felt as if he were playing against the whole Thorpe family besides the Andover eleven.

When he walked along the streets of the academy town next morning, the familiar scenes tugged at his heart and made him forget the impending contest. Lovely for situation is the Andover campus and framed in one of the fairest of New England landscapes, with far prospects of wooded hills and misty valleys as seen from the open spaces and scattered buildings of the school where five hundred youths work and play with peculiar zest. Warren lagged behind his men to shake hands with this acquaintance and that, and presently descried his brother Harry sauntering between two dormitory halls. They hastened toward each other.

"Hello, Warren! Going to trim us this afternoon?" exclaimed the one.

"How are you, Harry? We'll try to show you how they do the trick at Yale," answered the other.

There was a little interval of silence. The old constraint took hold of both, and this meeting was of a sort to make them self-conscious. Passers-by halted

to gaze at them with lively interest. Closely matched in size and height, their features and coloring not at all unlike, they were unmistakably brothers, and yet there were striking differences, apparent at first sight of them together. The younger was the more animated of the two, his eyes sparkled when he talked, his gestures were vivacious, and his mobile features bespoke a kind of headlong ardor that was likely to leap before it looked. His smile was winsome and had won him forgiveness for more than one school escapade. In other company Warren appeared reserved and slow of speech, but contrasted with Harry he was stolid and heavy. He was not handsome, but he had an air of resolute manliness which was engaging in its way.

His face was more serious even than usual as he regarded his younger brother and said a trifle haltingly:

"Seems kind of queer, doesn't it, for us to be the two captains to-day. Mother seems to be a bit worried that we may play too hard. I don't feel hostile and I am sure you have nothing against me, Harry."

The brother laughed and replied with easy assurance:

"Oh, when I tackle you I expect you to know you've hit the ground. And we like to put it over the Yale Freshmen if we can. They call themselves college men and they are pretty chesty. But if mother doesn't want me to hurt you, I'll be careful, old man."

Warren flushed, for he was easily teased, and his brother had a knack of pricking his temper, but he turned the subject aside and asked:

"How are things going this year, Harry? You haven't written me since school opened."

"About the same, Warren. What's the use of writing when it only makes you fretty and ready to come back to me with wise advice and solemn reproof. I am still travelling with what you used to call the sporty crowd, and I run in debt and have to ask the folks at home for extra cash, and when it comes to picking a winner for scholarship honors, I am decidedly not in it. I hear you are the solid man at Yale, just as you were here."

"I am doing as well as I can," said the other. "I wish you might—but, pshaw, what's the use?"

"Yes, what's the use," smilingly echoed Harry Thorpe. "Better save your breath for the game this afternoon. You will need it by the end of the first half. Coming over to dinner with me?"

"No, I'll join my men at the Inn," curtly returned Warren. "I'll see you at the field."

"You certainly will," blithely spoke the brother. "So long, Warren. Don't lose your nerve."

Harry sauntered off in the direction of the gymnasium, while Warren, feeling rebuffed, went rather moodily to find his team-mates. Several of his old friends were waiting to shake hands with him, among them two members of the Andover faculty, and the principal himself strolled over to the Inn to greet with hearty cordiality this recent graduate who had already made his mark at Yale. Warren was diverted for the moment from thoughts of the game and listened eagerly

to the gossip of the Andover campus, whose boyish population took itself and its affairs as seriously as collegians.

An hour before the time set for the game, the youngsters began to drift toward the foot-ball field until the whole school was massed along the rising tiers of seats. Their ranks were bright with blue flags of a lighter hue than the blue of Yale, and their appointed cheer-leaders took stations in front, ready to invoke concerted racket by way of encouragement. The much smaller band of Yale Freshmen formed a defiant and astonishingly noisy group. There were no tyrannical Sophomores here to intimidate them and they meant to make the most of the respite from bondage.

When the two elevens scampered into view from opposite ends of the field, the enthusiasm, the *ensemble*, suggested a college contest in miniature, and you may be sure that the players themselves were no less tense and determined than if a championship were at stake. Their respective captains had harangued them in the dressing-rooms, Harry Thorpe, fiery and sarcastic, Warren, deliberate and earnest. The Yale Freshmen appeared to be the heavier, brawnier eleven, averaging perhaps a year older than their opponents, but even in the preliminary practice the Andover lads moved with an alert precision and well-disciplined aggressiveness which implied thorough coaching and magnetic leadership.

The Thorpe brothers were parts of the whole, cogs of their machines during the brief period of signal

drill, but when they advanced and met in mid-field to toss a coin for choice of goals, the personal issue was brought sharply into the foreground. The tableau impressed the spectators and they became curiously silent. The brothers stood facing each other, the padded, stained foot-ball clothes and jerseys making them more than ever alike in appearance. Harry brushed the tousled hair from his forehead with a jaunty motion and laughed as he spoke, while Warren planted himself solidly, his hands on his hips, and said something in reply. A moment later a coin spun in air and Harry picked it up with jubilant exclamation that carried to the side-lines:

"I win, as usual. What's the matter with your Yale luck, Warren?"

The Freshman smiled and held out his hand. Harry Thorpe grasped it carelessly as if the ceremony meant less to him than to his brother. The on-lookers cheered impartially at this display of friendliness and good sportsmanship, and presently the two elevens took their stations for the kick-off. Soon after the first scrimmage it was possible to differentiate the style of play of the two captains, each of whom was at half-back. The Andover leader was the fleet-footed, versatile ground-gainer, quick to skirt the ends with flying interference or to dodge through a broken field. Warren Thorpe was the plunging half-back, of the type which can be depended on to make small advances by hitting the line with tireless strength and indomitable courage. The tactics of the two teams more or less

reflected the methods of their captains. Within the first five minutes of play a brilliantly executed stratagem deceived the Yale Freshmen, and Harry Thorpe found a clear field for a forty-yard dash and a touchdown.

Undaunted, the lads from Yale hammered away at their rivals and made one dogged gain after another, keeping hard at it until Warren Thorpe was sent crashing through tackle for the final ten yards that tied the score. The pace was so bruising and breathless that tempers began to be strained. While the tide of battle was indecisively swinging to and fro, the Freshman full-back punted the ball far into Andover territory, and Harry caught it on the run. With stride unchecked he sped forward, and his men skilfully converged ahead of him to form a flying screen of interference.

The Freshmen charged like a pack of wolves, but the foremost of them were bowled heels over head by the guardians of the Andover captain who twisted and turned and kept his feet and came on like the wind. Twenty, thirty yards he ran, and not a Yale Freshman had been able to lay hands on him. Most of them were strung out in his wake by this time, and although his interference was beaten down, plucked away, disorganized, he was still in motion and the field ahead of him was almost clear of assailants.

Warren Thorpe had been playing well back, guarding the path to the goal-line, never dreaming that his brother would be able to run the ball through the

whole Yale team. With a gasp of dismay, Warren beheld the spectacular onset coming nearer and nearer, but instead of rushing blindly to intercept Harry he crouched in his tracks, straining like a sprinter on the mark, ready to turn either way and baffle the dodging tactics of his brother.

Pell-mell came the pursued and the pursuers. It was wonderful to see the fleeing lad with the ball veer to elude the hands outstretched to clutch him, or ward off with lunging arm the onset of a tackler, but he could not go unscathed much longer. A lithe Yale foeman dived for him, failed to bring him to earth, but struck him just below the knees and made him falter in his stride. He tripped, fell, rolled over and over, and was about to scramble to his feet with the agility of a cat just as Warren Thorpe made his rush.

The disaster happened in a twinkling and was not clearly observed by the officials, who had been left behind in the mad race. Warren Thorpe had launched himself with the purpose of making a tackle and bringing Harry to earth before he should recover his speed. There was a miscalculation and Harry was on the ground when his brother ran desperately at him and changed his plan, trying now to fall on his antagonist and pin him to earth before he could recover and continue his flight. Some slight obstruction, a rut or stone, caught the toe of Warren's shoe, and the result was that he lunged and fell with terrific momentum just as his brother was for an instant sprawling face upward.

From the side-lines it looked for all the world as if Warren had jumped upon the prostrate Andover captain with fell intent. The impact was violent, and before he heard Harry groan Warren surmised that the weight and shock of his misdirected endeavor had done some physical damage. He knelt on the turf and anxiously gazed at the writhing figure of the other, whose face was white with pain. Before the trainer and the doctor had rushed to the scene Warren was imploring:

"Did I knock the wind out of you, old man? Is it anything worse than that? I didn't mean to hurt you."

Harry Thorpe looked up at him with blazing anger in his eyes and flung back:

"You smashed my collar-bone, that's what it feels like. You laid me out. You meant to do it. You couldn't whip us any other way."

"Don't say that," faltered his brother. "I came down harder than I meant to. It was an accident. Here, we'll carry you off and make you comfortable in a jiffy."

"You drove your knees into me to put me out of business," snarled Harry. "I'll get square with you."

Before the altercation could go further the surgeon intervened, and, after a hasty examination, summoned a carriage in which the Andover captain was borne from the field. Quickly the news spread among the crowd that the injury was a broken collar-bone, which in itself was no extraordinary foot-ball catastrophe. In other circumstances it would have been viewed as part

of the day's work and the game resumed without more delay. That one Thorpe brother should have crippled the other, however, was sensational and bound to arouse intense feeling among their respective partisans. The school opinion became instantly hostile toward Warren Thorpe. Somebody shouted that he had intentionally jumped on his brother, that he meant to disable him, and the cry was taken up with the contagious, unthinking ardor of youth.

The Yale Freshmen in the grandstand loudly contradicted the infamous accusation and presented a martial front, as if they were prepared to fight in the last ditch for the good name of their champion. On the field the two teams stood grouped apart in silence, eyeing each other with open ill-will. It was evident that the subsequent scrimmages of the game were most likely to be a series of hostile collisions. The acting captain of Andover strode over to confer with his coach and raised his voice to affirm with a dogged shake of the head:

"We can lick 'em without Harry Thorpe. What are we waiting for? We are ready to play. Have they lost their nerve?"

The coach counselled patience and refused to commit himself. The principal of the school, admired and beloved of his five hundred boys, for he had been a famous college athlete himself, was talking with a group of influential members of the Senior class who could usually be depended on to hold the younger hot-heads in check. Presently the principal summoned the officials

of the game and held another serious conference. Warren Thorpe had been drifting nervously to and fro, a prey to poignant unhappiness, and at this juncture he mustered courage to say to the principal:

"If you think I did anything wrong, Mr. Starke, or if the officials think I was guilty of unnecessary roughness, I am perfectly willing to be disqualified, and the game can go on without me. The Andover fellows seem so angry"—his voice revealed his emotions and he bit his lip before going on to say—"this is the first time I was ever hissed and hooted on this field, sir. I didn't mean to hurt Harry, you know that, don't you?"

"I am perfectly willing to take your word for it, Warren," answered the principal, "but I can't make five hundred boys listen to reason, and some of them do not know you as well as I do. I have decided to take it upon myself to stop the game. It is not worth while stirring up bad feeling between our team and yours. The officials agree with me that this is the proper decision to make. The score is tied and honors are even. Come around to my house before you go back to New Haven, will you? Harry will have the best of care."

Warren Thorpe had nothing to say. It seemed to him that to have the game end in this lamentable fiasco was to condemn him without a hearing. He called his men together and told them the tidings, at which they trotted sullenly from the field, muttering angry protests, while the younger Andover lads piped

derisively at them. Their comments followed Warren, and although he knew how foolish and rattle-headed were these urchins of the lower classes, he was hurt and disheartened to hear them saying:

"Of course he had it in for his brother Harry ever since they came to Andover together. Didn't you know that? When they were playing on our team Warren didn't get a chance at him. But he fixed him all right to-day."

"The Yale Freshmen were scared of us. That big brute of a Warren Thorpe thought he could beat us if he made his brother quit. I'm sorry Mr. Starke called the game off. We wouldn't have done a thing to them. Our team was fighting mad."

"Jumped right up in the air and came down on him with both knees. I saw it. Everybody saw it but the officials. I'm glad it wasn't *my* collar-bone."

Such sentiments made it clear to Warren Thorpe that it would have been unwise to continue the game and risk a riot as the aftermath. Although many of the older lads of the school crowded around him to express sympathy and confidence, his unhappiness was not sensibly diminished and never in his life had he felt so profoundly miserable. As soon as possible he hurried to the infirmary and asked to see his brother. The nurse in charge was not at ease as she returned from the room and said hesitatingly:

"He is doing well and his collar-bone will mend nicely, but he is still more or less excited, and he has a temperature, and—he must forget foot-ball for the present."

"But I don't want to talk foot-ball," blurted Warren. "I am as anxious to forget it as anybody could be. Doesn't he want to see me? I will stay here in Andover just as long as he may need me, you know."

The nurse wished to be tactful, but it was hard to disguise the brutal truth.

"Your brother doesn't quite understand. I imagine the shock dazed him, and he is still suffering. He would rather not see you, Mr. Thorpe. Of course he was greatly disappointed at having to quit the game and——"

"So he believes I am guilty of foul play—against my own brother," sighed Warren. "Well, I suppose it will do no good for me to stay over for a few days."

"He is having the best of care," said the nurse. "And perhaps you can run up from college as soon as he is sitting up."

"It looks queer for me to run away and leave him in this shape," was the mournful reply, "but what else can I do? It may irritate him to know that I am hanging around."

"He suggested that you go back to New Haven," admitted the nurse with a smile, as if the language of her patient had been much more emphatic than this. "I am afraid it will take some time for his grievance to wear off."

"Then you can tell him for me that he is making a silly, bad-tempered kid of himself," angrily burst out the misunderstood brother. "You might think I had tried to break his neck."

With this Warren Thorpe departed from Andover, still in a breathing heat of indignation and spurning the consolations of his comrades. To make matters worse, the Boston evening newspapers contained brief but sensational accounts of the interrupted game, for apart from its foot-ball interest, the national prominence of Senator Thorpe and the hereditary fame of his sons as school and college athletes lent the collision between the brothers a certain piquant flavor. And it was natural that the Boston view-point should deal none too gently with the captain of the Yale Freshman eleven. It was with dismay that Warren Thorpe glowered at such unfair headlines as these:

FOOT-BALL BROTHERS FIGHT ON ANDOVER FIELD.

AS RIVAL CAPTAINS, ONE THORPE BREAKS THE OTHER'S COLLAR-BONE.

HARRY OF THE ACADEMY TEAM IS VICTIM AND GAME IS STOPPED WITH SCORE TIED TO PREVENT RIOT BETWEEN SCHOOL-BOYS AND YALE FRESHMEN.

Warren confided to his centre-rush as they were about to take a night train for New Haven:

"I suppose this means that my four big brothers will make it hot for me. And I don't dare to think of what my mother will say."

The loyal comrade replied:

"Oh, forget it. Harry will be a Freshman next year and you will be a Sophomore, and you can take some of this foolishness out of him. He will be ashamed of to-day's performance when he learns a little more sense."

"I sometimes wish I didn't belong to quite so much family," sighed Warren. "A fellow has trouble enough of his own without having to explain things to a bunch of brothers who can't seem to see that a few good spankings would have done Harry a whole lot of good."

Warren's interviews with his mother at vacation time were distressing. She was unable to understand how he could have broken the dear boy's collar-bone without intention when she had begged him so particularly to be careful of her youngest. The four brothers refrained from scolding, but Warren felt the weight of their disapproval. They had been involved in no newspaper scandals during their college careers nor had they damaged one another's collar-bones. They were shocked and sorry that their name should have been dragged into such hateful publicity.

The year ran its course and Harry Thorpe in his turn went down to New Haven as a Freshman, openly hostile toward his brother, now a Sophomore, and resolved somehow to square matters for that unlucky foot-ball game. The friends who came to college from Andover with him were his staunch partisans and made no serious efforts to win him away from his foolish attitude. He entered upon the novel campus life with blithe eagerness and a charming spirit of irresponsibility

which felt little concern for the honor and traditions of the family. Let sober-minded Warren shoulder the burden of being a Thorpe.

There happened to be a scarcity of first-class halfbacks for the 'varsity eleven, and both Warren and Harry were promptly drafted by Captain Jim Stearns and the head coach, Wallace Kemp.

"I should like to shift them about from the second eleven to the first and back again," said Stearns while the brothers were under discussion. "But it won't do to have them playing against each other, Mr. Kemp. The Freshman, Harry, is a young firebrand, and he will think more of laying the other one out than of playing the game if we put them on opposing teams."

"We never had any trouble with the older Thorpes," replied the coach, "but perhaps you are right. I remember that mix-up at Andover last year. Do you mean to tell me that the boys are still angry at each other?"

"It is one-sided, as far as I can see," said Stearns. "Warren hasn't any grudge. They will make a rattling pair behind the line if we can tame the younger one. He needs discipline and hard work, and plenty of both."

With a fraternal impulse Warren Thorpe went to find Harry that very evening. The latter had a room in College Street, and Warren had no trouble in tracing him, once he had found the house. From the third story floated the sounds of loud talk and laughter which proclaimed a convocation of the lodgers. The visitor

hesitated, but he had braced himself to do his duty, and he climbed the stairs and knocked at the door. A roaring chorus bade him enter, but he stood on the threshold for a moment, peering into a haze of tobacco smoke. The half dozen Freshmen instinctively rose to their feet at the unexpected sight of a Sophomore and 'varsity foot-ball man, and stood awkwardly holding their pipes and mugs.

Harry Thorpe appeared the least disconcerted of them all, and his handsome face expressed more curiosity than anything else as he advanced a step or two and drawled:

"Sure you are in the right house, Warren? Who invited you to our party?"

"I just wanted to talk to you about the foot-ball situation," awkwardly answered the other. "Never mind, I'll see you again."

"Not if I see you first. I don't want any more of your kind of foot-ball," cheerfully flung back Harry, at which the other Freshmen snickered appreciatively. "Sorry you must be going so soon."

Warren forgot his amicable intentions and exclaimed impatiently:

"This doesn't look like strict training, and I don't like the looks of your company. Better cut out this sort of thing."

"Oh, I am not breaking training and you needn't take the trouble to write home about it," was the heated response. "Warren doesn't like your looks, fellows. Of course if he wasn't my own dear brother,

and some other Sophomore came breaking into our crowd of Freshmen with insulting remarks, we'd throw him out."

Warren was angry enough to attempt to chastise this group of Freshmen single-handed, but he had come as a peace-maker and as such he meant to depart. Strangely enough, as he tramped down the stairs, the mocking laughter of the Freshmen following him, his indignation was already cooling and he felt, in its stead, a kind of intimate, pitying interest in Harry's welfare, as if a new bond had been created between them. The younger brother was making a wrong start in college. Warren recognized at a glance the type of friends he had already made; idlers who desired to be thought "sporty," callow lads with more money than was good for them, who counterfeited manliness by means of attempted dissipation.

A year in college had taught Warren many things besides the contents of text-books, and he perceived that the suddenly acquired freedom from the restraints of preparatory school was not good for his more volatile and reckless brother. It was childish to cherish resentment against Harry, and in some manner he must be shown the right road to a college career that should reap satisfaction instead of life-long regrets.

"But I don't know how in the world to get at him," said Warren to himself. "He fairly hates me these days, and if I try to give him any advice he will simply hoot at it. I have wished a hundred times he had broken *my* collar-bone."

This doesn't look like strict training, and I don't like the looks of your company."

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Turning the problem over and over in his mind, he returned to the campus and went rather aimlessly to his rooms, where he found awaiting him a middle-aged colored gentleman of slip-shod attire who was clutching a large and empty basket.

"Why, hello, Hannibal, what's the trouble now?" asked Thorpe with a friendly grin, as if he were on good terms with this campus personage. "How is the candy trade?"

With the pomposity that was part of his stock in trade and the flowery diction which had won him fame among many generations of undergraduates, Hannibal made answer:

"Not wishing even under the mos' superlative temptation to interrupt a gentleman about to engage in his studies, I decline to ask whether you are moved to purchase a package of ol'-fashioned home-made molasses candy, because, the fact is, Mr. Thorpe, I'm all sold out."

The oratorical vender of sweetmeats stared gloomily at the floor, fetched a prodigious sigh, and waited for encouragement. Thorpe asked sceptically:

"What is the hard-luck story? Going to spring a new one on me, or has misfortune once more overtaken the imaginary Nicodemus?"

Hannibal's gaze was reproachful as he proceeded to explain: "It is indeed, my dear little son, Nicodemus. This morning his mother was thoughtless enough to shut him up in the kitchen oven while that innocent child was playing that it was a house. Some time

later, Mr. Thorpe, the odor of the baking Nicodemus disclosed the unparalleled calamity. Mrs. Hannibal opened the oven door and rescued the poor child, nicely browned and looking more like his father than ever. The anguished sire, which is me, rushed madly down to the beach by trolley-car to commit suicide in the sad sea-waves, only to find that he had failed to consult the almanac. The tide was out and the journey across the sands toward Long Island exhausted me before I could reach the water's edge."

Warren listened without cracking a smile. In face, his gravity matched that of the afflicted parent.

"That is one of the best yet," was the judicial verdict of the Sophomore. "You want to touch me for a loan to pay the funeral expenses of little Nicodemus?"

"That is my errand," murmured Hannibal, wiping his eyes with a dingy handkerchief. "It was only the other day that I was beseechin' you to purchase a package of my old-fashioned oriental saccharine lemon-drops to relieve a starving household in which my beloved son, Nicodemus, was eating the putty from the window panes."

"Will two dollars plant that unfortunate child?" amiably inquired the undergraduate.

"Bless your heart, the sum will be amply sufficient, and you will get it back precisely one week from yesterday," cried Hannibal. "When I came in here I was feeling so old that I could remember when East Rock was a pebble. Mrs. Hannibal will remember you in her prayers."

"Tell her to be careful with that oven door," advised Thorpe. "I don't want to have to bury any more little Hannibals out of my allowance for this month."

The grateful Hannibal bowed himself out with the most dignified courtesy, and Warren chuckled, wondering what new pretext would be forthcoming to extort an ostensible loan when next financial stress should overtake the ill-fated family.

The bread thus cast upon the waters was to return in a manner both startling and unexpected. On this very night, just as Warren Thorpe was about to drift sleepily into his bed-room, there came the sound of hasty footsteps clattering into the entry and an emphatic thump on the door. Supposing it to be one of his chums, he sang out, "come in," and there entered none other than Hannibal, minus his apron and basket, and conspicuous for a long coat of blue livery and a battered tall hat.

"As a lightning-change artist you are the real goods," observed Warren, eyeing him with an expression of ludicrous astonishment. "What kind of a coachman are you, anyhow? Have you been driving the hearse in the funeral procession of little Nicodemus?"

Hannibal mopped his perspiring countenance, fanned himself with the impressive headgear, and explained in tremulous accents, his high-flown vocabulary more or less discarded:

"I am intrudin' myself into other folks' affairs, but you've been a mighty good friend of mine, Mr. Thorpe,

and stood a whole lot of foolishness and cajolements from me. And I knowed your brothers when they all was at old Yale, and they was mighty good to my dear little Nicodemus." Here Hannibal grinned but very soberly resumed, "It's about your brother, Mr. Harry Thorpe, the Freshman. Guess I'd better 'splain myself without beatin' around in the bushes."

Warren took alarm and asked quickly:

"Get to it, Hannibal. What's happened to Harry?"

This faithful, humble friend of the Thorpe family coughed in an embarrassed manner and answered:

"My brother Titus, he drives a hack for the Elm City Stable, you know that, Mr. Thorpe, and to-night he's just carried a load of Freshmen out in the country a-piece, and Mr. Harry Thorpe is the hottest sport of the bunch. He put 'em up to it."

"What do you mean?" cried Warren, glancing at the clock on the desk. "It's nearly eleven o'clock and Harry is in training. He is supposed to be in bed. Where were they going, Hannibal?"

"Titus he comes to my house on his way to the stable, and he imparted to me in strictes' confidence that he didn't like what he was going to do. Joe Silverstein what used to run a roulette wheel and crap game down in Middle Alley has moved out 'cross the line since the city police got after him and shut him up. Some few of the college boys have been sneakin' out there on the sly to gamble 'cause they think its smart. Titus tells me Mr. Harry Thorpe's been a-burnin' up his money out yonder."

"The poor fool! I've been looking after him in fine style, haven't I," bitterly exclaimed Warren as he walked the floor. "What else did you find out, Hannibal?"

The amateur hackman vouchsafed:

"Titus says he hears that the constables over the county line is aimin' to raid Joe Silverstein's place mos' any time now. I reckoned you'd be anxious about Mr. Harry and be wantin' to chase after him without anybody's knowin' about it. I does some odd jobbin' for the Elm City Stables, helping Titus once in a while. And I hustled myself up to the boss just now and told him you was needin' a hack in a hurry, and if he was short-handed I'd drive her for him. And I'm your obligin' servant, Mr. Thorpe."

Warren jumped for a hat and overcoat, his gratitude unspoken but none the less sincere. The tact with which Hannibal had handled the delicate matter was obvious. Eager to help, he had safeguarded the business by taking it into his own hands lest scandal should cloud the fair name of Thorpe. He could be trusted to help extricate Harry from this escapade without the knowledge of the campus. As they hastened to the hack which had been left in a near-by street, Warren thought to inquire:

"Couldn't you have warned me in time to head them off before they started?"

Hannibal answered in troubled accents:

"I studied about that, Mr. Thorpe, but then the boys 'ud have knowed that Titus gave 'em away and

he might have lost his job. He expected me to keep my mouth shut, but by handlin' it this way you just drops into Joe Silverstein's accidental like."

"Right you are," cried Warren. "And Harry will feel a good deal more ashamed of himself if I catch him in the place. And I will teach him a lesson if I have to take a club to him. And I'll see that no more Freshmen go to Silverstein's."

He clambered into the hack, and Hannibal was off at reckless speed. There was time for reflection during the journey of several miles, and the Sophomore found himself ceasing to blame his errant brother and taking more and more of it upon himself. He had been impatient and blundering, an intolerant on-looker instead of a friend, when his brother had stood in need of him. He had been too ready to defend his own rights, to cherish grievances against the family for petting and spoiling Harry. The feud existing since the foot-ball game at Andover might have been healed ere now if he, Warren, had not been so stubbornly determined to consider himself wronged. He was amazed and alarmed to discover that Harry could be guilty of anything so dishonorable as breaking training rules under cover of night. There had been famous gamesters among the earlier generations of Thorpes, and the streak might have cropped out in Harry. It was his way of sowing wild oats in Freshman year, but he could be made to see how silly and vicious and beneath him it was.

Warren's plan of campaign was rather vague. If

he invaded Joe Silverstein's place single-handed, Harry and his friends might become obstreperous and make a disturbance. Absorbed in his thoughts, Warren was surprised when the hack came to a halt and Hannibal dismounted to confide through the window:

"The house is about a hundred yards over yonder, sir. Reckon I better wait here and keep myself scarce."

Warren nodded and moved forward on foot with the purpose of reconnoitring the premises before attempting an invasion. The building, which had been a farmhouse, was considerably removed from the highway, and had many old trees about it. Presently Warren heard a subdued murmur of voices in the darkness, and he slipped behind the trunk of an elm to dodge observation. Listening intently, he surmised that several men were grouped somewhere off to his right, and when one of them spoke a trifle louder than before he recognized the twang of a native of the Connecticut countryside.

Warren was perturbed as he recalled what Hannibal had imparted concerning a possible raid by the local constabulary. It would never do to let Harry be caught in such a trap as this. The shameful publicity would blight his college career and expose a son of Senator Thorpe to the sensational notoriety of many newspapers. Warren was afraid to wait and listen, for the men had moved away and it meant wasting precious time to follow them. He must find Harry as soon as possible and hurry him from the house to the safe refuge of Hannibal's cab.

With stealthy step the Sophomore dodged across the lawn, until he skirted the front of the building and found a side porch enclosed in lattice-work. The two lighted windows were curtained. At a guess, Warren tiptoed across the porch and found the door. Apparently Mr. Joseph Silverstein was not as cautious as the circumstances seemed to warrant, for the door was not locked and it yielded to Warren's twist of the knob. His heart was thumping loudly with dread of an altercation with Harry as he quickly stepped inside and gazed around him.

Perhaps a dozen undergraduates were standing or sitting around the roulette table at which presided the rascally Silverstein himself. Harry Thorpe did not look up at Warren's entrance until one of his chums nudged him violently and uttered an exclamation of dismay. Then the youngest of the Thorpes flushed very red and lost every trace of his reckless gayety. He was ashamed of himself beyond words and his confusion was pitiful. Warren stood trying to find the right words. At length he said with singular gentleness:

"Better come out of this, Harry, old man. You can ride back to the campus with me."

Harry was expecting to be scolded and bulldozed, and Warren's manner puzzled him so that for the moment he forgot to be angry. He stared at his brother and replied:

"Caught me this time, eh? I do wish you could learn to mind your own business. Supposing I won't go home with you."

Warren was in a desperate hurry to extricate his stray sheep from these perilous surroundings, but he devoutly wished that Joe Silverstein might be nabbed by the constables, wherefore he was reluctant to sound a general warning. Moving close to his brother, Warren laid a hand on his shoulder and whispered in his ear:

"I came to warn you. I think the place is going to be raided. Come on. Make a quick sneak with me out of the side door. We can make a run for it."

With all his faults, Harry was loyal to his chums, even though they were a sorry lot. He beckoned them to follow him, but at the signs of exodus Silverstein took alarm. There was something suspicious in the mysterious behavior of his guests. He lumbered to his feet and was about to demand an explanation when Warren Thorpe, whose ears were alert for sounds outside, fancied he heard the flooring of the porch creak. He caught Harry by the collar and dragged him toward a window on the opposite side of the room. At this Silverstein instantly extinguished the two lamps and rushed for a door leading to the rear of the house.

A second later two constables charged in full-tilt from the porch, and others were crowding after them. The room was in furious commotion, the panic-smitten fugitives blundering this way and that, falling over tables and chairs, fighting to reach the windows. The Thorpe brothers managed to get clear of the scrimmage and had almost gained a window when the constables came surging toward them.

"You first," gasped Harry, who showed his thoroughbred blood in the face of danger.

"Nothing doing. Out you go," panted Warren, grasping his chivalrous brother by the back of the neck and launching him at the window with a mighty heave. "You'll find Hannibal waiting down the road."

"I won't go first," yelled Harry, but he fought at a disadvantage, for Warren was boosting him from behind with an energy that was fairly prodigious. The younger brother clawed at the sash and tried to make room for the other to pass through, but Warren stooped like lightning, tackled him around the legs and heaved him out on his head. Harry struck the ground with a thump, found he could be of no further use, and vanished in the gloom after a momentary collision with a constable doing sentry duty.

No sooner had Warren Thorpe succeeded in eliminating his brother from the scene than he tried to dive through the window and make his own escape, but he had delayed an instant too long. He was ignominiously clutched by the legs and dragged backward into the room. One constable sat upon his stomach and another upon his head, in which disadvantageous situation even a plunging half-back in the pink of condition could make no effective resistance. He cried for quarter, and was permitted to sit up and recover his wind.

The briskly conducted battle had ceased to rage. When the lamps were relighted, three Freshmen, a junior of a mathematical turn of mind who had been testing a system to beat the roulette wheel, and poor

Warren Thorpe were disclosed as captives. Presently a triumphant constable emerged from the wood-shed shoving ahead of him the dusty, crumpled figure of Joe Silverstein, who had been discovered behind a row of wash-tubs.

"Pretty good haul, hey?" observed one of the attacking force. "We got the fat gambler and five college boys. What are we going to do with 'em?"

"Lock 'em up for to-night," sternly answered the gray-whiskered leader.

"We'll give bail right away, if you will let us send word to the campus," tearfully announced a Freshman.

"The squire will hold court to-morrow morning, and he'll hear what you have to say about givin' bail," was the dismal verdict. "This will make a fine piece for the papers. I suppose you boys ain't anxious to give your real names."

A tremulous chorus hastened to agree with this assumption, but Joe Silverstein cast a surly glance at the group and grumbled:

"The big lad is Warren Thorpe. I've seen him play foot-ball. He wouldn't tip me off that the place was about to be pulled. I hope he gets his good and plenty."

"You keep your mouth shut," shouted Warren, in terror lest Harry's name be dragged in. "If you were not a cheap cur you would tell these officers that I wasn't gambling in your place."

"They caught you here, didn't they?" grinned Silverstein. "What's the use of squealing?"

Warren said nothing more. He perceived how unwise it was to quarrel with this shabby scoundrel who would stoop to prey upon misguided Freshmen. The constables herded their prisoners in a straggling procession toward the highway, the chief of police marching as a rear guard with a large revolver in his fist. The direction taken led away from where Hannibal had waited, and Warren could only wonder what had befallen the faithful charioteer and whether Harry had gone campusward in the hack. As they trudged along, the Freshmen miserably communed with each other in hoarse whispers. Their plight was so appalling that their wits were dazed and they turned to Warren Thorpe for advice, as the most sensible and self-reliant of the squad.

"Well, anyhow, they ought to let you go," one of them said to him. "We shall have to take our medicine, but you don't deserve it. We will all stand up for you, if you say the word, and we'll be glad to explain how you happened to be there."

"And bring Harry's name into it? Not much!" snapped Warren. "I have decided to play the game through to the finish. As for you wretched young scamps, this may teach you a whole lot. You have disgraced yourselves and your college and your parents. Now quit snivelling and show your sand, if you have any."

"My system was within three plays of running a perfect sequence," sighed the mathematical Junior, "and I was almost sure to break the bank in ten min-

ıtes more. I suspect that I shall decide to finish my ɔollege course at Harvard."

A twenty minutes' dreary promenade, and the prisɔners found themselves in a box-like, small, wooden building, locally known as "the calaboose," whose windows were decorated with iron bars running both ways. Instead of ordaining solitary confinement the captors left the forlorn company together in one room which contained two cots.

"I'll fetch some blankets and some of you can roost on the floor," said the chief of police. "If you raise a racket or try to get out, I'll have the fire-engine hauled from next door and turn the hose on you."

Left to themselves, the Freshmen, the Junior, and Warren Thorpe matched coins for the two cots, but the winners were in no mood for sleep.

"Oh, if we could only keep it away from the faculty and the newspapers," mourned one of them.

"The New Haven reporters will be here for the court proceedings. The local correspondent will see to that," was the dismal response of another.

Warren Thorpe sat on the edge of a cot, his face buried in his hands. With these witnesses to support his story, he might have been released if he had chosen to shift the disgrace to his brother. He thought of Harry's foot-ball career, of what Captain Jim Stearns would say to his flagrant violation of training rules, and then his reflections veered to the family.

"They all worship Harry," he said to himself. "I let him get into this scrape, and they would blame me

for not taking better care of him. It is up to me to take the punishment, I suppose. I don't see how I could have done anything else."

Harry could no longer nurse a grievance about that broken collar-bone. This ought to square the account. And perhaps it might lead to a better understanding between them. These arguments had merit, but they were not consoling. Warren was proud of his record in school and college. He had lived up to the very best traditions of his race, and had tried to be worthy of his name, and now, in an instant, through no fault of his own, the whole bright scheme of things was tumbled about his ears. He would be banished from the 'varsity foot-ball squad in disgrace, and because he had endeavored to live up to high standards of conduct, he would be jeered at as a hypocrite. Caught in a midnight raid in a dirty little gambling house! The thought was disgusting.

In the mean time, Harry Thorpe had safely found Hannibal, into whose hack he bolted like a scared rabbit. The astute person on the box delayed to ask:

"Where is Mr. Warren, if you please, sir? Want me to wait for him?"

"Yes, he will be along in a minute if he gets away," answered Harry.

"It sounded like there was considerable going on in yonder," anxiously observed Hannibal, cocking his head to listen to the uproar. "The police sifted in on you kind of sudden, eh? Where you reckon my brother Titus done took himself to with *his* hack?"

"*I told* him to come back for us later," confessed

Harry. "See here, Hannibal. Warren was just one jump behind me when I flew through the window. I am afraid he was collared. What shall I do about it?"

Hannibal withheld his advice. It was not for him to advise a Thorpe in so critical a matter as a point of honor. He hoped in his heart that Harry would forsake the hack and hurry back to explain his brother's presence and exculpate him. But the youngster had not recovered from his fright, his thoughts were whirling, and he could not reason clearly. In an undecided voice he said:

"Better drive into town. I can't be of any use here. I will tell some of Warren's friends. They can handle the proposition better than I."

This was weak and unmanly and Harry knew it, but the chains of habit held him. He had been long accustomed to a selfish view-point, he had learned to regard Warren with enmity, and he did not feel called on to sacrifice himself. He had offered Warren the chance to escape by the window, and it had been refused. And, anyhow, he needed time to think things over. But Warren had needed no time in which to think things over. He had acted on the instant. Harry blushed and had a curious sensation of disliking himself immensely. He felt that Hannibal silently disapproved of his behavior, and this was even more unpleasant to admit.

When the hack halted in College Street, Harry went slowly upstairs to his room with never a word of farewell from Hannibal. Instead of undressing, the un-

happy Freshman sat moodily gazing at the wall for a long time, after which he descended to the street and struck out for the campus, all his hesitation of mind and manner fled. Straightway to a certain dormitory entry he laid his course and wavered not until he was hammering at the door of the rooms inhabited by the great Jim Stearns, captain of the Yale eleven.

That young giant was sleeping the sleep of the dead, but the visitor was noisily persistent. The drowsy inmate came stalking to the door. By the light of a match Stearns surveyed the intruder as if wondering what he meant by waking him up at this unseemly hour of the night. Surprised recognition checked his yawn, and he exclaimed:

"Why, it's a Thorpe. Harry, isn't it? I thought some Indian from the top floor was getting gay with me. Come in. What's the matter? Had a telegram from home? No bad news, I hope."

Harry slipped inside with a very abashed manner and closed the door behind him.

"No, it's about my brother, Warren," said he with a heroic gulp. "Do you mind if I sit down, Mr. Stearns? I feel sort of shaky in the legs."

Stearns lighted the gas and perceived how white and troubled was the face of this care-free young Freshman. With a friendly smile he cried:

"Take your time. I am yours to command. Is Warren sick? I can't imagine *him* in a scrape of any kind."

"It's *my* scrape he is in," confessed Harry, his mind

made up to do the square thing regardless of consequences. "You see, Mr. Stearns, my brother and I haven't been exactly chummy, and maybe you remember that foot-ball game at Andover last year when he broke my collar-bone, and——"

"You said he meant to do it," broke in Stearns. "That was a foolish stand for you to take."

"I begin to think so," soberly agreed Harry. "But I've done worse than that. I sort of drifted into gambling after I came to college this fall. At first it was just for fun, but I lost a lot of money and I tried to win it back, and I have sneaked out to Joe Silverstein's place two or three times in the evening, late, when I ought to have been in bed. And I have broken training rules and I have been a worthless, low-down specimen of a Yale man, and I deserve to be fired from the 'varsity squad."

Stearns looked both sorry and puzzled at this revelation. He had a tolerant kind of sympathy for Freshmen in distress, and he was reluctant to lose the valuable services of this dashing half-back. Anxious to get to the bottom of the tragedy, he asked:

"But what has this to do with your brother Warren, and why did you have to pry me out of bed at this ungodly hour?"

"Joe Silverstein's place was pulled by the police tonight, and Warren happened to be there looking for me, and he threw me through a window instead of taking first chance to get away, and the police got him instead of me. And I suppose he is locked up

out there in the country. He mustn't take the blame and stand the disgrace. It is up to me to take it all, and I don't know how to manage it, and so I came to you."

Harry Thorpe was tearful by this time and there was no doubt that his repentance was genuine. Stearns was ready to forgive him on the spot, but discipline must be regarded and he spoke with frowning earnestness:

"I will attend to your case later. Warren comes first. We must yank him out of jail as soon as we can, and hush the matter up somehow. I never heard of such a complicated mess."

Harry brightened at once. The great Jim Stearns could accomplish anything.

"Are you going to wait till morning?" timidly asked the Freshman.

"No, indeed. And have the newspapers get wind of it, and the faculty taking action?" was the vigorous reply. "I'll jump into my clothes and we'll hustle right out to the scene and wake up the duffers that put Warren in the lock-up. You go find a hack."

Harry bolted from the room and was running in the direction of the Elm City Stables, when in front of the dormitory where Warren lived he spied a shadowy object which proved to be a hack, and Hannibal, half-asleep, perched thereupon.

"I reckoned Mr. Warren might turn up yet," explained the faithful one, "and I thought I'd wait a little while."

"We're going to rescue him," jubilantly explained Harry. "Captain Jim Stearns will go with me."

"If Jim Stearns says so, there ain't no use in worryin'," cried the joyful Hannibal as he clucked at his weary horses. "I was sort of disappointed in you, Mr. Harry Thorpe, but I guessed wrong, thank the Lord."

The masterful energy of Jim Stearns wrought a speedy jail deliverance. He stormed through the village with irresistible momentum, awoke the chief of police, dragged forth the justice of the peace, and convened them in the "calaboose," where Harry Thorpe poured forth his artless confession of high crimes and misdemeanors and offered to exchange places with his captive brother. The justice was an old man and he had grown sons of his own. His emotions were visibly stirred, and after Jim Stearns had added his plea for mercy, the soft-hearted squire delivered himself of this ruling:

"I like spunk. This is a very unusual case. Bless my soul, it reminds me of David and Jonathan. I couldn't keep either of 'em locked up. And, say, Chief, better turn them other students loose. I guess they'll be good for a while. Hold tight to the gambler, Silverstein. I'll give him a dose to the limit of the law. But as for these young scalawags, each and several of 'em," here the squire glared whimsically over the top of his spectacles, "it appears to me that they couldn't be more ashamed of 'emselves if I fined 'em ten dollars and costs and reported them to the college. If they will, each and several, swear on their honor

THE PIG WITH THE TWISTED TALE

In the autumn term of his Senior year at Yale, Hector Alonzo McGrath organized his "Personally Conducted Tours" which enjoyed a short-lived but meteoric fame. The methods of the leader and his chosen adventurers possessed the touch of erratic originality which adds to the gayety of life on the campus.

The great idea came to Hector during the rather dull period between the end of the foot-ball season and the beginning of the Christmas holidays, and he lost no time in recruiting Jim Stearns and Tommy Prentice, the short-stop, as charter members.

While the expeditions of this exclusive trio were shrouded in more or less secrecy, its rites and symbols were displayed in full sight of the campus. The rallying cry of the clan was usually heard in the early evening hours of a fine, crisp, starlit night when long rows of dormitory windows patterned the darkness with squares of cheery illumination. At such a time, if the mood laid hold of him, Hector Alonzo McGrath would fling his books aside, and, hastening downstairs to the dusky campus quadrangle, lift up his voice in a shrill, peculiar war-whoop. This startling brand of noise he pretended to have learned from a Seminole Indian. While making this disturbance Hector ran to and fro in a crouching posture and rapidly patted the earth

with his hand, an occult ceremonial which left no doubt in the mind of any beholder that a "McGrath's Personally Conducted Tour" was about to muster and sally forth into the unknown.

Presently two windows would be shoved up and the voices of Jim Stearns and Tommy Prentice be heard shouting assurances of instant obedience to the summons. Once assembled, the "Personally Conducteds" huddled together in the middle of the campus, hard by a lamp-post where there was light enough to enable them to discern the outline of a small metal arrow carried by the leader. This he tossed high in air, at which all rushed to note where it fell and in what direction it pointed. Hector Alonzo McGrath thereupon produced a pocket compass and carefully marked the bearing of the arrow. If it pointed northwest, for example, the "Personally Conducteds" were to set out for a walk due northwest, two hours on end, no matter where it landed them and regardless of the difficulties of charting a bee-line course. The charm of this haphazard method was its variety and its cheerful idiocy. And so long as Yale Seniors persist in rolling hoops and spinning tops on the very threshold of graduation, the ingenious idea of Hector McGrath ought not to be condemned as beneath the dignity of young men arrived at the voting age.

In the manner described Hector summoned his trusty allies one frosty night of late November, and after discovering that their route must be steered south-southwest, made comment as follows:

"We haven't headed just that way before, and I have a strong notion we are going to find something doing."

At a brisk gait the "Personally Conducteds" struck out from the campus, Hector in the lead, the compass in his fist for frequent observation and guidance. Through the city streets they were compelled to tack and make détours, keeping no more than a general direction, but once in the outskirts where the buildings became scattered, they sought the open road and the country fields and lanes with as little deviation as possible. It was the hope of the unexpected that lured them, the sense of blazing their own trail in a region made unfamiliar and mysterious by darkness. To strike across a pasture not knowing what lay beyond the further fence, to grope a passage through a belt of woodland, or to walk a stretch of railroad track that led no one knew whither, was to make of pedestrianism an adventurous sport and hazard. It was a game of "follow my leader" for children of a larger growth.

This expedition was in trouble as soon as it fairly plunged into the quiet country of farms and market-gardens. Hector became entangled in a barbed-wire fence, and was released by main strength, his companions hauling three ways at once. Not long after this misadventure, Tommy Prentice rolled down a gully into a brook and crawled out dripping, calling the others cowards and quitters for not tumbling after and pulling him out. Nothing daunted, however, the

trio trudged onward in hopeful quest of some adventure to make the hardships worth while.

They had progressed perhaps three miles in their blundering fashion, when, at the edge of a newly plowed field, there loomed vaguely a large barn and its huddled out-buildings. Hector scratched a match and looked at the compass. The barn lay one point off their destined course of south-southwest, but a shed to the right of it lay square athwart the path. The most successful "Personally Conducted" was that in which the least deviation had to be scored against the party, and with a common impulse they moved toward the shed, intending to scale it so long as the compass needle bade them attack the obstacle.

Jim Stearns, being tallest and strongest of the three, volunteered to boost his comrades and be the last man over. He was about to lift Tommy Prentice to the roof when from within the shed there came a chorus of grunts and unmistakably porcine squeals. As the "Personally Conducteds" mounted the shed, their clatter aroused the inmates to more clamorous protest, and pigs of all sizes voiced their intense displeasure. Hector McGrath peered downward at the self-sacrificing Jim Stearns and admonished in a stage whisper:

"Scramble up, old man, and let's be on our way. This racket will rouse out the farmer and the hired man with shot-guns. They will think we are stealing the pigs."

Jim hoisted himself to the roof with the aid of a

loose board and gingerly crawled up the slope to the further edge, where his fellow-pilgrims were lying upon their stomachs and gazing into a black abyss from which arose a powerful smell of pig. Even their leader, Hector Alonzo, appeared loth to take the initiative, muttering in his own defense:

"It is at least a ten-foot drop from this high side of the roof, plump into the pig-pen. And I'm hanged if I want to be mired in muck and attacked by a flock of man-eating pigs. We must do something pretty quick. Stopping a load of buck-shot has no fascinations for me."

No sound came from the sleeping farm-house whose lights had been extinguished. The pigs were more rampageous than ever and the voices of the infant squealers were particularly insistent and agitated.

"I advise that we flank the pig-pen," said Hector.

They slid down the roof, dropped off with one jarring bump after another, and stole along the edge of the field to pass the barn. Hector Alonzo was lagging behind and made absent-minded reply to the exhortations of his companions. The voice of an annoyed and suspicious pig was borne to him, faint and far away, but it must have carried a message to the mind of this resourceful leader because he quickened his pace and, overtaking the shadowy pair of undergraduates, he bade them halt while he announced as follows:

"I want to borrow one of those pigs the worse way and lug him back to the campus. Not a hair of his head shall be harmed and I will fetch him back to

his happy home in a couple of nights from now. Who will volunteer to join a forlorn hope?"

"Not until you tell us why and wherefore," firmly returned Jim Stearns. "Somehow the pig proposition fails to charm me."

"Yours not to reason why," sputtered Hector. "See here; I am the founder and leader of 'McGrath's Personally Conducteds' and your ideas of discipline are pretty slack. Do you allow your foot-ball slaves to ask foolish questions when you give an order?"

Very timorously the abductors stole toward the shed, expecting to be shot at in close quarters. Hector was so ardently desirous of acquiring a pig that the others voted to let him pick out his own porker and, despite his smothered protests, he was hoisted bodily over the fence in front of the shed and dumped into the pen. Amid terrific clamor he pluckily pursued a white pig which cavorted in circles like a ghostly streak, while the spectators stood their ground and impartially praised the agility of the hunter and the hunted.

At length Hector Alonzo staggered to the fence with his quarry hugged to his breast and was hauled over, just as sounds of awakened activity came from the farmhouse. Pell-mell the "Personally Conducteds" fled into the night, which was shattered by the indignant cries of the purloined pig. It was a brisk chase, with the farmer handicapped by a poor start, and he was outfooted ere his own fields had been traversed.

"Whew, how do you expect to conduct this march through New Haven?" asked Jim Stearns.

"We passed a grocery store at the cross-roads," explained the leader, "and we can buy a sack and tuck his piglets in it as cozy as can be. If he hollers when we get to the campus, the college will think it is Tommy Prentice trying to sing high tenor. You will be sorry you called me names when you see the sequel of this night's work. In the bright lexicon of H. A. McGrath there is always something doing."

Threats, bribes, and persuasion failed to reveal the secret purpose that seethed in the mighty brain of the leader of the "Personally Conducteds," and, with the pig shrouded in a gunny sack, he marched in the van until the campus was sighted. Hector Alonzo was a shocking spectacle, what with barbed-wire and pig-pen encounters, but such trifles gave him no concern, and with the air of a conqueror he headed for his dormitory after telling his comrades:

"I won't tell you to-night because I am afraid you might blab. But be sure to report at my room at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon, when little Hector will pull off a surprise party for his playmates."

He toiled up the stairway, the melancholy passenger in the bag on his back emitting high-pitched lamentation.

Hector was weary, but a quiet night was not for him. He tried to barricade the pig beneath the window-seat, but it was in a hysterical mood by now and made headlong sorties, finally taking refuge under the bed whence Hector tried to coax it, at first with kind words, later with shoes, books, and whatever other

missiles came to hand. At last he dragged a packing-box from the dormitory cellar and made a corral that promised to stand until morning. The noise of his labors drew the notice of a trio of belated roysterers who dwelt on the floor below, and they tramped up to batter on the door and demand entrance. They roared with delight at sight of the pig, which they promptly christened "Hector's New Roommate." The morning was no longer young when Hector got rid of them and tried to compose himself for uneasy slumber.

Next afternoon when the other "Personally Conducteds" foregathered as requested, they found Hector Alonzo haggard but undismayed, and eager to place before them the following schedule of action:

"I have surely had a busy time with the pig, but he is getting so tame and sociable that I am really fond of him. The little beggar knows his master already. Look at him, curled up on a hundred dollar rug as if he owned it. Now, to get down to business, the campus needs stirring up. And what is so enlivening as a greased-pig hunt? It is a fine idea to introduce the simple pastimes of the peasantry, don't you think? It helps to preserve the democratic atmosphere and traditions. My proposition is to turn my pretty pet loose when half the college is on its way to four o'clock recitations, and the rest of them loafing around the campus looking for something to do. The hue and cry will be raised in about one half of one second, and then it is 'yoicks, tally-ho! I want you fellows to help smear the pig with vaseline."

"Not that it cuts any ice, I suppose, but you are going to play the mischief with the curriculum," spoke up Tommy Prentice. "Do you suppose a solitary man will show up for four o'clock recitations after this pig hunt breaks loose? This means that about twenty professors and tutors will be after the scalp of the miscreant who perpetrated the porker."

"They can't put it up to me," said Hector. "The few fellows who know that he slept with me aren't going to give it away. Get busy and let's grease him."

This was far easier said than done, but after herculean exertion the obstreperous pig glistened from stem to stern and was as impossible to make fast to as a bolt of lightning. Popping him into the gunny sack was out of the question and it was decided to chase him downstairs and let him bolt out on the campus with a running start from the entry-way. Hector gazed from his window and announced:

"The populace is turning out strong. The three o'clock recitation crowd is just coming out of the classrooms and the four-o'clock mob is beginning to muster. Wait five minutes more. We shall open up with a patronage of at least five hundred souls, and more to come. Here, Jim, you know what the coaches say just before the eleven goes on the field to do or die for old Yale. Can't you address a few feeling remarks to the pig to make him brace up and do his best?"

Inasmuch as the pig had just rubbed large smears of vaseline on the legs of Jim's carefully creased trousers, his remarks were vivid and stimulating.

"On your mark. Get set. Go!" shouted Hector Alonzo, and with that he set sail after the pig, which dodged from the open door and scuttled down the long staircase. With the sound strategy which qualified him for leadership, Hector Alonzo McGrath bade his comrades stay where they were, explaining:

"Give him time to get under way and then we join the hunt as if we were casual by-standers. It would look suspicious for us to appear on the campus two jumps behind the pig."

From the windows they beheld the pig scamper headlong into the quadrangle and veer toward the Old Brick Row. A yell arose from a flock of upperclassmen perched along the "Fence." As one man they leaped to earth and set out in chase. "Good hunting," shouted a scholarly looking Sophomore on his way to a Greek recitation, and, dropping his books, he made a bee-line for the fugitive pig. The uproar was heard by hundreds of other undergraduates who swarmed across the campus from every side and whooped for joy as they descried the gleaming pig shoot around the corner of a dormitory and head for the open spaces. In a twinkling this orderly enclosure of the campus, populous with youth bent on acquiring education, was transformed into a bedlam of riot and shameless abandonment to the joy of a greased-pig hunt. None paused to question whence the pig had come.

Elated with the success of his thoughtful enterprise, Hector Alonzo McGrath led his comrades into the midst of the tumult in time to see the pig double in its tracks

and dodge in and out of the crowd while scores of hands strove to grasp him, and dignified Seniors bit the dust as they vainly dived to tackle the elusive quarry. As if proof against capture, the pig twisted, squirmed, and charged from one end of the campus to the other with unflagging energy, his squeals marking his course when he was lost to view in the seething, jostling multitude.

The tumult was at its height when from beyond the college library there appeared a formal procession of elderly gentlemen walking two and two, obviously savants of some sort or other. As if hoping to find refuge and protection in such highly respectable society, the frantic pig threw his helm hard over and bolted away from his pursuers straight at the newcomers. The chase had so much momentum that there was no checking it and a moment later the elderly gentlemen, the mob, and the pig were mingled helter-skelter in a swirling torrent. Hector McGrath had slackened his gait with a dark foreboding that trouble was brewing, and he was inwardly disquieted to overhear some one behind him saying in horrified accents:

"They must be the delegates to the convention of the American Ethnological Society. They were to be shown over the college this afternoon by a faculty reception committee. What, oh, what will they think of us?"

Hector saw the pig bearing down at him no more than three lengths ahead of the roaring collegians. He

lunged at the slippery prize which tacked sharply to the right with a defiant squeal and found its path blocked by the spare figure of Tutor "Snoopy" Morgan. Hard-pressed and seeing no avenue of escape on either side, the pig tried to dash between the tutor's legs with disastrous results. The unfortunate instructor was bowled over by the assault, and so neatly were his feet whisked from under him that he smote the earth with the crash of a falling tree. It was by this one act that the rampant pig won not only the respect, but also the affection of several hundred jubilant beholders. Mr. "Snoopy" Morgan had long been the most unpopular instructor in the college, and with one accord the pursuit halted while these godless youths cheered the pig until they were hoarse and forgot all about hunting him farther.

Hector Alonzo McGrath was delighted, but the responsibility for this devastating pig had become complicated. With voluble sympathy he helped to set the tutor upon his pins and tried to brush his garments, the while condemning the pig hunt as a scandal and an outrage. Mr. Morgan was not to be so easily rid of his dark suspicions, however, and, although he was almost speechless with wrath and humiliation, he eyed Hector with so malevolent a glance that the youth felt cold shivers chase up and down his spine. The pig had fled from the campus to parts unknown while the student body spontaneously fell in behind the limping figure of "Snoopy" Morgan and followed toward his rooms in Durfee Hall as an escort.

"Now you *have* stacked up trouble for yourself," murmured Jim Stearns as he overtook the uneasy Hector Alonzo. "'Snoopy' Morgan will never get over this. Forget the pig and let him go his way."

"I borrowed that pig and I intend to carry him back to his home," stoutly returned Hector. "I won't break my word even to a lowly pig. Wasn't he the sporty boy, though? He deserves to be rewarded and I am going to hot-foot it on his trail right now. He was going up Elm Street in great form when he streaked from the campus. No, I won't bring him back to my room, of course not. 'Snoopy' Morgan is full of unholy suspicions as it is."

"I'll help you find the pig," grumbled Stearns. "Come along. It will be too dark to hunt him without lanterns if we wait any longer."

They hurried into Elm Street and had no difficulty in picking up bulletins of the quarry, which was reported as moving along the trolley track with undiminished speed and evading capture for block after block. At length Jim and Hector spied a crowd of urchins in front of a corner grocery and then came to their ears the welcome sound of a still defiant squeal. The German grocer, hot and angry, was holding the crowd at bay while his fat wife talked soothingly to the pig which was blockaded in an apple barrel. Hector pressed to the front and claimed ownership, buttressing his argument with a dollar bill. The grocer was easily persuaded and agreed to keep the pig in his cellar until eight o'clock in the evening.

At supper the other "Personally Conducteds" besought Hector to abandon the "pig proposition," but he stood by his guns and, wishing to run no risk of implicating them, he declared he would drive out alone to the farm. Scolding him heartily for his quixotic stubbornness, they bade him farewell at the nearest livery stable, and watched him depart by way of the German grocer's.

A drizzling rain was falling and the sodden air was cold and searching. When he passed out of the lighted city streets, Hector was swallowed up in rayless darkness which made his progress a game of blind-man's-buff. As the horse stumbled along the muddy country road, the conscientious patron of the sport of pig-hunting reflected dismally that finding the farm was no easy task on such a night as this. He ought to be studying for "Snoopy" Morgan's philosophy examination two days hence. This was a subject in which Hector was likely to come to grief and the tutor was not apt to be biassed in his favor after the happenings of the afternoon.

Blundering into the wrong road for what seemed hours and hours of rain-soaked misery, Hector retraced his course and ultimately reached what he thought must be the edge of the plowed field beyond which lay the home of the borrowed pig. Tying the disgusted horse to a fence-rail he shouldered the heavy sack and stumbled across the oozing furrows, the rain pelting in his face. The pig was quiet, what with the wearing effects of fatigue and excitement, and its amiable behavior moved Hector to mutter:

"If the little cuss were to put up a fight at this stage of the game, I think I should fall down and burst into tears. This looking for a dark barn on a pitch-black night in the middle of a million-acre field would have Henry M. Stanley guessing some."

After walking steadily for a mile or more, Hector became convinced that he had missed his target and lost his sense of direction. Turning right-about face he soon ran into a fence and began to feel his way along until a black object loomed vaguely just ahead of his nose and he thought it was the pig domicile. Warily he pushed forward, and climbing the fence bumped into his curtained buggy. With a hopeless sigh Hector dropped the sack, leaned against the fence, and observed:

"Come on, you dead-game little sport of a pig. You and I are going to make a Yale finish, or we drop in our tracks."

After another heart-breaking march through the mud he found the barn and stealthily fetched a circuit which brought him up alongside the pig-pen. Carefully dumping the pig over the gate he said to himself:

"I hope he says a kind word for me. I did all I could to give him a good time."

It was after midnight when Hector drove slowly into New Haven shivering, benumbed, and weary beyond words. From the livery stable he dragged himself toward the campus as if he were walking in his sleep. Rain was still falling and he bent his head and pulled the collar of his mackintosh higher. Without looking *up Hector* turned the corner of a dormitory, bemused

with wondering what might be the sequel of the latest tour of the "Personally Conducteds," and more or less befogged with drowsiness. Mechanically he turned into an entry-way, felt for the stair-rail and climbed heavily to the unlighted corridor, where he fumbled for the door-knob, turned it, and walked into the sitting-room, vaguely surprised that he had forgotten to snap the lock fast.

Vainly searching his pockets for a match, Hector cautiously advanced to the centre of the room until his fingers slid along the edge of a flat-topped desk. There ought to be a box of matches beside the ink-stand; he remembered leaving them there; but after knocking a pile of books to the floor and upsetting a bottle of mucilage he gave up the quest and pulled open the right-hand top drawer in which he was accustomed to store a reserve supply. Instead of matches, his groping hand closed on a pile of sheets of paper which he angrily threw on the desk and clawed out more of them, scolding under his breath at the careless negro who took care of his rooms for shifting things about without warning.

At length he found a loose match in the bottom of the drawer, lighted it, and stood staring down at the desk in blank amazement. His flat desk was covered with green baize, this top was red. Catching up one of the sheets of paper from the litter he had made, he saw that it was filled with printed matter. Without looking about the unfamiliar room, so great was his consternation and fright, Hector comprehended that

he was looking at the Senior philosophy examination questions which were to be given to the class two days later, and he knew that he had blundered into the wrong entry of the building, and was in the rooms of Tutor "Snoopy" Morgan.

Instantly awake to the seriousness of his incredible stupidity, Hector was on the point of panicky retreat, when from the adjoining bedroom came the sound of some one in hasty motion, and instantly a gas jet leaped into brightness. Caught in the act, an examination paper clutched in his fist, Hector Alonzo McGrath stood blinking beside the desk while Tutor "Snoopy" Morgan glared at him from the bedroom door. It was a melodramatic tableau. The attenuated instructor, clad in pajamas, was the most terrifying sight that Hector had ever beheld, and he had not pulled himself together to attempt explanation when Mr. Morgan addressed him with a mirthless chuckle:

"Nothing to be said, is there, Mr. McGrath? Stealing my examination papers? Thought you might prepare yourself in advance and I should not miss one sheet of questions? I suppose you heard I expected to be out of town to-night. Won't you sit down?"

Hector's honest face burned dull red and he was breathing hard as he leaned against the desk and stared helplessly at the sneering tutor. Then in desperate haste to flounder out of this trap of circumstantial evidence, yet too indignant to be coherent, the youth exclaimed:

"It was dark and rainy and I was thinking of some-

thing else—and I came into the wrong entry and I couldn't tell the difference in the dark. Your desk is just like mine—I was looking for matches—of course, I never dreamed of stealing examination papers—I didn't know anything about your being out of town to-night. What difference could it make to me?"

Mr. Morgan rubbed his thin jaw, and replied without heat:

"Whatever you have to say will be reported at the next faculty meeting. Um-m, of course I shall have to state the facts and recommend your expulsion from college. Odd, isn't it, that I forgot to lock my door? It has never happened before. If you have any further defense to make, I advise you tell me what you are doing out of your rooms at one o'clock in the morning in such atrocious weather. If you have been with friends, or any legitimate errand has kept you up so late, no doubt you can readily bring proof to that effect. I am willing to give you every chance to make your explanation something more than the flimsiest farce."

Hector thought of the pig, thought of the spectacular upset of Mr. "Snoopy" Morgan before the rejoicing college, and again thought of the pig. In fact, he could think of nothing else. How could he tell his accuser where he had been and why he was trying to find his rooms at one o'clock of this stormy morning? Then, too, there was the Ethnological Society to be recalled with another shudder. The whole faculty must be up in arms about the pig. To confess to the pig

was to run grave risk of expulsion without clearing himself of this latest predicament.

Mr. Morgan, suspicious by nature, naturally mistook Hector's embarrassed silence for tacit confession of guilt and took occasion to remark with biting severity:

"If you had time to hide one of those examination papers in your pocket before I discovered you, it is really worthless, I assure you. The examination will be postponed until another set of papers can be prepared. Good-night, Mr. McGrath, I presume we shall see each other at a faculty meeting before the end of the week."

"There isn't a man in college who will take any stock in your story," cried Hector, slowly retreating toward the door.

He made straightway for Jim Stearns's rooms and aroused that sleepy athlete. For his part, Stearns had been moved to join the "Personally Conducteds" by a dutiful hope that he might be able to keep the impetuous Hector clear of disastrous escapades, and he sat up in bed and listened with lively sympathy. Then he commented:

"This is the worst I ever heard. Of course nobody is going to believe that you tried to steal one of those examination papers, but lots of men have been hanged on weaker evidence. How *did* you come to do it?"

"It was perfectly easy, Jim," cried Hector peeling off his dripping rain-coat. "I was half-dead, and with six entries in a row, and all looking exactly alike, it

wasn't so hard to make a miscount in the dark. But I didn't come here to hold a post-mortem. I am in a dreadful fix. If I confess to the pig, I may get off with two or three weeks' suspension, but apparently I am going to be expelled, neck and crop, for burgling 'Snoopy' Morgan's desk."

Jim pondered long and earnestly, convinced that his luckless chum was indeed betwixt the devil and the deep sea, and what counsel he had to offer was in the nature of a reprieve.

"The Dean is laid up in bed, Hector, and he won't be in his office for another week or ten days. He is a good friend of yours and you won't be expelled until he has gone over the evidence. A heap of things may happen between now and then. If you are hauled before the faculty committee, keep a stiff upper lip and spar for time. 'Snoopy' Morgan will try to rush matters, but he isn't any too popular with the younger professors and they will want to give you a fair show."

"It is all so undeserved," sighed Hector. "I tried to give the campus a new branch of athletics. Here the faculty and the students are clamoring for more minor sports that will enlist the interest of the college at large and give all kinds of men wholesome exercise. Why, the pig gave five hundred men any amount of wholesome exercise, and look where it lands me."

Three days passed and the summons which Hector dreaded came not. The Dean was reported as rapidly convalescing and in his absence a special meeting of the disciplinary committee of the faculty was held, with

Tutor Morgan in attendance. This much leaked out, and Hector Alonzo McGrath suffered torments of apprehension and uncertainty. Unable to study to any purpose, his recitations were such pitiable failures, and his "grouch" was so continuous and depressing, that on Saturday afternoon Jim Stearns tactfully suggested:

"Let's run down to New York and go to a show tonight and get a change of air. I think I need it, and I am sure you do."

Hector agreed with a wan smile and the pair posted off to catch the next express train. The condemned youth began to brighten, and by the time they had dined at a Broadway hotel he was fast recovering his normal spirits. Before going out for the evening they returned to their room on the fifth floor. The door was left open and presently Hector saw a slender, stooping man about to enter a room almost directly across the hall. The figure was appallingly familiar. Hastily slamming his own door shut, Hector exclaimed:

"The bogey-man, Jim. 'Snoopy' Morgan! What is he doing here? Do you suppose he tracked me?"

"Nonsense, it is a coincidence. He knows a girl in New York, so the fellows say."

"We might kidnap him and keep him locked up until he promises to withdraw his case against me, Jim. I have thought of trying something like that, but I never dreamed he could be so accessible. Can't you think of some plan to tame him? My brain has ceased to work since the night I took the pig home."

Jim grinned and seemed in no hurry to go to the

theatre. Whatever purpose may have begun to simmer in his own mind was diverted by the sound of a spirited altercation in the hall. At the door of a room just beyond that occupied by Mr. Morgan, a blue-shirted hotel porter was being roundly berated by a woman of dubious age who might have been visiting the city for a shopping tour. Her chin was determined, her expression acidulous, and her voice sharp-edged as she went on to say:

"The bolt on my door must be fixed to-night or I shan't sleep a wink, porter. Yes, I am afraid of sneak-thieves after all I have been reading in the New York papers. A lock is no protection against their skeleton keys and jimmies and things. You go right back to the office and tell the manager what I say, or send him up to me."

"But the carpenter has gone home, madam, and there ain't nobody on deck to do odd jobs like this," the collegians heard the patient porter reply. "You don't need no bolt. The lock is all right. You're perfectly safe without lockin' your door at all. The night clerk will shift you to another room if you ask him."

"No, he won't. I'm tired out and my trunk is all unpacked and I intend to stay put," she snapped at him. "You go right down and tell the manager what I think of him and his hotel."

Jim Stearns frowned as if a glimmering inspiration were struggling to find shape.

"*Get him into the wrong room!*" cried he. "There

is the nubbin of the great idea, Hector. Do you catch on at all? If the dignified Yale tutor should happen to make a mistake and try to get into that high-strung female's room she would make a noise that could be heard from here to the Battery. She expects a burglar."

With a shout of delight Hector wrung Jim's hand, and lowering his voice to the pitch of the true conspirator he exclaimed:

"Tell me some more!"

"I was looking at those nickel-plated numbers on the room doors as I came up the hall," confessed Jim. "I hankered to pry off two or three of them as souvenirs—make the class numerals and stick them on my wall at college. They come off easy. If we could take the numbers off 'Snoopy' Morgan's door and off the door of the suspicious lady just beyond him, and exchange them, understand—when he comes in late to-night he will look for his room number and there will be a lovely row."

Shortly after this the two observers beheld, through a crack of the door, Mr. Morgan of the Yale faculty hurry toward the elevator. He was immaculate in evening clothes and crush hat, and a jaunty boutonniere caused Hector to whisper:

"He has a date with his girl! He will not be back for some time."

He stole into the hall while Jim did sentry duty. Deftly and silently the metal numerals were pried from the two doors and quickly transposed so that "73"

now gleamed where "71" had been. The trap was set.

At eleven o'clock the waiting plotters heard the elevator door clang open at the fifth floor and the sound of a quick footfall in the long hall. Jim Stearns was standing upon a chair and peering through the transom from his darkened room. He saw the tutor slacken his gait, scan one door after another, halt when he came to the figures "71" and fumbled with the knob while he poked the key into the lock. The door refused to open. Impatiently he rattled the knob, glanced again at the number "71," jammed the key in and out, and finally hammered the balky door with his fist.

To the young men waiting across the hall there came a piercing outcry for help to which they instantly responded. The chivalrous young gentlemen who had rushed to the rescue fell upon poor Mr. Morgan and dragged him across the hall, paying no heed whatever to his stammering protestations. It was Jim Stearns who exclaimed in a tone of great dismay as he gripped the captive's neck:

"My goodness, Hector, it is Mr. Morgan of Yale! Who would have dreamed of such a thing! Our own philosophy teacher! This must be hushed up. Here, Hector, knock on the lady's door and tell her the villain is in safe hands. Don't let the police get wind of this, for the sake of the college. It is either attempted burglary or temporary insanity."

By means of bribery and diplomacy Hector quickly persuaded the few curious on-lookers to disperse, and he so far reassured the lady in "71" that she con-

sented to leave the offender to be dealt with by his captors, although she expressed her eagerness to identify him as soon as she was dressed, vehemently asserting through the key-hole:

"It's one of those Raffles I've been reading about. What did I tell the porter about that bolt? If I wasn't such a light sleeper he would have had my money and jewelry and my return ticket back to Willimantic."

Rudely hustled into the undergraduates' room, the dazed tutor was pushed to a chair while Jim and Hector gazed at him, sorrow, surprise, and indignation written upon their ingenuous features. If the victim scented the plot he was given no chance to assert himself, for Stearns spoke very gravely:

"It is awfully fortunate that two Yale men happened to be so near, sir. We don't want this scandal to get into the newspapers if we can help it. Trying to break into a lady's room sounds pretty bad!"

The tutor bit his lip. The whole episode was like a horrid dream. With a laugh that was almost hysterical he cried:

"Ha, ha, a college joke, I presume. Very good, but I—I—why, of course, it was a mistake. I mistook the room, that is all there is to it."

"You got into the wrong room, did you? That explanation doesn't go," observed Hector McGrath. "Did you believe *me* when I told you how I had got into the wrong room?"

Jim had slipped into the hall. Now he returned and nodded to Hector who went on to say:

"Come out here, Mr. Morgan, and show us how

you happened to make the blunder. '*Preposterous*,' that is what you told me the other night when you found me in your room."

Meekly the tutor followed, while Jim fell behind to whisper to Hector:

"I have changed the numbers back again. Tell him to try his door."

With the air of a man whose senses could no longer be trusted, Mr. Morgan halted in front of "71," tried the key, easily turned it, and walked into a room unmistakably his own. He stared at his belongings scattered just as he had left them, and sank limply into a chair, a hunted look in his eyes. As if the situation were beyond words, he had nothing to say when Hector addressed him haughtily:

"There is no explanation, Mr. Morgan."

The agitation of Mr. "Snoopy" Morgan was so distressing to witness that Hector was moved to reveal the terms on which the truce might be arranged, and said sternly:

"I don't like to hit a man when he is down. You are convinced that an innocent man could get into the wrong room, are you not, Mr. Morgan? Please tell that to the faculty and withdraw your case against me, and we will call it quits. Your own most unhappy adventure will be forgotten. It stops right here among the three of us. We are deeply disappointed in you, but that cannot be helped."

The surrender of Tutor Morgan was instantaneous and unconditional. With a hand pressed against his

brow as if trying to stop his brain from behaving like a whirligig, he murmured:

"I may have been mistaken. Yes, I will so report. My evidence will not be placed before the Dean. In my own case I swear to you——"

"Oh, there was the matter of a pig," broke in Hector. "He is part of the bargain, Mr. Morgan."

"Including the pig," murmured the tutor.

Jim Stearns brought these peace negotiations to an abrupt conclusion by dodging in from the hall to say:

"The angry lady from Willimantic is about due to emerge and demand to see the prisoner. Make a quick exit, Mr. Morgan."

In this sudden fashion vanished the tutor who had learned by dint of harrowing experience that things are not always what they seem.

"I call it a satisfactory night's work," said Jim Stearns.

"Thus endeth the adventures of the pig with the twisted tale," replied Hector Alonzo McGrath.

PETER BURNHAM, DÉBUTANTE

FRESHMEN STORM FENCE

nmediately after chapel on the morning of Washington's hday the Sophomores rushed out and lined up six deep g four panels of their class fence opposite Farnum Hall. Freshmen drew up on the open campus toward Dwight , and the upper-classmen and nearly a thousand eager tators formed a close circle about the opposing lines. Then e both classes were in the midst of long cheers, the Fresh- formed a flying wedge and rushed at the Sophomore centre. men at the fence held their position, and the attack changed a fierce pushing match. High hats and bamboo canes were smashed in the first encounter, and little by little the iomores were forced back against the rails of their fence, many of them shoved clear over it. At no time, however, the fence swept clear of Sophomores, and the Freshmen unable to rally round any one post in large enough force tart a cheer, which has been the traditional sign of victory he attacking side. After fifteen minutes of conflict, Head shal Peter Burnham, captain of the university nine, put a to the scrimmage, and according to the established rules eeded to count the number of hands which each class could v on the top of the fence. He declared the Freshmen win- of the rush.—(Extract from *The Yale Daily News.*)

HE undergraduate journalist who wrote this para- ph mustered the routine facts in an orderly manner . wasted no words. It is a creditable piece of ama- r reporting, but, of course, the detailed episodes of

this annual battle could not be included, and it was one of these that bore a sequel very disturbing to the peace of mind of Peter Burnham. As umpire of the fray his word was law, although few words were needed. The sight of his tall figure and grimly serious countenance, together with his fame as an athlete, sufficed to tame the most rampant spirits. With never a smile he watched the absurd tall hats of the Sophomores go swirling under foot like so many chips in the surf, while the air was filled with the fragments of shirts, coats, and sweaters plucked and peeled from yelping Freshmen.

When two or three wild-eyed assailants piled upon one of the foe and the odds seemed unfair to Peter Burnham, he waded into the riot and yanked the offenders forth by the neck. In this task he was aided by Jim Stearns, while Hector Alonzo McGrath, a spectator at large, danced about the edge of the cyclone and shouted impartial encouragement to both sides. At length Peter glanced at his watch, shoved a path to the fence, and announced:

"Two minutes more, and then I'll count hands. Quit your fighting and grab the fence and hang on for dear life."

The advice was sound enough, but nobody paid any attention to it. The fence was totally submerged in a score of human eddies, and as fast as a pair of hands clutched the top rail their owner was stood on his head and dragged out by the heels. Burnham stepped aside for a moment, and his altitude of six feet three

inches enabled him to survey the lively scene with somewhat of a birds-eye view. His attention was presently caught by the behavior of a warlike bantam of a Sophomore who was spreading more devastation than his size seemed to warrant. One Freshman who tried to haul him away from the fence staggered back rubbing his head, and another was holding a handkerchief to a red welt across the cheek.

It was a rule of the fence rush that the Sophomores should go into action with their tall hats and bamboo canes, this being the day on which they were first allowed to sport these manly adornments, but Peter Burnham muttered to himself:

"That little rooster yonder is fanning the air with something heavier than a regulation bamboo. Bang! There goes another Freshman with a broken head. That is a solid, hardwood stick painted yellow, or I miss my guess."

This suspected breach of etiquette demanded instant investigation, and the umpire pushed into the crowd with the energy of a runaway locomotive, calling out as he drew near the offender:

"Here, you Bob Oliver, give me that cane. What do you think this is, anyhow? A Donnybrook Fair?"

Young Mr. Oliver was in a very heated mood and not to be reasoned with. His immediate neighborhood had become so unhealthy for Freshmen that several pairs of Sophomores hands were able to grip the top rail in his lee, so to speak, and time would be called in a few seconds. With fire in his eye, and an impudent

retort on his lips, he laid about him more vigorously than ever, while the spectators shouted uproarious encouragement. Peter Burnham shot forth a long arm to collar the culprit who promptly swung his yellow cane and smote his would-be captor behind the left ear. Peter was more surprised than hurt. The audacity of the attack was almost incredible. He caught Oliver by the wrist, wrested the stick from him, broke it over his knee, and then, lifting the youngster clear of the ground, tucked him under one arm and so stalked with him to the edge of the crowd.

Dropping his squirming freight, Peter hastened back to stop the rush and announce the verdict. The panting adversaries clung to the fence like so many drowning sailors to the life-line. Two Freshmen had succeeded in maintaining their hold at the place so suddenly vacated by Bob Oliver, and their show of hands helped to swing the narrow margin of the official tally. Solemnly, amid a silence that was literally breathless for lack of wind, Captain Peter Burnham completed his delicate task and declared in stentorian accents:

"The Freshmen win the rush, and they have therefore earned the right to sit on their section of the fence for the rest of this year. Please lay down your arms and disperse. No more rough house on the campus. A long cheer for the Freshman class."

The proud and happy youngsters piped up lustily, and most of the Sophomores joined in, being foemen of a generous sort, after which they sought their bat-

tered tall hats and formed in column to march down Chapel Street and display their pulchritude to the admiring populace. Bob Oliver refused to join them, however, and lingered to air his grievances in sputtering accents. Two or three of his classmates who had been members of the rush committee turned back to rebuke him.

"Don't be a little pest," cried one of them. "We told you not to carry that stick. Burnham was perfectly right in ruling you off. You must have been crazy to make a swipe at him."

"He had no business to interfere with me," was the wrathful reply. "What if I did have just a plain, ordinary cane? Look at the size of me! Those big Freshmen would have eaten me alive if I hadn't defended myself. They put all their foot-ball players and crew men in the front rank."

"Well, you didn't have to sail into the rush at all, Bob," affirmed another classmate. "It's all right to be spunky, but this isn't your kind of a game."

"I'm sick of being called Pint-o'-Peanuts, and Stumpy Oliver, and Bobby the Runt," was the rejoinder. "I was trying to show my college spirit, and that great, long, seven-foot gawk of a Peter Burnham had to go and disgrace me before my whole class. It wouldn't have been so b-blamed b-bad," here the chagrined Sophomore wiped his eyes and swallowed hard, "if—if he had d-disqualified me in a decent, d-dignified way, but he hoisted me under his arm and carried me out up-upside down. And two newspaper men snapped

their cameras at me, and—and—I know several girls that were in the crowd looking on."

"Oh, cut out the prize oration and come along with the gang," unfeelingly quoth one of his friends. "It's a good thing for the campus that you *are* a runt. If you were as big as Peter Burnham or Jim Stearns the class would have to hire a lion-tamer to room with you, Bobby."

The ruffled bantam followed sullenly, eyeing each passing Freshman with a malevolent glare and pausing to shake his fist at the distant figure of Peter Burnham, who was hurrying to keep an appointment with one of his tutors. Like many another man of diminutive physique, Oliver had a full-sized idea of his own importance and usually strutted the campus with a jaunty, assertive air, as if it would take a good deal to knock the chip from his shoulder. His allowance was lavish, his raiment of the smartest cut and pattern, and whatever midnight oil he consumed was more likely to illuminate a card table than an array of textbooks.

The encounter with Peter Burnham had dealt his vanity a cruel blow. The grim and terrible 'varsity base-ball captain had handled him as if he were a child; virtually spanked him in the presence of the whole college.

"It showed a lot of nerve for me to go into the rush at all," said Oliver to himself. "Anyhow, I hit that big bully a crack behind the ear, and nobody else in my class would have dared to do it. I'll get even with

him somehow. If he takes me for an easy mark he guesses all wrong."

With a threatening scowl, the bantam-weight Sophomore buttoned his coat, expanded his chest, held himself very erect, and strode to overtake his noisy class, which was weaving through the mazes of a snake-dance on the Town Green after a spirited game of foot-ball in which tall hats were punted with much dexterity.

Peter Burnham knew not that he had made an enemy who nursed vengeance in his heart. Although his sense of humor was rather scanty, perhaps because there had been small time for play in his hard-working career, he might have chuckled at the notion that disgruntled little Bob Oliver was to be taken any more seriously than an irritated mosquito. As head marshal of the fence rush, Peter had done his duty, conscientiously, and without favor, and he thought no more about it.

A fortnight later he was turning into Elm Street to go to the base-ball cage for the afternoon practice of batting, pitching, and sliding bases, when the campus postman hailed him on his rounds and hastily scanned the bundle of letters in his hand.

"There is one for you here somewhere, Mr. Burnham," said he. "Climbing four flights of stairs to your room may be all right for an athlete, but excuse me whenever I see a chance to dodge it."

"You are getting fat and lazy, Joe. You had better run around the gymnasium track three or four miles with me after base-ball practice," replied Peter as he took the letter and regarded it curiously.

"And have you arrested for manslaughter? Thank you, I'll stick to my own kind of slavery," quoth the merry-hearted postman as he trudged on his way. Peter gazed at the letter a moment longer before opening it. The envelope bore a New Haven postmark and the writing was obviously feminine. Other Yale athletes of fame, Jim Stearns, for instance, now and then received admiring notes from impressionable damsels who should have known better, but this kind of hero-worship was unfamiliar to the great pitcher, who shone much more brilliantly on the diamond than in the drawing-room. He viewed with good-natured contempt the college "fussers" who wasted their time in the attractive circles of New Haven society beyond the campus boundaries. The expression of Peter's rugged countenance indicated that some slight uneasiness was blended with his curiosity as his strong fingers gingerly opened the square, cream-tinted envelope. Then as he read the contents thereof, his uppermost emotion was unqualified dismay.

Mrs. Pemberton Stirling requests the pleasure of Mr. Peter Burnham's company for dinner at seven o'clock on Friday, March the eighth.

Thirteen, Hillhouse Avenue,
March, the sixth.

Peter shook his head in a slightly dazed manner as if young Bob Oliver had stolen up and hit him behind the ear. His gait became slower and slower as he moved toward the base-ball cage, although the chapel chimes

were ringing the hour, and he had never been known to be even a minute late for practice. He knew Mrs. Pemberton Stirling by sight as the wife of the distinguished Farnum Foundation Professor of the Romance Languages and Literature, and in leading the base-ball squad at a jog-trot into the suburbs for routine exercise he had often passed their spacious, dignified home beneath the elms of Hillhouse Avenue. But as for being formally invited to dinner—Peter continued to cogitate and presently his gloom was lightened ever so little as he muttered under his breath:

"I don't have to go. Why, I'd rather play sick and be taken to the infirmary than face a game like that. But how did it happen? Think of the batting-list in that dining-room! Professors and their wives, and all talking French, most likely!"

Peter Burnham was a modest giant, keenly conscious of his own deficiences, one of those self-made, self-taught heroes who fight their way into college and through it, willing to pay any price in toil and sacrifice for the prize of an education. It would never have entered his head that possibly Mrs. Pemberton Stirling regarded him as a celebrity.

"Come to think of it, perhaps I was introduced to her after we won the deciding Harvard game last year," he soliloquized. "When the fellows carried me off the field on their shoulders, they dumped me down in the thick of a faculty crowd in front of the grandstand, and everybody was shaking hands all round. I have kept a pretty high stand in my French classes with

'Prof.' Stirling, and perhaps he put his wife up to this."

Tucking the invitation in the hip-pocket of his gray base-ball breeches, Peter awoke to the fact that he had business on hand and entered the long, low building known as the "cage" at a brisk trot. Peeling off his sweater, he set the waiting squad at work without delay, and soon the place was noisy with the crack of bats, the thud of the ball in the catcher's mitt, and the quick exhortations of the captain and his assistant coaches.

The practice was at its liveliest when a slender young man of a cheery and care-free countenance strolled into the cage, and was compelled to dodge frantically to escape collision with Peter Burnham, who had slid feet first for the bag.

"I'd sooner have a house fall on me," observed Hector Alonzo McGrath. "Giving the squad an object lesson, Peter? Why, they can't be expected to slam themselves against the landscape like that. You are an iron man."

"This is not prisoner's base or squat-tag," retorted the other, eyeing Hector with an affectionate twinkle. "When I tell a man to *slide* I want him to tear up the dirt. Why haven't you reported for practice?"

"Quit your joking," laughed Hector. "None of the captains will take me seriously, you know that. But if you want a gingery young short-stop, capable of holding his own in big league company, I might train for base-ball as a personal favor to you."

"You are too speedy for us. Jim Stearns had better find you a place on the crew. Oh, by the way, Hector," and Burnham became as solemn as an owl. "I need a few words with you. Can you wait for me? I shall dismiss the squad in ten minutes or so."

Peter absently clapped his gloved hand to his hip-pocket, made sure that Mrs. Pemberton Stirling's invitation had not slipped out, and returned to his task of making life uncomfortable for his bruised and perspiring band of recruits. As soon as he was free to saunter toward the gymnasium with Hector Alonzo at his elbow, he confided, and his accents were mildly lugubrious:

"Read this note and tell me how to crawl from under without making any misplays. I want an excuse that will be polite and plausible, and I lack the talent of a gifted liar. You see, Hector, I am working for honors in Professor 'Pemmy' Stirling's advanced French courses and I don't want to impair my friendly relations with him."

Hector glanced at the invitation, then looked up at funereal Peter Burnham, and vigorously protested:

"You make me tired. Of course you are going to accept. The Pemberton Stirlings give the nicest dinners in New Haven, very formal and exclusive, and it is an honor for an undergraduate to be allowed to climb over the bars. The old boy has probably taken a shine to you in the class-room, and his wife has heard of the bully fight you've made to work your way through college, and, of course, your fiendish activity

on the diamond makes you one of the biggest men in college."

"But I don't want to go. I have had no time to get in training for formal and exclusive dinner-parties. And women scare me. I can't think of anything to say to them."

"Then I shall have to coach you in small talk, airy persiflage, the swift repartee, and the merry jest," chirruped Hector Alonzo. "Mrs. Stirling will probably give you a nice girl to take in to dinner, and you can play safe by talking base-ball to her. If she is a New Haven girl she will know all about you, and be just dying to hear what you think of our chances against Harvard."

"It doesn't sound good to me," was the unconvinced reply.

"Then we will put it up to Jim Stearns. Here he comes with the crew squad."

Two score young men were dragging their weary feet toward the gymnasium entrance after a long cross-country run, while Stearns, the splendidly-muscled stroke-oar, trotted in front of them with springy, untiring stride.

"Hello, come into the dressing-room," he sung out to his two friends. "I'll be ready to walk to the campus with you in a jiffy."

They followed at a more leisurely gait than his, and sought a bench between long rows of lockers, while the crew men splashed and shouted and slanged each other from the shower-baths. At the first opportunity Hec-

tor briefly outlined the situation to Stearns, and plaintively commented:

"Isn't he the sandless, useless Peter, though? If I had a step-ladder I should climb up and poke him one in the nose."

"Sure, he is all wrong," promptly agreed the stroke-oar. "He is going to the party if I have to appoint a committee to blindfold and back him into his evening clothes. It is an honor to our class to have you invited to one of Mrs. Stirling's dinners, you chuckle-headed, grouchy, old woman-hater, Peter. You are going, understand?"

"S-s-s-h! you can coax but you cannot drive our darling Peter," counselled Hector. "Talk to him about the refining and elevating influences of select feminine society, Jim. If you try to use force, he will lay back his ears, and you'll have to build a fire under him to make him budge."

"If you can make me see that it is my duty," began Peter, wavering ever so little.

"There, we have him going," cried Hector. "This will do for the first lesson. We'll take another fall out of him after supper, Jim."

"He is shy, that's all," said Stearns, waxing satirical. "He never faced a crowd, ten thousand of them in the grandstand and bleachers, all yelling at once, and the bases full and the score see-sawing, and the heaviest hitter of the Harvard team next man up."

"That's different," mumbled Peter with a perceptible blush, for he perceived the absurdity of his attitude.

Having discovered the crevice in his armor, Mc-

Grath and Stearns artfully resumed the argument after supper, insisting that Peter must regard his invasion of New Haven society as a duty to himself and his class. Whatever he construed as duty, the serious-minded Burnham was in the habit of pursuing to the bitter end, and with a troubled sigh he capitulated and penned an acceptance while Jim Stearns stood at his elbow and acted as official censor. The envelope duly addressed to Mrs. Pemberton Stirling, Hector caught it up and slipped it in an inside pocket of his coat with the explanation:

"You might weaken between here and the post-box, Peter. I will mail this on my way back to the rooms. You have done well, and we are proud of you, my son."

"I'd rather be taken out and shot," growled the unreconciled Peter.

His comrades bade him cheer up and clumped noisily downstairs to seek their own quarters and wrestle with text-books for the morrow's recitations. No sooner had they reached the quiet, shadowy campus than a noise of concerted cheering was borne from the direction of College Street, followed by a clamor of eager shouts and turbulent outcries of "Sophomores this way!" "Help, help, Freshmen to the rescue!"

"Some kind of a scrimmage," exclaimed Hector. "We upper classmen will be expected to stop it."

"Come along then," returned Stearns, as he sprinted for the gateway between Welch and Lawrence Halls. "It is probably the aftermath of the fence-rush."

Hector ran as fast as he could and instantly forgot *all about* mailing Peter Burnham's note of acceptance

to Mrs. Pemberton Stirling. He was a young man of praiseworthy intentions but rattle-brained withal, and it would have been wiser had Peter attended to mailing the note himself. Racing into College Street, Hector and Jim beheld one group of figures scampering across the Green in full retreat while a larger party pursued with loud jeers. Overhauling a straggler, Stearns learned that a band of Sophomores, rashly attempting some impromptu hazing, had been overwhelmed and outflanked by Freshmen reinforcements and that the battle was as good as finished by now. The two guardians of the peace therefore resumed their homeward march and found so many things to talk about that they thought no more of Peter Burnham and his impending ordeal.

On the night of the dinner-party, however, Peter again found a place in the foregrounds of the interests of Hector Alonzo McGrath and James Montgomery Stearns. They felt a weighty responsibility as his counsellors and aides, and were promptly on hand to help him into his clothes and to bombard him with insane suggestions.

"It is not considered good form to chuck your hostess under the chin," said Hector.

"At least, not before the salad course," suggested Jim. "Why don't you slide feet first into the reception-room, Peter? It would make a bully entrance. Society is very keen on novel stunts."

"And *don't* hitch up your belt, because you haven't any on, you know."

"And if the butler drops a plate, don't be absent-minded and scold him for muffing an easy one."

With unusual patience, Peter submitted to these insults until he was ready to put on his overcoat. Then he stood and glowered at his tormentors. Black-haired, black-browed, tanned by exposure and hot summer suns, the campus had aptly nicknamed him "The Last of the Mohicans." His face brightened in one of his rare smiles as Stearns exclaimed impulsively:

"By Jove, Peter, you do look stunning in your glad rags. Go in and win. You will be a lion among the ladies."

"Seven feet of stalwart manhood, or thereabouts, encased in a hard-boiled shirt, with an honest heart behind it," quoth Hector, not to be outdone in making handsome recompense.

Peter dealt him an affectionate cuff over the head which sent the slim youth spinning across the floor, and announced:

"I die game. If I am not home by ten o'clock, send a hearse scouting up Hillhouse Avenue, will you?"

They followed him downstairs, keeping step and chanting dolefully:

The shades of night were falling fast,
Upi-dee, upi-da,
As through the Alpine village passed,
Upi-dee-i-da.
A youth who bore mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Upidee-i-dee-i-da.

As Peter, the unwilling guest, stalked away from the campus, followed by a farewell cheer, his faithful friends turned and moved arm-in-arm along the walk that led past the nearest dormitory.

"Good old Peter! What a solid rock of a man he is," began Hector. "Think of it, Jim, he was twenty-two years old before he entered college—working in the Pennsylvania coal country, saving his wages, studying nights, and——"

"Jumping Jiminy! Look there! The whole place will be on fire in a minute!" yelled Stearns as he leaped for a dormitory entrance. A window of a ground floor sitting-room had been left open at the top and the drapery, blown by the gusty March wind, was streaming inward as far as the gas lamp on the desk. The flimsy fabric had been ignited and its blazing length was scattering sparks among a disorderly pile of papers and books directly beneath it. The door into the hallway was unlocked and Jim Stearns was in the room in a twinkling, tearing down the draperies and bundling the stuff through the window, while Hector stamped out the sparks and played a stream on the desk from a convenient siphon of seltzer.

"Pretty good little fire company, eh?" said he, as he aimed the siphon at Jim and doused the back of his neck at point-blank range. "Who lives in these rooms? Any one we know?"

"A Sophomore. Little Bob Oliver. He has no roommate," answered the other. "I called on him once to pull his leg for tickets to the Junior Prom. How dare you turn the hose on me?"

Deftly tripping Hector Alonzo, he sat him down in a corner and clapped the waste-basket on his head like an extinguisher. A few scraps of torn paper fluttered to the floor or lodged in Hector's luxuriant crop of hair. After disgustedly extricating himself, he noticed that one of these bits of paper had fallen inside the upturned hem or roll of his trousers, no self-respecting undergraduate deigning to appear on the campus unless his trousers carried one or two reefs to show a fancy pattern of socks. Hector extracted the little strip of note paper and was about to drop it in the waste-basket, when a few words of writing caught his eye and he stood staring with such puzzled interest that Stearns said:

"Come out of your trance. Found the missing will? Ha! ha! the long lost papers. Give them to me. Who am I? Old Sleuth, the Detective."

"You have pretty near guessed right," soberly murmured Hector. "Well, of all the— Here, Jim, lock the door and sit on the floor so nobody can see us through the window. I smell a rat. Now, what do *you* think of this bit of paper?"

Jim scrutinized it carefully and read aloud:

"*Stirling . . . the pleasure of Mr. Burnham's company for——!*"

He whistled softly, but looked rather blank until the quicker-witted Hector picked up a lecture notebook from the table and blurted:

"See here. Look at Bob Oliver's handwriting and compare it with this scrap of paper. He has disguised his style to give it a feminine twist, up and

lown and angular, and he has done it well. But this is his fist, I'll bet you a new hat. Read it again. '*The pleasure of Mr. Burnham's company for——*' Do you get that? And '*Stirling*' was part of the line just above it. Doesn't that sound to you like Mrs. Pemberton Stirling's dinner invitation to Peter?"

Jim nodded comprehendingly. "You mean that Bob Oliver forged it?"

"You are almost lucid," cried Hector. "Now, we must paw over the rest of the scraps in the basket and rummage the desk. Perhaps we can find some more of it."

They fell to like a pair of terriers at a rat-hole, but no more incriminating fragments could be found. "He meant to burn all the evidence, but this bit of paper clung to the bottom of the basket and he overlooked it," surmised Hector. "Come along. We must leg it over to Peter's room and find that invitation of his. If we have guessed right, perhaps we can run fast enough to overtake him before he reaches Mrs. Stirling's house."

They sped across the campus at breakneck speed, mounted the stairs in a series of bounds, and clattered into Peter Burnham's sitting-room with no breath to spare for conversation. Luckily Peter had left the invitation in plain sight on his desk, and Hector pounced on it without loss of time. Flopping into a chair he panted:

"Oh, those four flights of stairs. Whew! And I touched nothing but the landings."

He placed the purloined fragment of writing beside the invitation. No words were needed. The same hand had penned both beyond a doubt.

"I'll have to get my wind," Hector managed to say. "Wait a minute; Bob Oliver faked it—poor Peter Burnham is stung—and, oh, Jim, we fairly bulldozed him into going to the Pemberton Stirling's to-night!"

Stearns, who showed no signs of distress after the killing pace, promptly hauled Hector to his feet and cried:

"The vindictive little rooster has had it in for Peter ever since the fence-rush! For Heaven's sake, let's get busy. This is an awful fix for poor old Peter. Maybe we can nail him before he gets there."

Hector tottered to the stairs and reached the campus sooner than might have been expected, for he tripped on the last landing and rolled down one flight, thereby saving a few seconds, but considerably damaging his knees and elbows. Stearns tarried not to pick him up, but shouted back:

"The slow freight for yours, old man. I can't wait."

Hector limped in chase of the trained athlete, who was tearing toward College Street, bent on rescuing that unbidden guest, Peter Burnham. These friends of his felt a guilty sense of responsibility. They were innocent conspirators who had meant well, but had they not been so active in persuasion Peter would have avoided the snare set for his undoing by that ingenious and wicked rascal of a Sophomore, Bob Oliver.

"The low-lived runt," said Hector to himself, as he leaned against a tree to ease a stitch in his side. "He has been bragging that he would make Peter Burnham sorry for yanking him out of the fence-rush upside down."

Picking up the pursuit, Hector trotted doggedly past one corner after another, Jim Stearns lost to sight and sound in the darkened distance. The McGrath pluck exceeded its wind and staying power, and although his heart was thumping against his ribs and his knees had begun to wobble, his gait slackened not until he turned into the wide stretch of Hillhouse Avenue.

The residence of Professor Stirling was midway of the second block, set well back from the street. Realizing that his violent exertions were useless, as Jim Stearns must have arrived at the destination by now, Hector halted and listened. Some one was walking rapidly toward him. It might be Peter Burnham retreating from his harrowing experience of presenting himself at a dinner-party to which nobody had dreamed of inviting him. Hector deemed it the part of prudence to avoid Peter under the circumstances. The base-ball captain was likely to be in a savage mood, ready to blame his devoted friends for getting him into this infernal scrape. Stepping quietly behind an elm, Hector awaited a nearer view of the oncomer.

Presently he descried, not the towering proportions of the pitcher, but the broader and more compact outlines of Jim Stearns, who was slouching along with the demeanor of one deeply downcast.

"Hello, we lose, eh?" observed Hector emerging from his coy ambush.

"Lost by a neck," bitterly explained Stearns. "I was just about here, still running for all I was worth, when I saw the front door open and somebody walked in. There in the bright light from the hall, this person loomed up like a human shot-tower, and although I saw only his back, it was Peter Burnham and no other."

"Oh dear, oh dear," mourned Hector. "And he is the last man in the world to carry off an awkward situation like that. I can't imagine him ready with some kind of a bluff and then backing out gracefully. They haven't thrown him out yet!"

"No, but he is liable to come out boiling into the street at any minute. And he will surely be looking for trouble."

"Perhaps it is not a formal dinner-party," hopefully suggested Hector.

"Oh, it is a party, all right. Trust that little devil, Bob Oliver, to find that out," was the gloomy reply. "Two carriages have unloaded since I got here, and several other guests have pranced in on foot."

"What shall we do now, Jim? Wait for him?"

"Yes, it won't be long. I shouldn't be surprised if he has lingered to murder some harmless gentleman who ventured to crack a smile at his predicament."

Always optimistic, Hector spoke up, while he sought a resting-place upon a granite gate post:

"But other people have made mistakes of this kind, Jim. I have been guilty of one or two bad breaks my-

self in the society line, being the champion forgetter of the family. It is different with Peter, I admit."

"Of course it is," snorted Jim. "He is stubborn enough to stand up and argue the matter with Mrs. Stirling and try to convince her that she is all wrong. And he will take it to heart and hold a grouch for a month. Why, look here, Hector," and Jim went on to say with excited vehemence, "Peter wrote a note of acceptance and you took it to put in the campus mail-box. If Mrs. Stirling received it, why didn't she notify Peter of his blunder in time to head him off?"

The darkness hid the blushes that reddened the countenance of Hector Alonzo McGrath as he haltingly exclaimed:

"I mailed it, didn't I? Great Scott, Jim, don't breathe such a horrible suspicion! Why, we went right past the box that night. Of course I dropped it in. Pshaw, why not?"

"Because we dashed off to find that Sophomore-Freshman riot before we got to the mail-box," was Jim's disconcerting reply. "Dollars to doughnuts you forgot all about it."

Hector covered his face with his hands and groaned:

"I never thought of it again. And those clothes were carried to the tailor's next morning and they haven't come home. Oh, Jim, *could* I have been guilty of such an asinine performance?"

"Yes, indeed, Hector," was the cheerful assurance. "Your college record is all against you. Between us, we have certainly sent poor Peter Burnham to his doom."

"Well, we can take it out of Bob Oliver if there is enough of him left to wad a gun after Peter interviews him."

"Do you know, I think we had better keep mum about Bob Oliver," advised Stearns. "Peter is a poor hand at seeing a joke. And while he wouldn't lay hands on a shrimp like Oliver, he might nurse a grudge for a long time."

"Right you are, Jim. I am wondering how Professor 'Pemmy' Stirling, old Fuss-and-Feathers, will take it. He dislikes campus jests, and perhaps he will think Peter has butted in to win a foolish bet of some kind."

"He *is* peppery," reflected Hector. "Remember when he asked me in class to tell briefly who Joan of Arc was, and I said, 'Noah's sister, of course.' He gave me a condition and wanted to haul me before the faculty disciplinary committee. Gracious, Jim, we shall freeze to death waiting here. And where, oh where, is Peter the house-breaker?"

They walked slowly in the direction of the Pemberton Stirling residence, halted, gazed sadly at the many lighted windows, and wondered why the eruption of Peter Burnham was so long delayed. The air was winterish, the wind had a nipping edge, and the brace of uneasy sentinels snuggled their chins in the upturned collars of their coats and shivered in their shoes. At length the amazing truth filtered into their intellects. Jim Stearns expressed it concisely, forcibly:

"As sure as I live, Peter Burnham has somehow managed to get away with it."

"And we thought we knew him," murmured Hector Alonzo between chattering teeth. "Who would have picked him as a parlor strategist? Come on, you old fool! Let's go home."

Trepidation stirred behind the gleaming armor of what Hector had called the "hard-boiled shirt," but the demeanor of Peter Burnham was outwardly composed as he strode across the wide porch of the Stirling house and rang for admittance. Had you asked him to describe his symptoms, he would have diagnosed them as "a bad case of the rattles." He had been schooled to pull himself together under fire, however, and the maid who opened the door surveyed with visible approval a very tall, grave young man who bore himself with such mature dignity that she set him down as a new professor of some sort or other. He was shown where to lay aside his hat and coat, and with a hasty glance at a mirror he gave his tie a twist, his waistcoat a tug, mechanically hitched up his trousers where the belt should have been, and moved toward the large parlor in which could be heard the hum of pleasant conversation.

Standing irresolute in the door-way, he came but little short of filling it from top to bottom. The guests noticed him instantly. Peter was not easily overlooked, and the talk and laughter slackened perceptibly while Mrs. Pemberton Stirling stood stock-still, her wits jumbled for the moment, and, although she was a gracious hostess, her face revealed emotions of surprise and dismay. Puzzled as to the identity

of this intruder, for she had hitherto observed him only in base-ball uniform and at a distance, she heard her husband whisper to his companion:

"Peter Burnham, the 'varsity pitcher! What *is* he doing here?"

Mrs. Stirling rallied and advanced to greet him, wondering how she should be able to dismiss him with the least awkwardness, but Peter's observant eyes, trained in reading human nature from the pitcher's box, had detected something amiss. He felt miserably self-conscious, his cheeks burned hotly, and he remained standing in the door-way, as if subtle vibrations told him he was not wanted in this room. The hostess affected a smile of cordiality, extended her hand, and said, by way of sparing for time:

"It is such a pleasure to meet you again, Mr. Burnham."

"Thank you, Mrs. Stirling," replied Peter, with a slow, doubtful smile. "Your invitation was an honor which I had not expected."

She bit her lip and laughed nervously, turning to glance at her husband as if signalling him to come to the rescue instead of remaining stupidly anchored beside the fascinating Miss Geraldine Townsend. He was staring at poor Peter with more unfriendliness than sympathy, already suspecting some mad escapade, for the undergraduate world rather terrified him, and he faced his classes in the spirit of a trainer entering the cage of a band of frolicsome carnivora. Left alone to handle the delicate case of Peter Burnham, the super-

fluous and the undesired, Mrs. Stirling bethought herself of a stratagem worthy of a general of division. Wafting a sunny smile to the high and somewhat chilly altitude from which Peter was gazing down at her, she exclaimed:

"While I think of it, I have something to show you, Mr. Burnham, and I am sure you will be interested. When you were carried off the field in the picturesque riot after the Harvard game in New York last year, my nephew took a panoramic photograph of the scene. It was so very good that Professor Stirling had it framed, and it hangs in the library. Wouldn't you like to see it while we are waiting for a belated guest?"

Peter read this speech as a prettily tactful design to make him feel at ease and his sombre eyes glowed with frank gratitude. Apparently she had understood his bashful, reluctant mood. His first impression that he was unwelcome must have been wrong. Stepping aside to permit Mrs. Stirling to precede him to the library across the wide hall, he answered her:

"I should be delighted, thank you. I have not been able to find a good picture of that game, and it was a corker—pardon me—I mean that for crowds and excitement, and hair-raising moments, it would be hard to beat."

While these two had been engaged in this game of cross-purposes, Miss Geraldine Townsend was using her fine mind with characteristic rapidity. For several years nice, boyish undergraduates had laid their unsophisticated hearts at her feet, and she had gently

laughed them out of court. Their clothes, their talk, their interests were so very much alike that to know one was to have mastered the plans and specifications of all. Matured and even more beautiful than as a débutante, her most congenial friends were among the "faculty set."

She had seen Peter Burnham play base-ball and what she knew of him interested her. He was individual, different, in short, a personality. No sooner had the dismayed exclamation of Professor Pemberton Stirling revealed to her that Peter Burnham had dropped from a clear sky, than her sympathies were in arms in his behalf. She wanted somehow to help extricate him from this very embarrassing situation. The wisdom of Geraldine comprised both books and men, and her judgments concerning the latter were apt to be exceedingly sagacious. (Social blunders hurt and linger longer than sins,) and her intuitive sympathy told her that this episode, unless she could thwart its logical dénouement, would harrow Peter Burnham's feelings beyond words. And, moreover, she was quite sure that he did not deserve it.

Professor Stirling could not be expected to comprehend this point of view. Geraldine had ceased to listen to his distraught remarks as she watched the tableau in the door-way, the hesitant young man, so masterful and solidly poised of aspect even in this moment of disadvantage, and the piquant, fluttered hostess looking so tiny beside him. The methods of Geraldine were impulsively direct and unconventional.

She was seldom consistent, never monotonous, and society expected her to be surprising. Having analyzed the situation by means of a rapid-fire deductive process all her own, she decided to champion the losing cause of Peter Burnham.

Solicitously she awaited the manœuvres of Mrs. Stirling, puzzled to guess what that distressed lady was likely to do, and angry because she obviously intended to get rid of the innocent interloper. Then, as the hostess invited him into the library to see the baseball photograph, Miss Geraldine Townsend heard and understood, nor could she withhold a tribute of admiration, frankly exclaiming to Professor Stirling:

"How awfully clever of her! The poor fellow is to be dismissed in private audience. But I know something better than that."

"Ah, yes—why, I had better join them," hastily began the professor, as if reinforcements might be needed.

"You will please stay where you are," smilingly commanded Geraldine, and added, raising her voice that the other guests might hear, "I must see that wonderful photograph. Perhaps I am in the foreground, for I made myself shockingly conspicuous, cheering, and throwing violets at Mr. Burnham from the grandstand."

With this she hastened into the hall, peered into the library, listened for a second or two, and was relieved to discover that the conversation had not yet reached the dangerous stage. Mrs. Stirling was showing the picture to Peter, presumably delaying to muster cour-

age, and her unconscious victim was studying the spirited panorama with deliberate, painstaking interest.

"She has not told him yet," breathed Geraldine. "How dare she think of humiliating the greatest pitcher that ever played for Yale!"

At her entrance Mrs. Stirling looked startled and annoyed, but Peter's expression was something very different. This radiant, self-possessed young woman was smiling at him with such bright camaraderie that she seemed to his admiring vision like some long-lost friend. She gave him her hand and its clasp was warm and firm as she said:

"Mrs. Stirling will pardon me, I'm sure, but she must not expect me to stand on formality with Mr. Burnham. I have been waiting to congratulate him."

"This is Miss Geraldine Townsend, Mr. Burnham," said the hostess who stood aside in a rather helpless attitude.

"I have heard of you, Miss Townsend," replied straightforward Peter. "And I have wanted to meet you."

"This is flattery indeed," she gaily retorted. "Several of the boys have told me that you are known on the campus as Peter the Hermit, because you ignore the existence of any New Haven beyond the campus and the Yale field."

"That is because I had not been lucky enough to make your acquaintance," replied the unterrified Peter, amazed at his own audacity, and, for once, "finding

something to say to a woman." Geraldine was more pleased with him than ever and chidingly retorted:

"If you talk like that, I am sure you are a well-trained hermit, Mr. Burnham."

Anxious to return to her waiting guests, Mrs. Stirling was all at sea again. What possessed the girl to complicate matters in this forward fashion? The ordeal would be harder for all concerned, but it could be postponed no longer. Geraldine perceived that she must act quickly and with a careless candor that would have deceived an angel she said:

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Stirling, this is the first chance I have found to say six words to you since I came downstairs. I almost forgot to tell you that Billy Aldridge will be late, even later than usual. I met him on the street this afternoon, and he was in a tearing hurry to attend to some sort of an important meeting. He shouted at me to tell you that you must not wait dinner for him, and that he might not be able to get here at all."

"Professor Aldridge is a charming young man but very trying at times," sighed the hostess.

"Really, it isn't worth while waiting any longer for him," pursued Geraldine. "People generally pair us off at dinner. I suppose you expected him to take me in?"

"Yes, but my patience is at an end," murmured Mrs. Stirling whose nerves could endure no more vexations. "We shall go in to dinner at once."

She turned to look hopelessly at silent Peter Burnham, wavering, hardly knowing what to do with him,

but he bluntly took charge of matters as if he had received an unspoken cue from Geraldine.

"If it doesn't sound too nervy, I should like to take Miss Townsend in to dinner, provided there is no other substitute."

"Mr. Burnham has never had to play substitute for Yale," was the gleeful comment of Geraldine, gratified to note how readily he had seized the opportunity she had devised for him. "If he had not been so gallant, I was about to suggest it myself."

Mrs. Stirling could think of nothing to say. The game had been taken out of her hands, and she could not openly resent the interference of Geraldine, of whose audacious policies she stood in some fear. Although inwardly unreconciled to Peter Burnham, she felt thankful that she had been relieved of the unhappy task of evicting him. Weakly she suggested, by way of protest:

"But if Professor Aldridge——"

This would never do, thought Geraldine. Peter Burnham had pricked up his ears and was showing signs of renewed uneasiness. The scheme was working too well to be spoiled.

"I shall not allow Billy to enter the dining-room," firmly quoth she. "If he dares to appear, I intend to send him home in disgrace. Pardon me for usurping the authority of a hostess, Mrs. Stirling, but you are not firm enough with Billy. It is high time I undertook his social education."

Mrs. Stirling meekly surrendered, and the trio went to rejoin the waiting company. All this had required

much less time than it has taken to tell it. The duel for the possession of Peter Burnham had been fought briskly, in fact, and with so much finesse that its significance was not discovered. The others may have surmised that the uneasiness of Professor Stirling and the oddly sudden exit of his wife indicated a contretemps of some kind, but their curiosity was courteously dissembled.

They were an interesting group, typical of the culture and the best traditions of an ancient university town. Including Peter Burnham, there were a dozen guests. Several of the men were distinguished far beyond the campus for achievements in the arts and sciences. They had been invited to meet a celebrity, a ruddy, stalwart Englishman, Sir Harry Nevins by name, famed as explorer, author, and statesman, who had decided to see what Yale was like while en route to the Rockies to bag the festive grizzly.

At the reappearance of Mrs. Stirling, he forsook the ladies, to whom he had been making himself agreeable, and stood ready to offer her his arm. She nodded to her husband, who was mystified to behold Peter Burnham with Geraldine, and he dutifully steered his partner toward the dining-room. As the procession got under way, Geraldine found time to harken to the promptings of her own curiosity. Mrs. Stirling had not invited Peter Burnham. Then who had? The case demanded diplomacy and Geraldine's first question was subtle.

"Do you often stray as far as this from the campus,

or were the boys joking about your dislike of New Haven society?"

Peter chuckled and confessed without shame:

"I was surely an unhappy looking object when I read Mrs. Stirling's invitation. I balked in my tracks, but two of my friends, who seemed anxious to civilize me, pestered and argued me into accepting. That sounds pretty rude, doesn't it?"

"It sounds refreshingly honest," returned Geraldine with an approving smile. "May I ask who these devoted friends were?"

"Jim Stearns and Hector Alonzo McGrath," he answered.

Geraldine pounced on this information and thought she saw light ahead. "I have met them both," said she. "Mr. McGrath is a delightfully irresponsible youth. He is fatally gifted in devising practical jokes, I am told."

"Oh, Hector is too good-natured to hurt any one's feelings," carelessly replied the loyal Peter. "He makes a lot of fun for the campus, and he is the most popular man in his class. His heart is as big as a football."

"It was very nice of him to show so much interest in your coming to Mrs. Stirling's dinner," said Geraldine sweetly ironical; her suspicions marching toward conviction of the guilt of the prankish Hector Alonzo.

"Yes, indeed, he was wiser than he knew," heartily agreed Peter. "I shall apologize for all the hard names I called him."

"Meaning that you are not as bored as you expected to be?" archly queried she.

"Thanks to you, Miss Townsend," stoutly declared Peter, who was as bold as a lion.

Having followed the trail thus far, and satisfied for the present with her conjecture that the perfidious McGrath had written the dinner invitation, Geraldine devoted herself to the congenial task of giving Peter an enjoyable evening. He had expected to flounder in conversational bogs, to feel miserably tongue-tied in the rôle of a large body partly surrounded by women, but the fates were kind. He found Geraldine Townsend as easy to talk to as one of his campus chums, and they got on famously without dragging in base-ball or other college athletics. Gaining courage, he ventured to entertain the Latin professor's wife who sat at his other side with humorous episodes of the undergraduate world, told with a solemn gravity of manner that lent them a most enjoyable flavor. It was not long before the celebrity, Sir Harry Nevins, spoke across the table, and his accents were jovially respectful:

"You are one of the men I wanted to meet at Yale, Mr. Burnham. I saw your photograph and read a lot about you in one of your American magazines, don't you know."

The hostess became attentive at once, and the several distinguished scholars felt slight twinges of jealousy. Peter's face lighted with surprised pleasure as he replied:

"That kind of notoriety doesn't amount to much,

sir, I shall be awfully proud to tell the fellows that I have met you. I have read every one of your books, and they are simply great. I used your 'Colonial Administration in the Far East' in preparing for a debate, and your chapters on American government in the Philippines seemed to me the most fair-minded criticism that a foreigner has written about us."

"Whew! I call that a home-run first time at bat," said Geraldine under her breath. "How does Mrs. Stirling feel now, I wonder?"

Inasmuch as most of the guests had no more than a cursory acquaintance with the literary achievements of Sir Harry Nevins, Peter was welcome to hold the centre of the stage. The celebrity was genuinely pleased and he showed it.

"Hear, hear!" he exclaimed laughingly. "I wasn't fishing for that sort of thing, upon my word. I like it, though. Mr. Burnham, what did you think of the companion volume, 'The White Man East of Suez'? I believe you are an honest critic."

Honesty was, indeed, Peter's consistent policy, and his answer came after a moment's reflection:

"Some of your statistics did not agree with the British and French Colonial Office reports when I came to check them up. Of course, though, you are probably right."

"Probably not," and Sir Harry Nevins roared with enjoyment. "Well bowled, Mr. Burnham. It was the fault of my infernal carelessness in proof-reading. I detest statistics, and when I was about to give the

sheets of that book a final revision, a sporting friend lugged me off to Spitzbergen to shoot polar bears. I deserve this exposure, by Jove, I do!"

Peter was covered with confusion. He had been rude and cocksure in his criticism, and he expressed his emotions in an aside to Geraldine.

"Somebody ought to take me out and pound my head with a base-ball bat. I am not fit for polite society."

"You fairly scintillate," she returned. "Sir Harry is as pleased as Punch. *Vanitas vanitatum.* Talk to a man about his work, and he is like a kitten with a saucer of cream."

Professor Pemberton Stirling regarded Peter with an air of personal pride, as if this ready and intelligent young man owed his worth to the classes in advanced French. The hostess beamed and took to herself the credit of exhibiting this sample undergraduate for the benefit of the celebrity. Sir Harry announced, after Peter had stammered an apology:

"Nonsense! It was heroic of you to read my rubbish at all. Now for something of real importance. I have never seen this game of base-ball of yours. I am keen on that sort of thing, do you see. I played cricket for my county, Surrey, eleven years, but I am carrying a bit too much beef to keep it up. Tell me, is this the season of the year for base-ball?"

"The ground is still soft for practice, sir, but we expect to be out-doors soon. How long shall you be in town?"

"Only two or three days," answered Sir Harry, evidently disappointed. "I wanted to see, what do you call it, the curved ball. It sounds rather like a fairy tale, don't you know."

"I'll be glad to pitch a few shoots and drops for you to-morrow," said Peter, "although I am not putting on much speed yet."

"Quite right. You must be careful of your arm," agreed the sportsman. "And do you really make it curve in direct flight, what we call bowling a full ball? A good bowler makes a cricket ball break to left or right, but this happens after it strikes the ground."

"Mr. Burnham can pitch a ball to a man out of sight around the corner of a building, so the college swears," spoke up Geraldine Townsend.

"Really! How perfectly extraordinary!" solemnly quoth the Briton, eyeing Peter with more respect than ever.

"Why, see here!" exclaimed Peter with unusual animation, "if you care to come out to the field to-morrow afternoon, I will choose two scratch nines and we'll play five innings, just to show you what the game is like. The diamond will be muddy and the fielding ragged, but we'll do our best."

"Bully! You are a sportsman after my own heart;" and Sir Harry's solid fist banged the table. "I can't thank you enough. What is it you chaps say when you emit your war-whoop? Raw, raw, raw, Yale, eh, what?"

The conversation became more general and the

breezy interest of the celebrity was shifted to his neighbors, while Peter looked unutterably pleased at Geraldine's bantering compliments.

"Mrs. Stirling didn't know what to do with Sir Harry when she caught him," she explained. "He brought letters from friends of Professor Stirling at Oxford. He is a strenuous person to entertain for two or three days, and I now foresee that he will be chumming about the campus with you. What are your other specialties, Mr. Burnham, besides the government of all the queer peoples east of Suez?"

"Political economy, all theory; coal mining, all practice."

"What do you mean?" she asked. "Of course you study political economy in college, but there are no mining engineering courses in the academic department."

Peter grinned. There was not an atom of false pride in his make-up. "I worked in an anthracite colliery for ten years," said he, "breaker boy, door-boy, laborer, miner's helper, full-fledged miner, and clerk in the company's office. Then I came to college."

Miss Townsend read in this compact summary an epic of struggle and ambition that obstacles could not thwart. Her gaze was openly admiring, and her voice warm with feeling, as she murmured:

"How splendid of you! I hope you are not working too hard in college."

"Not a bit of it. I enjoy every minute. Yale is like a piece of Heaven to me."

"Are you putting yourself through college?" she

persisted. "I am asking personal questions, but, well —I want to know."

"Yes, mostly," reluctantly admitted Peter who had begun to fear he had been led into blowing his own horn. "I do some newspaper correspondence, and some tutoring, and the long summer vacation gives me a chance to get a job in my home town."

Sir Harry Nevins made a diversion by observing with meditative earnestness:

"I say, Mr. Burnham, I have been thinking about Miss Townsend's statement that you can curve a ball to a man around the corner of a building. By Jove! you know, that is most extraordinary. Will you do it for me to-morrow?"

Peter was between the devil and the deep sea, but Geraldine relieved his embarrassment by confessing:

"American exaggeration, Sir Harry, but he does wonderful things with a ball. You should ask the Harvard and Princeton players after they have fanned the air in one, two, three order."

"Fanned the air?" queried the perplexed baronet. "I have played cricket in India when one jolly well needed a punkah coolie, but——"

"Tried to hit the ball when it wasn't there," mirthfully explained Geraldine. "Base-ball slang is very catching."

"How very expressive!" admiringly quoth the other. "I shall take that to England with me. Fanned the air! Ripping!"

"You will need an interpreter at the field to-morrow,"

put in Peter. "A ball player scorns to use plain English."

Soon the ladies made their exodus and the men were left to the agreeable solace of cigars. Peter Burnham was in training, and smoking was barred. He would have preferred to follow Geraldine Townsend into the other room, but Sir Harry Nevins jovially detained him to ask many questions concerning the mysterious pastime of base-ball. Then the talk turned to current events at home and abroad, and the other men had their innings. In this alertly intelligent group of cultivated minds Peter felt himself to be very crude and immature, but the intercourse stimulated his ambition to be of their kind some day, and he listened silently unless addressed, and wished there might be more opportunity for the teaching staff and the undergraduates to meet outside the classrooms.

They were about to quit the dining-room when there breezed in that engaging culprit, Professor "Billy" Aldridge whom three successive classes had voted "the most popular member of the faculty." Although his attainments were singularly brilliant for a man not yet thirty, much learning had not dulled the edge of a temperament boyishly unaffected. His elective courses in English literature were so enthusiastically patronized that some of the older professors, sadly surveying their empty benches, quite disapproved of him.

"I have tried to mollify my hostess, and she refused to sign a peace treaty," he announced, advancing to extend his hand to Professor Stirling. "Will you be good

enough to intercede for me? You understand how this sort of thing can happen. Mark Henshaw, the Shakespeare man, dropped off a train, on his way to the Pacific coast, to talk to the English Club of the Graduate School. I have been waiting for several years to lock horns with him about certain matters in which his assumptions are preposterously wrong. He proved to be a terrible fellow to stir up. We argued during the meeting, we argued in a trolley car to the station, we argued while he missed one train, and I got rid of him only by hurling him bodily on board the next one."

"But have you had anything to eat, Billy?" politely asked Professor Stirling, who could understand this kind of an excuse.

"Yes, indeed, thank you. We declared a ten minutes' truce, and climbed upon two stools at the station lunch counter; but bless you, Henshaw began storming at me with his mouth full of doughnut."

"I hope you got the better of him," said the head of the Latin department.

"A drawn battle, my dear sir. I made no visible impression upon his self-sufficiency, and I am sure he failed to budge me. But it was no end of fun. I tried to telephone, but Henshaw followed me into the booth, bawling at the top of his voice. I sent a sort of message by Geraldine Townsend. Why, hello, Peter Burnham," and Billy Aldridge spun on his heel to grasp the hand of the smiling pitcher. "A miracle! Who would have expected to behold you dragged from

your campus lair! Hillhouse Avenue is to be congratulated."

"I have reformed," said Peter. "And I don't know when I have enjoyed an evening so much."

"Ah, you were fortunate enough to—" The young professor's eyes danced with mischief, but he checked his teasing mood and went on to say: "By the way, I am slated to pitch in the annual faculty base-ball game this year. Will you give me some preliminary coaching if I return the favor by helping you in your courses of an evening?"

Peter blushed with pleasure and heartily returned:

"Sure thing! You used to pitch pretty good ball when you were in college, I am told."

"Oh, I was a mere child compared with you. Waterhouse, of the Greek department, is bragging that he will make a show of me. I want to humble his pride."

"Ha, ha, Mr. Burnham will teach you how to pitch a ball to a man around the corner of a building," thundered Sir Harry Nevins, as if this phenomenon were still heavy on his mind.

When they filed in to rejoin the ladies, Peter harkened to the call of duty and was attentive to such of the guests as desired expert opinion concerning the outlook for a championship nine. Geraldine Townsend and Billy Aldridge, comfortably marooned in a corner, appeared to have many confidential things to talk about. When several of the company had said good-night, Peter bethought himself of his own departure, but the sporting baronet detained him in discussion, as one well-informed man to another, regarding the policies of

the French in Cochin China, the British in Burmah, and the Germans in Shantung. After Peter had gone upstairs Sir Harry observed to his host:

"That young man is not only the deuce of a hard reader, but he remembers what he reads and his mind is as logical as a machine."

At this moment Peter Burnham's logical mind was experiencing a violent shock. Reaching the top of the stairs in search of his coat and hat, he blundered into the wrong room and was about to steal into the hall and try to find his bearings when Geraldine Townsend and Billy Aldridge came up together. Abashed by his silly mistake, Peter waited for the coast to clear. The others halted within earshot to finish whatever they were talking about, and he heard Geraldine say, her voice carefully lowered:

"Promise not to tell, won't you, Billy. It would hurt him dreadfully. I took a chance that you would not arrive before we went in to dinner. After that, Mrs. Stirling would have made room for you somehow. But she was bent on getting rid of Mr. Burnham, and I rushed to the rescue. Wasn't it clever of me? What a wicked trick it was to play on him, forging an invitation, and he was so unsuspecting. I found out enough to make me almost certain that Hector McGrath is the guilty wretch. He would view it as a great lark."

"It was a contemptible piece of business," roundly declared Aldridge. "McGrath is as mad as a March hare, but he thinks the world of Peter Burnham. I can't believe it of him."

"Well, never mind," concluded Geraldine. "I have

told you, Billy, because if Mrs. Stirling ever mentions it you must clear Mr. Burnham of all blame. She ought to be proud of him. He divided the honors with the star guest."

"It was just like you," her companion ardently exclaimed.

"S-s-sh, no bouquets, if you please," she whispered. "You are in disgrace."

They passed on and parted company, soon after which Peter Burnham, very red in the face, moved cautiously in the wake of Professor Aldridge, and encountered him in the act of slipping on his overcoat. Peter muttered an absent-minded good-night, to which the other man responded cordially as he hastened below to make a farewell attempt at mending matters with his offended hostess.

Left alone, Peter lingered for a moment, his thoughts very much at sea. The discovery that he had played the interloper filled him with chagrin and he was furiously angry; but stronger and more compelling was his gratitude for the intercession of Geraldine Townsend. Her motive and her behavior had been what he called thoroughbred. She had played the game in a manner which he could appreciate and understand, with the same qualities of wit and courage which meant mastery in the crises of a championship base-ball game. His feelings were hurt, and deeply, by the knowledge that he "butted in." What must Mrs. Stirling have thought of him! It made him hot and cold in turn to recall what he had said to her about the invitation!

It was a pitiful anti-climax in a way, but, on the other hand, Geraldine Townsend had enabled him to snatch victory from defeat, and he muttered aloud, the light of battle in his eye: "I don't care now. I got away with it."

He yearned to punch the head of Hector McGrath, and the suspicion inspired by what he had overheard was inflamed by the circumstance that Hector had snatched up his written acceptance and insisted on mailing it.

"He held it up so that Mrs. Stirling would have no chance to spoil the joke," reflected Peter. "I wouldn't have thought it of him, but if a fellow once gets the practical joke microbe in his system, he would play tricks with his own father."

When Peter said farewell to his hostess he was in a mood to face an army with banners. The knowledge that she had sought to cast him into outer darkness embarrassed him not a whit. He had won, and he could afford to be forgiving. Even Hector Alonzo McGrath would have been convinced that Peter Burnham had a sense of humor could he have heard him say, as he bent over Mrs. Stirling's hand:

"It was so very good of you to care to invite me to dinner, and it has been a rare occasion to me."

"It was a happy inspiration of mine," she graciously returned, not to be worsted. "I feel highly honored at having entertained two celebrities instead of one."

Homeward bound from Hillhouse Avenue, Peter Burnham grimly deliberated as to what ought to be

done with Hector Alonzo McGrath. The purpose of laying violent hands on that mischievous friend was reconsidered in the light of a solution which caused Peter to chuckle and wag his head with a most sagacious air. Without doubt Hector would be waiting to discover why his trick had failed.

"I'll give him no satisfaction at all," said Peter to himself. "He has more natural curiosity than a cat, and here is where I keep him guessing."

When the sound of Peter's solid foot-fall echoed in the hallway of his dormitory, the door of his sitting-room was opened, and in the shaft of light he beheld the expectant figure of Jim Stearns.

"Hector and I wandered in to welcome you home," said the oarsman.

"How thoughtful. I suppose you expected me a good deal earlier," growled Peter, his resentment smouldering anew.

Stearns turned to look at Hector, as if suspecting that his speech might mean more than appeared. Could Peter have got wind of the truth? In this game of cross-purposes they were anxious to divert the cyclonic wrath of Peter from wretched little Bob Oliver, while Peter was trying to hold his temper and wreak a subtle revenge on Hector Alonzo McGrath.

"Did you have a good time?" asked Hector, impatient to learn what had happened behind Mrs. Stirling's front door.

"Did I have a good time?" echoed Peter, shedding his superfluous raiment and perching upon the window

seat. "The time of my life, thanks to you fellows. I apologize for being so pig-headed. If it had not been for your kind-hearted persuasions I should have turned the invitation down."

Jim Stearns coughed and Hector eyed the cheerful countenance of Peter with comic perplexity.

"Was Mrs. Stirling glad to see you?" queried Hector, playing a leading card.

"I made the hit of my life. She told me how glad she was that I could accept her invitation for dinner."

"*Her* invitation for dinner? Oh, yes, why of course. Quite the proper thing for her to say. Everybody loves our Peter," babbled the bewildered Hector.

"And she was not surprised to see you?" ventured Stearns.

"Oh, they had a little fun with me about sticking so close to the campus, if that is what you mean. By George! I think I like the society game."

"Um-m, who did you meet?" asked Stearns, after a blank look in Hector's direction.

"A mighty fine girl," promptly answered Peter who scorned evasion. "I took her in to dinner. None of the silly little boarding-school kind that you run after, Jim. Brains a-plenty."

"Intelligent enough to appreciate Peter Burnham, I take it," murmured Hector. "Her name, please?"

"Miss Geraldine Townsend. She knows you, Hector."

"Ho, ho, now I *am* sorry I coaxed you to go to the dinner," cried the young man addressed. "Yes, I was

one of the legion of moths that fluttered around the bright flame, Peter, my boy. The glorious Geraldine! Ah, me! So you are on the list. Don't you let it interfere with your pitching, old man."

"Where was Professor Billy Aldridge?" asked Stearns in provokingly matter-of-fact tones. "He is her shadow. They have been engaged some time, you know."

Peter looked gloomy, as if the news were unwelcome. He was silent for a moment, and then an inspiration filled him with unholy joy. "Say, Hector," and his voice was once more kindly, even affectionate, "you have been teasing for a chance to play ball with the 'varsity squad. You are the one thing in college that I have not taken seriously. Perhaps I have been wrong. Just because you have been kicked off the foot-ball and crew squads I ought not to be prejudiced. You may be a ball player, after all. We shall have some special out-door practice to-morrow afternoon. Be at the field at four o'clock in uniform, and I will give you a try-out on a scratch nine."

"That is certainly bully of you," cried Hector in high glee. "Of course I am out of practice, but maybe I can show some of those counterfeit ball tossers of yours a thing or two at that."

"I have no doubt of it," said Peter. "I owe you a favor. You helped me break into society."

Unable to find out what they most wanted to know, the two visitors said good-night and Peter returned cordial farewells and thanks. As the door closed be-

hind them he shook his fist in their direction and explosively soliloquized:

"And *will* I make a holy show of Hector Alonzo McGrath when I get him on the ball field to-morrow! I'll pass the word around in the morning that it is to be an exhibition game for Sir Harry Nevins, and half the college will be there. I have Hector so puzzled and crazy about to-night's doings that he doesn't know which end he is standing on, and after to-morrow I shall be ready to call it quits."

While Jim and Hector were walking across the campus, the latter sighed and plaintively observed:

"Can you figure it out at all? I am totally stumped. He talked as if Mrs. Stirling was actually expecting him to dinner. And he drew Geraldine Townsend as his partner. Apparently the proper number of guests were coupled up, and Peter fitted in as if he belonged there. What do you make of it?"

"It is too deep for me," sadly murmured Jim. "Are you sure we made no mistake in our Sherlock Holmes work on the trail of little Bob Oliver?"

"I'll bet my shirt we were correct," declared Hector. "There wasn't a flaw in the evidence. Bob Oliver forged the invitation to get even with Peter. My head feels sort of funny, Jim. But I am due to hop into bed and forget it. I must feel fit and right up on my toes to play to-morrow."

Next morning Hector appeared preoccupied both at chapel and during the recitation hours. It was easy to perceive that the opportunity of playing with the

'varsity base-ball squad, even for one brief afternoon, made this a red-letter day in his calendar. When he ought to have been studying he stole over to the cage with a good-natured friend and spent some time in throwing and catching. Peter Burnham passed him once or twice on the campus and eyed the poor boy with the expression of a cat that has cornered a particularly juicy mouse. As for little Bob Oliver, the real villain, he might have been seen to gloat until an early edition of an afternoon paper caused him to rub his eyes and sputter himself red in the face. The item which informed him that his scheme of revenge had somehow missed fire said in part:

"Among the guests who met the distinguished English visitor, Sir Harry Nevins, at the dinner given in his honor by Professor and Mrs. Pemberton Stirling last night were Mr. Peter Burnham, the Yale 'varsity pitcher and captain, Professor William S. Aldridge, Miss Geraldine Townsned," etc.

Oliver read no more than this. The other guests interested him not at all. A large-sized panic took hold of him, his conscience fed his fears, and he surmised that he had been discovered in time for Peter Burnham to extricate himself from the toils. Wherefore Mr. Oliver believed himself to be marked for annihilation at the hands of that brawny enemy, and he straightway packed a suit case and departed in great haste for New York to spend two or three days in pursuit of peace of mind. To those who asked why he seemed so anxious to forsake New Haven at such short notice he replied rather feverishly:

"Something unexpected has happened. I can't explain because I don't understand it myself. But really I must go, whether the Dean gives me an excuse or not."

While crossing Chapel Street he was unlucky enough to meet Peter Burnham face to face. The fugitive turned several shades paler and made ready to sell his life dearly, but the ogre of a base-ball captain merely grinned in passing, and Oliver said to himself with a shudder or two:

"He wants to fool me into thinking that I am safe and that he hasn't caught on. He plans to devour me at his leisure. Great Goodness! but I wish I had let him alone. He is ugly-tempered enough to put me in jail for forgery."

Oblivious of this mental anguish, Peter was pleasantly contemplating the programme of punishment he had mapped out for the perfidious Hector Alonzo McGrath. The curtain went up, so to speak, when the delighted Hector received word that he was to ride out to the field in an omnibus with the 'varsity players. He had expected to trudge out on foot, and this was a privilege which he construed as having considerable significancc. It made him feel that he was one of the company of heroes and he instantly bought several packets of chewing gum and practised jerking his cap over one eye in order that he might wear that professional air which distinguished the 'bus loads of players as they journeyed through the town.

When the party reached the field and tumbled out at the heels of Peter Burnham, several hundred under-

graduates were scattered in the grandstand. They had just finished barking a complimentary cheer for Sir Harry Nevins, who arrived in an automobile in company with Professor and Mrs. Stirling, Miss Geraldine Townsend, and Billy Aldridge. The sporting baronet bowed his thanks, flourished his hat, and seemed immensely pleased with this formidable "war-whoop," which may have reminded him of similar honors paid him by some of the untutored and unclothed peoples east of Suez.

Peter Burnham advanced to pay his respects to the group and they could not help noting how very much he looked the part of the natural athlete and leader. His gray uniform was stained with grass and clay and his gait was an easy, careless slouch. There was nothing showy about him, but one saw that he was sure of himself and the business in hand. Mrs. Stirling wondered how she had dared to think of evicting this tremendous, square-jawed gladiator of a man from her dinner party.

Miss Geraldine Townsend said in reply to his greeting:

"I came to see the hero on his native heath, Mr. Burnham. Are you prepared to curve a ball around the batter's neck and drop it in his pocket?"

"I hope you haven't been telling Sir Harry Nevins any more whoppers—oh, I beg your pardon, I didn't mean to say that," replied Peter. "I may not come up to his expectations, but we shall all try to please him."

Miss Townsend let her gaze wander to the diamond for an instant and asked:

"But what is your friend Hector McGrath doing in uniform? I thought he was a sort of athletic joke. Have you taken him on the 'varsity squad?"

Peter's chuckle boded no good for the innocent Hector as he explained:

"I wanted to do him a favor. I owe him one. Perhaps you can guess the answer, Miss Townsend."

"If I can, I'll never tell," said she. "I am wondering whether he is going to deserve congratulations or condolences this afternoon."

"Condolences is the one best bet," was the cryptic comment of Peter, a twinkle in his eye, at which the girl surmised that he knew more about the true inwardness of the dinner party than she had given him credit for. Having seen to it that Sir Harry Nevins was stationed directly behind the home-plate where he might best gratify his curiosity concerning the mysterious curved ball, Peter trotted across the diamond and ordered his men out for fielding practice while he called the regular 'varsity catcher aside and began to pitch "easy ones" to him by way of warming up.

Hector Alonzo McGrath was prancing with impatience to show his mettle. There was intoxicating rapture in being allowed even to practice with the mighty 'varsity men and substitutes, and the slim youth dashed hither and yon after batted balls with the ardor of a young retriever. A group of his classmates in the grandstand encouraged his efforts with

frantic cheers whose irony he failed to detect. At length Peter Burnham beckoned him and gruffly imparted:

"Warm the bench for the first three innings, Hector, and then I'll put you into the game."

"And what position shall I play?" was the eager query.

"Back-stop—catcher—on the first nine," he was informed.

"What? And *you* are going to pitch?" faltered Hector, who looked as if he had received bad news from home.

"Certainly. You caught for your prep school team, didn't you? I want to find how much sand you have before I waste any coaching on you," was the answer of brutal Peter.

"But—man alive—you are the hardest man to hold in intercollegiate base-ball," and Hector Alonzo spoke in imploring tones. "This is cold-blooded murder, Peter. I am not going to show the white feather, but, will you promise to attend to the funeral arrangements and break it gently to my father by wire?"

"Sure! Jim Stearns and I will look after all those little details. You ought to be thankful for the chance to make good, you fault-finding, fussy little beggar."

With this Peter stalked off to muster the two nines while Hector walked to the bench like a broken old man and sadly glanced toward his friends in the grandstand who were so soon to behold a tragedy. He could not for the life of him understand why Peter should wish to use him so heartlessly. It seemed like some

kind of a practical joke, reflected Hector, but why should Peter have it in for him?

These melancholy musings were diverted as soon as the exhibition game began. Peter was not as careful of his arm as he should have been, perhaps because Geraldine Townsend was a spectator, and with the seasoned 'varsity catcher to handle his pitching, he delivered an amazing assortment of puzzling balls which seemed to defy the law of gravity. They floated lazily away from the plate, or shot at sudden tangents toward the batter's waist, or abruptly died and dropped just as he struck at them.

Sir Harry Nevins propped his chin in his hand and stared hard at these singular phenomena. He could actually see the ball swerve from its path and delude the batters, who lacked practice and were unable to connect with their captain's pitching. He allowed them to hit it often enough to afford some lively fielding and base-running, the fine points of which were explained to Sir Harry no less glibly by Geraldine Townsend than by Professor Billy Aldridge. The latter, who had base-ball slang at his tongue's end, found mischievous enjoyment in conveying information in a jargon which made the baronet exclaim:

"My word, but do they teach this language in the university? 'Slammed a sizzler to short.' That sounds like a new kind of a drink. And the other chap 'laced out a bingle,' and so-and-so 'ate it up,' and somebody or other was 'nailed at the home-plate when he tried to beat it from third.'"

The score see-sawed through three innings, after

which Peter sauntered to the grandstand, wiped the mud from his countenance, and informed Sir Harry:

"I am going to try one or two new men, so you must not charge it against 'varsity base-ball if you see some wild playing."

"It has been simply immense," was the hearty reply. "But I am thankful that I don't have to keep wicket —catch, you call it—for those deadly projectiles of yours. How does the catcher chap know what the ball is going to do, eh, what? He may put out his hands for it, and it isn't there at all, don't you know."

"All a matter of secret signals, sir," said Peter. "I am going to put in a different catcher, a greenhorn, and he may amuse you."

Geraldine wanted to ask a question or two, still curious to know the motive for the presence of Hector Alonzo McGrath, who was dejectedly buckling on the mask and chest protector. Peter dodged the inquisition, however, and hurried back to the pitcher's station. Hector dragged himself behind the bat, while his classmates appropriately chanted "The Undertaker's Song."

The subsequent proceedings were a roaring farce for every one save the victim. Peter called him to a whispered consultation and imparted sundry signals, which he had no intention of using. His intention was to drive this hapless catcher distracted, a task absurdly easy, for poor Hector was in the throes of stage-fright before ever a ball was pitched to him.

He crouched close to the plate in the most approved posture, whacked the big glove with his other fist, and waited for Peter to wind himself up and launch the missile. Pshaw! the signals must be twisted, thought Hector. This first ball was nowhere near where he dived for it. It whizzed past his right shoulder and fetched up with a bang against the wooden back-stop yards and yards away. He ran after it, visibly chagrined, tossed the ball to Peter and followed it for another signal conference. The pitcher was grave and courteous, confessed his error, and promised to be more careful. The batter swung at the next ball, missed it, and Hector found himself staring behind him to find out where it had gone. The third ball was straight and swift and he hung on to it like grim death, but the momentum caused him to sit down abruptly with a heart-felt grunt.

Hector Alonzo was not in training, and as the game wore on he chased balls until he was fairly dizzy. His gyrations were ludicrous to behold, and the appreciative spectators yelled their approval of the entertainment unexpectedly provided by the kindness of Captain Peter Burnham. From the stand floated such exhortations as:

"Ring up a messenger boy and he'll deliver it safely, Hector."

"A special delivery stamp would be cheaper and just as quick, old man."

"Try stopping them with a basket. Why go through all those funny motions?"

"Fall down again, Hector. We like to see you do it."

Peter's desire to make this unhappy youth appear ridiculous was abundantly fulfilled, and he was ready to cry quits. Hector was almost weeping with rage and disappointment as he saw all his hopes of playing with the 'varsity squad go glimmering. Peter admired his pluck, and was about to dismiss him when the man at bat smote the ball square on the nose and drove out a clean home run.

The next man up was the 'varsity catcher, who had been shifted to the other nine, and Peter's fighting blood was aroused. He would try to strike him out and square matters for that home run. For the moment he forgot Hector Alonzo and let the ball go with all his strength and cunning. It was a particularly vicious, deceptive shoot, travelling at tremendous speed, and Hector no more than saw it leave Peter's hand when it thudded against his protector, a little below the heart.

Despite the inflated cushion, the blow was like the kick of a mule in the solar plexus, and Hector Alonzo instantly lost all interest in base-ball and everything else. Swaying for an instant, he gently collapsed and lay with eyes closed.

It was Peter, penitent and sorrowful, who raised him in his arms, carried him to a patch of untrampled grass, and tucked a rolled sweater beneath his head. Somebody else doused him with a dipper of cold water, and presently Hector groaned feebly at Peter, and murmured:

"I'll be all right for the next inning. I must have misunderstood the signal."

"You are the sandiest lad on the squad," said the troubled Peter. "No more of it to-day. Your wind was knocked out. I'll lug you over to the dressing-room and you can lie down on a cot. It was low-down mean for me to put up a job on you, Hector, old man. But I didn't mean to hurt you."

"Oh, I know that," was the cheerful reply. "You made a monkey of me, but it's all right. Just between us, Peter, what did you have against me?"

A convenient hack was impressed, and as the two rode across the field Peter confessed, sorrowful of countenance:

"You tried to make a fool of me by forging that invitation to Mrs. Stirling's dinner party, and I just thought I would hand it back to you. It was all in fun both ways, and I never dreamed of hurting you this way."

"I faked that invitation?" cried Hector, and he sat bolt upright. "Why, Peter, you are dreaming. I tried to head you off last night, after you started for the Stirlings. Ask Jim Stearns. He was with me."

Peter rubbed his head and looked more remorseful and distressed than ever. Then he must have been misled by Geraldine Townsend. And he had ill-treated and humiliated a loyal chum.

"I am not a bit sore about it," he slowly explained. "I had such an awfully good time and met such nice people that I really ought to have been grateful for

the bogus invitation. You are such a joker that I wanted to give you a dose of your own medicine. But who in the deuce is the guilty party, and what do you know about it?"

"If you honestly mean that you will not take to the war-path, I'll tell you," said Hector. "Jim and I intended to keep mum about it, but now it is up to us to square ourselves. It was little Bob Oliver. He was trying to break even for what you did to him at the fence rush. We found it out by accident just after you had sallied forth last night."

Instead of a wrathful explosion Peter leaned back and laughed. "There is an ingenious rooster for you!" he exclaimed. "So you thought I might scalp him, or boil him in oil. Nonsense! He did me a good turn, the best ever. Well, what a foolish tangle this has been. How does your tummy feel? Will you shake hands with me?"

"Oh, I am still a bit groggy, but no harm done. Of course we will shake hands and forget it. I don't blame you for laying for me. And you surely did get me."

"Do you honestly forgive me?" anxiously asked Burnham.

"Yes, I have not suffered in vain. As a débutante you have made the social hit of the season, Peter dear."

HIS MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS

STUART WHITNEY was playing a slashing game at guard on the Yale eleven. In appearance he was all that a powerful young athlete ought to be. His shoulders were quite like those which adorn the widely advertised "college clothes," his chin was determined enough to fit the profile of a Gibson man, and as for height he could have looked a Du Maurier girl squarely between the eyes. In short, he was a proper hero for a story, for he had a modest opinion of himself and his manners were pleasing. The foot-ball coaches had watched him carefully through his Freshman year and were convinced that he had brains and the indispensable quality known as "sand." Therefore, when he reported for practice at the beginning of his fall term as a Sophomore, Whitney was admitted to the exclusive company of the 'varsity squad and training table.

It was a bruising season in Yale foot-ball annals. Most of the veterans had been graduated and the new material was green and unsteady. The coaches were over-anxious and they drove the men hard. That wisest of trainers, Mike Morrison, was vigilant lest their physical condition be whetted to too fine an edge, and kept his eye open for symptoms of overtraining. There seemed no reason to worry about Stuart Whitney, however, for he looked so hale and big and rugged

that he fairly set the pace for the rest of the rush-line, and played his opponents of the second eleven to a standstill.

Now the truth was that this young cyclone of a guard was only nineteen years of age and had grown exceedingly fast, but because of his splendid physique a man's work was expected of him and he demanded it of himself. It happened quite naturally that by the middle of the playing season he began to feel the strain although he failed to comprehend what ailed him.

He was unable to switch his thoughts from foot-ball. The team formations, the signals, the tactics of his own position, his mistakes, the chiding of coaches, churned together in his mind by day and night. He dreaded the daily practice, but when the time came to take the field he got a grip on himself and displayed his customary prowess. He kept his anxious, unhappy cogitations to himself, taking it for granted that the other men of the team must be in a similar state of mind, and afraid of showing the white feather by telling his troubles to the trainer. His roommate surmised that things were going rather wrong and asked one night:

"Aren't they working you a bit too hard, Stuart, old man? I am no foot-ball expert, but I have trotted out to the field almost every afternoon to watch the practice, and I've never seen you out of the game for a minute."

The 'varsity guard was scowling at a pencilled dia-

gram of a "tackle shift" formation, but he brightened to answer with assumed heartiness:

"Oh, I am husky enough to stand it, Jack. You see I need a lot of hammering into shape before the Princeton and Harvard games, and as the biggest man in the line the coaches aren't going to coddle me. What makes you think I am stale?"

"Oh, your nerves are jumpy at times, and you talk in your sleep and fight your pillow," quoth Jack. "But I didn't intend to make you worry about yourself. As long as Mike Morrison considers you fit, it is none of my business, I suppose."

Whitney smiled cheerfully and reassured his chum:

"My appetite for training-table grub isn't quite as keen as it was, but my weight keeps up pretty well, and I hit the line hard, if I do say it myself. 'Varsity foot-ball is always a good deal of a strain, I imagine, and I am a new hand at the game. It will come easier next year."

The other man nodded somewhat dubiously and returned to his books while the athlete tramped downstairs for a walk before bedtime. He was restless and his head ached. The game against West Point was only three days away, and the stalwart cadet against whom he would be pitted had been named in the all-America eleven of the preceding year. For the first time Stuart Whitney was conscious of being afraid of foot-ball. He tried to fight it down, but in his heart lurked the vague, unmanly hope that he might be disabled before the West Point game. And the realiza-

tion of this dreadful attack of cowardice afflicted him with such profound melancholy that tears came to his eyes.

Having at length rid himself of the spectre of fear, he was surprised to find that the melancholy still lingered. He felt sad without knowing quite why. And more than this, he became suddenly, acutely homesick. Just to be far away from the foot-ball field, to loaf at his ease in the dear old-fashioned house among his own people who never blackguarded and scolded him—why, the thought of it made him gulp and dig his fist in his eyes. For some time he walked through quiet, darkened streets, ashamed and surprised at his singular moods, and drifted back to the campus still haunted by thoughts of home.

Next morning these phantoms seemed to have fled. Strong and refreshed, he strode to the training-table quarters for breakfast and was glad to meet his comrades of the loyal fellowship of the eleven. He was one of them, a picked man, chosen to uphold the honor and traditions of his college. It was something to be immensely proud of, it was worth fighting for, and he wasn't going to be a snivelling kid and disgrace himself and the team. With these bracing reflections, Whitney attacked the hearty breakfast fare but his execution was feeble. His gorge rose at sight of the oatmeal, potatoes, and rare steaks which the other men consumed with such healthy ardor. He was suddenly tired of his food and he only picked at it. The captain was in haste to meet one of the coaches before

chapel and he failed to notice the guard's lack of appetite.

"I suppose I ought to see Mike Morrison and tell him I am off my feed this morning," Whitney said to himself, "and I do feel sort of disinclined to think of the next meal. But maybe I'll round to during the forenoon."

He felt his vigor slacken through the next few hours, and he frequently yawned, but this he laid to the stuffy air of the class-rooms and was braced to play the man by reason of the nervous anticipation of the afternoon foot-ball practice. When he strolled into the dressing-room of the training house at the field, Mike Morrison scrutinized him, but observed nothing unusual in his appearance or demeanor. The herculean young guard was on the point of confessing his troubles, but the full-back just then thumped him on the back and exclaimed laughingly:

"You old horse, you! The rest of us look pale and careworn, but you thrive on this man-killing slavery. No danger of your going stale, is there?"

The guard smiled and nodded. His anxiety must be a false alarm. He went to his locker and pulled out his grimy, stained foot-ball clothes. Without warning he was seized with a sort of nervous trembling which frightened him, and fear again clutched at his heart. He could not bear to reveal such shameful emotions. The weakness passed and he followed his comrades across the turf to the playing field. A famous guard of other days had returned to help the coaches. This

hero was none other than the formidable "Pudge" Osterhaus, who had been for four years the terror of all his foemen. He grinned amiably at sight of Stuart Whitney and announced his intention of taking the youngster in hand and showing him a few things. Whitney was pained to note that the gigantic veteran had donned foot-ball clothes and was prepared to take his place in the rush-line of the second eleven.

"Pudge" Osterhaus was not a brutal player, but he was rough and hard and he had been trained in a school which believed that foot-ball was no sport for molly-coddles. Although several years had passed since his graduation, he was still sound of wind and tough of muscle, and he was painstakingly anxious to aid the education of young Whitney at guard. The latter played manfully during the earlier scrimmages, breaking through and blocking with a dash and intelligence which caused Osterhaus to grunt approval. The youngster was playing on his nerves. Something had gone wrong with his endurance, but he had no notion of quitting.

At length the veteran sent him sprawling by means of a crafty sidelong thrust, and as he fell the flying arm of the runner smote Whitney on the nose and made it bleed. He rolled over, sat up, held his smarting nose in his fist, and to his own acute astonishment began to weep. The other men waited, eyeing him curiously, and one of the coaches asked:

"Is your nose broken? Better let Mike look at it."

Stuart Whitney, who had come to the end of his tether, looked up through his tears and blubbered:

"No, my nose isn't broken. B-but I guess I have p-played out."

"Nonsense! Show your sand. You are the deuce of a picture of a Yale 'varsity guard," sharply spoke up Osterhaus. "Do you want us to telephone for a nurse and a baby carriage?"

Alas, the disgraced athlete could not rally in the face of such an insult as this. He felt queerly unlike himself. There was neither shame nor resentment in his mind, only tearful sadness. What he wanted to say would sound incredibly foolish, but he could not help saying it. His accents were broken as he exclaimed:

"I want to go home. I can't play any more football. I want some of my mother's pie and doughnuts. There isn't anything else in the world that will make me feel right again. And I'm going to have 'em if I get fired from the team for it."

Some of the players laughed uproariously, but the captain and Mike Morrison put their heads together in hasty consultation, after which the trainer said with a troubled air:

"You trot over to the house and change your clothes, Whitney, and then you take a hack and go to the campus and pack a bag. You are bound home on the next train out of New Haven, and you stay there and eat mother's pie and doughnuts until you hear from me."

With never a glance behind him, the youngster trotted from the field and his face was shining with happiness. Mike Morrison turned to the captain and seriously observed:

"This breakdown is up to me, I suppose. The boy s badly overtrained and he just went to pieces with- ›ut any warning. But how was I to see it coming? He looked as fit as a brick house and he hasn't com- ›lained of feeling wrong since the season began. His nother's pie and doughnuts! Well, well, let him have em. We'll fetch him back here in a week, ready to ›lay for his life. When they go stale it catches 'em ll sorts of ways. I suppose he brooded over pie nd doughnuts because they were forbidden at the raining table. And it made him homesick."

The trainer of many generations of Yale athletes was a psychologist after his own fashion, and he knew ›etter than to poke fun at the whimsical, childish yearning of Stuart Whitney after his mother's pie and loughnuts. The boy wanted something as different from he foot-ball routine as possible. And Mike Morrison was sufficiently sensible and experienced to humor him.

As for the fugitive himself, he lost no time in taking his departure for a small city on the upper Delaware River. During the overnight journey, his emotions were harrowed by the conviction that he had humili- ated himself beyond words and that he was probably viewed at Yale as a social and athletic outcast. He ›ought a newspaper and winced at the spicy head-line:

YALE 'VARSITY GUARD
CRIES FOR MOTHER'S DOUGHNUTS

"I shall never hear the last of it," he ruefully re- lected, "but, anyhow, while there's life there's hope,

and I may play guard in the big games after all. It depends on how fast I get into condition again, so the worst thing I can do is to mope and hold post-mortems. But, great Scott, that was an extraordinary performance!"

And the saner he became as he drew nearer home, the more inexplicable it seemed. He was no longer a boy but a man, in his own estimation. He stood six feet two in his stockings and weighed two hundred and four pounds when in fighting trim. And he had wept because "Pudge" Osterhaus tapped him on the nose, and then demanded his mother's pie and doughnuts as the only solace the world could offer.

It would have comforted him a good deal to hear Mike Morrison's diagnosis of the case, but the fact that he was going home had power to chase foot-ball from the weary brain of the overtrained guard, and when the train halted at the Ballardvale station he had begun to think life worth living.

He had telegraphed his father of his coming and that genial man, a physician by profession, was waiting with the familiar sorrel mare and hooded buggy. The son overtopped him by a foot or so as they shook hands.

"You needn't explain, Stuart," briskly interrupted the doctor as the son began to stammer his singular story. "A telegram came from your head coach this morning and I took the liberty of reading it. He orders you to quit worrying, loaf and play, and eat pie and doughnuts until further notice. Mother is in

the kitchen filling the order. So you tried to do too much, eh?"

"It looks that way, sir. I didn't know what was the matter with me until I sort of wilted and made a fool of myself."

"Um-m, I had a patient once, a business man, he looked as strong as an ox—" exclaimed the father, "but, pshaw, what is the use of telling old stories? You were tired and you needed a dose of home."

They drove at a rapid gait to the rambling house overlooking the river, and the athlete's mother was on the porch to greet her youngest son, ready to pet and baby and spoil him to his heart's content. He picked her up in his arms and carried her into the hall where, lo and behold, a pan of crisp, warm doughnuts was conspicuous upon a small table. With a great boyish laugh he kissed her and then demolished a doughnut with two bites. She ran to summon the motherly cook who had grown gray in the service of the household, and the two women returned with a tray of juicy, flaky pies as exhibit B.

"Here, I don't want to die of the colly-wobbles in my little insides," exclaimed the son. "Better lock 'em up and deal them to me one at a time. My, oh, my, but I am glad to be home."

The mother needed no explanation whatever. Stuart had been brutally treated by the foot-ball tyrants of Yale. Because he was so big and strong and handsome they had tried to make him play the game for the whole team. And when he was worn out he had

turned to his mother, which was just what she expected him to do. All that first day at home he lounged and chatted and slept at intervals and managed to let foot-ball drift into the background of his thoughts. It was luxurious to be untrammelled, rid of the strain and stress of the playing-field, away from the incessant talk about the game.

Next morning, however, after fourteen hours of unvexed sleep, the Yale guard was like a giant refreshed, and announced his intention of sallying forth to find some of his old friends.

"Sally Ryder has come back from California," said his mother. "This is her first visit home since she went out there to take care of that invalid aunt of hers two years ago. She is quite the young lady now."

"She must be eighteen or so by this time," remarked Stuart with perceptible interest. "Is she a good looker? She was an awful gawk as a little girl."

"I think Sally is almost a beauty," answered his mother, "but you blasé young college men are very critical."

"I may look her up," said he. "I suppose that kid brother of hers is in the high-school. He used to torment the life out of her."

"Yes, Dick Ryder is still a high-school student, but I imagine he is too busy to tease Sally. He was elected captain of the school foot-ball team this fall."

The Yale guard was convalescing so rapidly that he

pricked up his ears at this and declared, to the consternation of his mother:

"I may drop around to see them practice this afternoon. Perhaps the boys would appreciate if I should offer to coach them a bit."

"But foot-ball is tabooed," cried she.

"Oh, this would be only play for me," he explained. "And it is an excellent symptom. Your pie and doughnuts have already worked wonders."

In the course of a leisurely pilgrimage among the pleasant residence streets of Ballardvale, he chanced to discern at a distance a young person of an aspect familiar yet agreeably strange. Sally Ryder had indeed outgrown her commonplace girlhood and was worthy of notice, even by a Yale Sophomore. She was so slim and tall and dignified that he was quite fluttered by this meeting, which seemed to afford her no responsive emotion.

"Why, how do you do, Stuart?" said she, offering him a small gloved hand, which was quite lost in the depths of his manly fist. "I supposed that you were in college. How can the foot-ball team spare you, right in the middle of the season?"

She was so very self-possessed that he became grandly formal in turn and vouchsafed:

"I was ordered home for a few day's vacation, Sally —er—I mean Miss Ryder."

"But you are looking awfully well, Mr. Whitney. I hope you were not sent home by the faculty."

He looked sulky at this, but there was some satis-

Dick Ryder walked slowly away from his comrades until he could talk beyond earshot of them. It required a good deal of courage for him to confess what lay so heavy on his mind, but after a false start or two he blurted hurriedly:

"I am a terribly strong rooter for Yale, you know that, and the fellows have been guying me, and I should like to talk it over with you as man to man."

"What in the world are you driving at?" asked Whitney with an amused smile.

"Well, one of my team got hold of a New York paper and it had a story about you," faltered the lad. "It said that you lost your sand on the field when 'Pudge' Osterhaus stood you on your head. And—you cried for some of your mother's doughnuts and all that sort of thing. All you have to do is to deny it, and I'll make the fellows quit their talk if I have to fight 'em one at a time."

Whitney was angry, then touched by the loyalty of this youthful follower of Yale. It was preposterous that he should have to defend himself in the eyes of these high-school youths, but he explained with tolerant patience:

"It was a case of overtraining, Dick. I shall be back at guard on the Yale team next week. I went stale without realizing it."

Dick Ryder nodded gravely and exclaimed:

"That's what I told the fellows. But they can't imagine a Yale 'varsity guard doing that sort of thing. I thought it was a newspaper fake. Say, I have been

awfully careful to keep it from my sister Sally. She has switched over to Harvard. Girls are fickle that way. She would pester me to death."

The persistency of this boyish inquisitor nettled Whitney and he flung back rather peevishly:

"What difference can it make to me what you young tadpoles think about anything? I was going to offer to coach you for two or three days, but it looks as if I were not appreciated."

Sadly and reproachfully Dick Ryder murmured:

"Then it's true. You *did* cry for mother's doughnuts right in the middle of a Yale game, on the Yale field. Of course I think it would be great to have you coach us, but——"

"I have a good mind to give you a sound spanking," roared Whitney. "What do you know about 'varsity foot-ball? As for your sister, you may tell her whatever you like. Apparently she doesn't want to hear anything good of a Yale man."

With this the injured Whitney turned his back on the accusatory group and stalked away, hot and sulky. He wished to have nothing whatever to do with the fascinating but disloyal Sally Ryder, and as for her "kid brother," he was a presumptuous, ignorant young nuisance. The fates so ordered it, however, that when Stuart sallied forth in the evening of this same day to favor another girl with the light of his presence he encountered in her house the fair Sally herself, who seemed in no hurry to depart. The manner of the athlete was perceptibly distraught and he was far from

brilliant company. While he gloomily speculated as to whether she had read that hateful newspaper article she solved the problem by remarking with mirthful mischief in her eyes:

"I am sure Mr. Whitney is dying for some home-made doughnuts, Sue. Have you any in the pantry?"

The other girl was properly displeased and replied severely:

"How horrid of you, Sally. Stuart is trying to forget foot-ball while he is at home."

"So you have heard the story," said Whitney, trying to look cheerful. "And I suppose you think I am a sandless cry-baby, and a disgrace to the Yale eleven."

"Oh, I should never be rude enough to intimate such things," sweetly returned Sally Ryder. "The incident must have made amusing reading at Harvard. My poor brother Dick is in the most distressful state of mind. It is such fun teasing him. Really, Mr. Whitney, I am as sympathetic as can be."

There followed more gentle but stinging raillery which the badgered athlete was powerless to parry. His evening spoiled, he made an early excuse to depart and wandered through the streets for some time before returning home, where he was determined to keep his troubles to himself. To have a girl, and a very pretty one, think him "sandless" was a bitter thought indeed. Wait until the Harvard game, he savagely reflected, and he would show her what Yale sand was like. At this moment his intentions toward

his opponent of the Harvard rush-line fell little short of manslaughter.

Next morning this injured young man announced to his doting mother that he needed exercise to keep him fit, and felt like taking a long walk over the river valley road. The autumn air was bracing and even an athlete who had been injured in the region of his feelings could not be content to sulk in idleness. He struck out from the town with a lusty, swinging stride which easily covered mile after mile, and his heart rejoiced to find how fit of wind and limb he was. His nerves were no longer overtaut, there was no such thing as fear in the world, and he was hungry for the headlong, hammering toil of the foot-ball field. Leaving the turnpike, he swung off through a less-travelled road which he remembered led to the falls of the Bear River and the property of the extensive paper-mills situated in the heart of the hilly forest country.

As Stuart Whitney rounded a curve of a lonely and heavily wooded part of this road, a startling spectacle abruptly confronted him. A buck-board and pair of horses had been halted by several swarthy, unkempt men who rushed from ambush an instant before Whitney beheld them. Two were clinging to the bits of the frightened horses, and at least four others were attacking the gray-bearded driver and a younger companion. For a moment or so the melée raged almost in silence. The highwaymen cried briefly to one another in some foreign tongue, but they did not use the revolvers which gleamed in their hands.

The younger man in the buckboard caught up a rifle from the floor of the vehicle, but so suddenly had he been surprised that the hand-to-hand struggle was raging before he could make room to use it. Whitney stood stock-still for an instant. The scene was unreal, incredible. Then he recognized the gray-bearded man in the buckboard as old Major Robbins, paymaster of the paper-mills, and he understood the situation. The prize at stake was the currency, thousands of dollars, in those battered old leather bags of his which he was carrying from the bank in Ballardvale.

The youth who had been afraid of the West Point eleven and who had cried for his mother's doughnuts hesitated no longer than was required for him to gather his wits together and wrench a split hickory rail from the top of the nearest fence. Even as he did so he heard a pistol shot and Major Robbins reeled sidewise with a crippled arm. The doughty old paymaster was a dear friend of Stuart's father. Immense wrath and indignation made the athlete oblivious of the odds.

The assailants were ready to do murder if necessary. One of them fired again just as Whitney broke into his lone charge. His mouth opened with conscious effort and he emitted a terrific, inarticulate war-whoop as he ran. The noise of it was disconcerting. It so startled the busy highwaymen that they turned with one accord and faced this charging reinforcement. Two or three fired at him but their aim was wild. The paymaster's companion took instant advantage

of the diversion by wrenching free his rifle, clubbing it, and bringing the stock down upon the head of the nearest ruffian with a skull-cracking thump.

The fence rail in the hands of the brawny collegian was a weapon capable of much damage. The foreigners, most of them undersized fellows, had no stomach for engaging this formidable adversary at close quarters. He fell upon them like a modern Hercules, first knocking heels over head the rascal who had Major Robbins by the throat, and then stretching another who was shooting with shaky, futile aim. The tables were turned in a twinkling. Those unhurt began to scatter toward the shelter of the woods while Whitney belabored this one and that.

Presently he gave up the pursuit and returned to aid the paymaster and help secure the disabled highwaymen. Three of them, considerably damaged, were laid out under a tree by the roadside, after which Major Robbins, grinning joyously in his gray beard, announced with tremendous emphasis:

"Stuart, my boy, you are a chip of the old block. Your daddy and your college ought to be proud of you. It would be absolutely ridiculous for me to waste time thanking you. You are a doctor's son. Suppose you tie my arm up as well as you can until I get to the mills. It doesn't seem to be broken, thank God. The bullet numbed it and I have lost considerable blood."

This business Stuart attended to with creditable deftness, after which it was agreed that he should re-

main to guard the prisoners while the paymaster and his companion resumed the journey to the mills with the precious leather bags. A crowd of men would be sent back as quickly as possible to carry the captured prisoners to the jail at Ballardvale.

"And how did you happen to drop down from Yale in the precise nick of time?" demanded the doughty old paymaster as he was about to drive off.

Whitney wiped his dripping, dusty face, and answered with a sheepish smile:

"I lost my sand playing foot-ball, Major, and sat down and cried, right in the middle of a game, for some of mother's pie and doughnuts. So they sent me home to get my nerve back."

The paymaster guffawed at this, and cried by way of farewell:

"Stuff and nonsense! Better take some of those doughnuts back to the rest of the Yale team. I'll see you again soon."

With a captured revolver in his fist, Whitney stood guard over the sorry, subdued captives for an hour or more. He surmised that they were a band of desperadoes recruited from among the Slavs of the hard-coal country of Pennsylvania who had invaded this region for the particular purpose of holding up the paymaster's treasure. Inasmuch as they spoke little English and were at present in no sociable mood, the time dragged heavily. At length a party arrived in hot haste from the mills, with them the president of the company, who happened to be inspecting the for-

est properties. He was effusively grateful and promised a munificent reward, which the hero declined with boyish embarrassment.

"But Major Robbins had eighteen thousand dollars in the buck-board," exclaimed the portly gentleman. "You must accept salvage. At any rate, I insist that you go back to the mills with me and have luncheon. I simply must hear the details of this tremendous battle."

"Thank you," said Stuart. "I want to see Major Robbins before I go home, and hear what your doctor has to say about his wound."

The president of the company was a gentleman who believed in publicity and this time his motives were genuinely unselfish. Later in the day he furnished the afternoon newspaper of Ballardvale with a detailed account of the affair, holding the telephone line for half an hour or more. Reporters went scurrying out to the mills while others stormed the jail to see the prisoners. The heroic conduct of the Yale athlete was the dramatic feature of the story. It made a tremendous sensation, and the hero was actually afraid to go home. He lingered well into the afternoon, chatting with the president and Major Robbins, before he could muster courage to return to Ballardvale.

"From what we hear over the 'phone," said he, "the people are making a silly fuss about it. What in thunder else could I do, Major? Stand and watch you get drilled full of lead and lose your eighteen thousand dollars?"

"A good many men would have hesitated, my boy," said the Major. "Go home and eat a plate of those doughnuts, and gain courage to face the applause."

Stuart rode home in the president's automobile, that gentleman explaining:

"Major Robbins is old-fashioned in his notions. He has used a buck-board for these trips during the last thirty years and never had a mishap. He will know better after this."

Ballardvale welcomed an excuse for a celebration. It took the form of a parade to the residence of Dr. Whitney. The mayor was in the fore-front and other prominent citizens crowded the porch while the populace hurrahed vociferously and interrupted the speech-making. The brass band, it was learned, had been engaged by the foot-ball players of the high-school who marched in a body. They were anxious to make their repentance as impressive as possible, explained the captain, Dick Ryder, who blushed a great deal and told the Yale athlete:

"We dug into the treasury of the athletic association to charter the band, and we're all so darned sorry and ashamed of ourselves that we'd feel better if you would kick us all over your lawn. And if anybody ever says that you lost your sand at Yale, you just tell him for me that he is a liar."

Stuart offered his hand which the youngster took with evident pride and gratification.

"You are forgiven," gravely assured the Yale man. "Your motives were excellent in the first place, Dick.

You were afraid I didn't measure up to the Yale standard."

"I suppose it would be awful nervy if we asked you to coach us to-morrow," timidly ventured Dick.

"I shall be delighted," was the cordial response. "By the way, what does your sister think about it? Do I stand any better in her estimation?"

Dick frowned, considered in silence, and answered with the air of a man of the world:

"Of course she knows she was all wrong. But girls do certainly hate to own up when they have made a bad break, don't they? It is a failing of the sex. I told her that if she didn't come around here with me and apologize to you, she was a contrary, spiteful little gump."

"Oh, I didn't expect anything like that," hastily spoke up Whitney. "Please give her my regards and tell her that I hope to see her again before I go back to college."

Whatever may have been Stuart's intentions with respect to winning the favor of Miss Sally Ryder, they were thwarted by a telegram received next morning from Mike Morrison. It read:

Have just read newspaper story of how you waded into those hold-ups. That sounds good enough to me. Guess you must have had plenty of doughnuts. Better report for practice to-morrow.

The exile whirled his mother about the room in a jubilant waltz, released her to dash upstairs and hurl sundry clothes into a suit-case, and was dashing away

to catch a train before she could realize that he was gone from her loving, fluttering care.

"Pudge" Osterhaus was still dutifully demolishing the Yale rush-line by way of showing his loyalty to alma mater, and he rejoiced in the tidings that Whitney was returning to play left guard. There was a surprise in store for the mighty Osterhaus. After playing one half of the first practice game in which the rejuvenated Whitney appeared, the veteran observed between gasps, and both hands were held to the pit of his stomach:

"My stars! I have had enough for to-day. I am getting old and feeble. Say, youngster, I take it all back. I am the man that needs the nurse and baby carriage."

"You are not in first-class condition," politely returned the unterrified youth.

"But you are, Whitney."

"It was the pie and doughnuts," very firmly spoke the guard. "I knew what I wanted."

In the great game against Harvard, the Yale left guard showed that the effects of the home-made remedy for overtraining had been lasting. It may be that the singular prowess which distinguished his conduct in this contest was stimulated also by the fact that Miss Sally Ryder was one of the vast throng which sat, not on the Harvard side of the field, but in the midst of the blue flags and ribbons and banners that blossomed innumerably where the Yale cohorts were assembled. Stuart spied her there while the Yale

team was waiting for their foemen to come trotting across the field from the dressing-rooms. Wonderful to relate, a great bunch of violets was pinned on her coat and she was flourishing a blue flag with all the enthusiasm in the world.

The game was won by Yale, and Stuart Whitney played a shining part in the victory. Bruised and battered, but happy beyond words, he made haste to escape from the training quarters, dodged the swarm of undergraduate hero-worshippers, and fled for the campus on the chance that he might find the fair Sally. Fortune favored the brave on this great day, and he spied her in company with Dick and a chaperon. With a pretty air of contriteness Sally Ryder ran impulsively to meet the foot-ball guard and cried as she gave him both her hands:

"I saw the error of my ways, Stuart, and I wanted to confess before you went back to college, but I was too proud and naughty."

"She ate humble pie by wearing Yale colors," observed young Dick.

"Heavens! don't apologize to me," exclaimed the happy hero. "It is just perfectly bully to have you here and helping us to win, Sally." Stuart laughed, and held up his arms to show the cuffs of his shirt. The buttons were of gold, fashioned in the shape of miniature doughnuts.

"A present from the paper-mills company," he explained. "Old Major Robbins is responsible for the design. He swears up and down that if it had not

been for wanting mother's doughnuts I should not have been at home to rescue him, and that if I had not eaten them I should not have been strong and sandy enough to put up a fight."

"It is a deliciously appropriate reward," mirthfully quoth Sally Ryder. Then with a touch of seriousness she added, "and mother's doughnuts made me a good Yale girl, Stuart, and——"

"And gave us a chance to become good friends. That is worth as much to me as winning the game against Harvard," was the bold assertion of Stuart Whitney, no longer the bashful Sophomore.

THE BIG LOAFER

In the brave days of old, the Freshman and Sophomore classes of Yale were formally introduced to each other by means of a "rush" or rough-and-tumble fight of wholesale proportions which was organized and conducted by the fatherly upper-classmen. This Homeric custom has been abolished, perhaps as one result of the world's peace movement, and only a fragment of it survives in the series of wrestling bouts held at the beginning of the college year. Freshmen and Sophomores pick their champions and cheer them on with prodigious tumult, much as the mailed fighting men of the Middle Ages rode forth to meet in single combat between the shouting lines of hostile armies.

The zealous Hector Alonzo McGrath was officiating as time-keeper during one of these stirring occasions, and it happened at length that he felt in duty bound to address words of stinging exhortation to the mob of Freshmen whose spirits were drooping because of inglorious defeat. The Sophomores had won the lightweight contests with the greatest ease, and the seasoned athletes whom they sent into the ring had fairly stood their plucky but out-classed adversaries on their heads. The Sophomore heavy-weight champion was now waiting for his victim. A huge and beefy person was this "Dad" Buffington; a mountain of a young

man who ballasted the centre of the 'varsity rush-line. Stripped to the waist and scowling ferociously he stood revealed in the flickering light of the torches which illumined the shadows of evening, and the very sight of him made most of the Freshmen shiver in their shoes.

"Oh, you sandless pups!" declaimed Hector Alonzo McGrath, mounting a chair provided for one of the contestants. "Trot out your heavy-weight. You are disgracing your class. Where is your Yale spirit? Why, if I were a Freshman I'd waltz into the ring and tackle 'Dad' Buffington just to show that I had spunk enough to stand up for my principles. If you don't brace up, the president of the university will probably expel you in a body to-morrow."

The notion of the far from robust McGrath in physical conflict with the behemoth of a "Dad" Buffington moved the Freshman sense of humor to loud and derisive laughter, but his words had gone home and there was an uneasy stir and considerable whispered consultation. Presently a figure was seen to detach itself from the edge of the crowd and shoulder a path toward the ring. The Freshmen cheered rather uncertainly as if this champion of theirs was an unknown quantity who had not been reckoned with. As soon as he found elbow-room, his collar, coat, and shirt were discarded with the most business-like activity, and he appeared to be waiting only for a nod from the referee to sail into his opponent without ceremony of any kind.

Now, indeed, the Freshmen cheers rolled out in resounding, defiant volume. This courageous classmate

was no forlorn hope. He looked immensely capable and good-naturedly confident. He was several inches shorter than "Dad" Buffington, but the chest of him was like a barrel, there was no fat on his shoulders to hide the ridges of muscle, and his sunburned arms were like those of a blacksmith. The strong legs were slightly bowed, and his step was springy and alert. The crowd appraised his physical points and then admired the cheerful candor reflected in his tanned, resolute face. He was a full-grown man, every inch of him, but he grinned like a boy out for a lark, and his eyes were twinkling as he surveyed the massive bulk of "Dad" Buffington.

"Your name, please," courteously spoke up the referee.

"John Simpson, sir," said the volunteer. "I hung back thinking the slate was all fixed up beforehand, and that my class had a heavy-weight ready. I am no fancy wrestler and I don't know much about the rules, but it doesn't seem right to have my class accused of showing a yellow streak."

The referee, who was a 'varsity athlete, had already decided in his mind that this treasure of a Freshman was rare foot-ball material, and it would be poor policy to let him be injured in a wrestling match, so he replied:

"We want no rough-house, Simpson. Only clean falls are to count, best two in three. If you are getting more than you can handle, don't be ashamed to quit before you are hurt."

John Simpson, Freshman, hitched up the leather

belt which girded his trousers, smiled a very broad smile, and looked hard at "Dad" Buffington.

"Oh, we won't hurt each other," said the stalwart Freshman. "It's just for fun. I am all ready to climb aboard of him when you say the word."

This pleasant, ingenuous demeanor angered the mighty "Dad" Buffington, who thought it the height of impertinence for a Freshman to confront him with no symptoms of terror or reluctance. The huge Sophomore lumbered to the centre of the ring, stood crouching with his hands on his knees, and waited for Simpson to take the initiative. Such tactics might have done very well in a foot-ball scrimmage but they were wholly unsuited for this occasion. Buffington should have endeavored to fall upon the Freshman and flatten him out like a bug.

An instant later, something like a cyclone occurred. The Freshman moved as if he had been shot out of a mortar. The air seemed to be filled with his arms and legs as dimly discerned through a cloud of dust. There was a dull impact of collision which the Sophomore champion was unable to ward off. He went down like an overturned house. The earth trembled. The spectators were unable to decide whether he had been tripped, hip-locked, or merely jarred off his underpinnings. The one visible fact was that John Simpson had literally "climbed aboard of him" by a kind of instantaneous process and that "Dad" Buffington was flat on his back.

"Whew, that was more like a train wreck than a

wrestling match," piped up Hector Alonzo McGrath, who was dancing about the recumbent figures. "This heavy-weight bout doesn't need a time-keeper. No stop-watch is swift enough to keep up with this Simpson person."

The Freshman anchored himself to the prostrate bulk of Buffington until the referee made superfluous announcement of the verdict, after which he bounded to his feet, waved away those seconds and helpers who were for seating him in a chair and fanning him with towels, and casually exclaimed:

"I'm ready for another round as soon as he is."

The humiliated Buffington was slowly scrambling to his feet and his scarlet countenance expressed ludicrous amazement. What had happened to him was just beginning to filter into his dazed intellect. Scorning an interval for recuperation, he glared at the Freshman and grunted his willingness to waive all formalities and renew the fray at once. Simpson grinned, stepped nimbly forward, and was met by a savage charge. He seemed to dodge ever so little, his shoulder lunged forward, he stooped like lightning, and by some mysterious law of mechanics, the onset of "Dad" Buffington became his own undoing. His feet flew clear of the ground, his head lunged downward, and he appeared to be endeavoring to turn a somersault. The solid earth got in his way, however, and he stretched his length across one side of the ring. Simpson pinned him down and remarked, not boastingly, but as if he were mentioning a well-known natural phenomenon:

"The bigger they are the faster they come, and the harder they fall."

"Good Lord! I thought his neck was broken," murmured Hector McGrath as the Sophomore rolled over and grunted. He was winded and shaken, but otherwise undamaged, and was presently able to rise and handsomely offer his hand to the victor.

"The Freshmen win the heavy-weight bout," shouted the referee. This was in the nature of a self-evident fact, and without waiting for any more empty words, the jubilant youngsters made a rush at their champion who was leisurely getting into his shirt. Jim Stearns walked toward the campus arm in arm with Hector McGrath and enthusiastically affirmed:

"That Simpson lad is a prize. Who is he? Where did he come from? Why hasn't he reported at the field for preliminary practice? Why, he could make a holy show of 'Dad' Buffington at centre, and as a guard—say, Hector, let's try to find him later this evening."

"No use until those delirious Freshmen have finished lugging him around town on their shoulders," said Hector. "Simpson didn't come down from any of the preparatory schools or we should have heard something about him in advance. And the Freshmen who were running the show to-night didn't even know there was such a man or they would have hustled him into the ring."

"Well, he will be in foot-ball clothes by three o'clock to-morrow afternoon," declared the 'varsity captain.

"He doesn't need to go in training. I never saw a man in finer condition. And for strength and speed, why, he may develop into a plunging half-back that no three men can stop. He is a perfect wonder."

"He surely didn't do a thing to poor old 'Dad' Buffington," murmured Hector. "One more fall and your large centre-rush would have been ready for the coroner."

Jim Stearns was an early arrival at chapel next morning, but his commendable promptitude was not inspired by devout motives. He was eager to find and interview the redoubtable John Simpson. Having discovered him in the midst of the assembled Freshmen, Stearns so managed it as to intercept him on the campus after the chapel exercises. By daylight and with his clothes on, the young man who had laid "Dad" Buffington in the dust was not at all formidable to behold. The black ready-made suit, wrinkled and fitting him indifferently, gave him an aspect of clumsiness. One would have set him down as countrified.

He was whistling when Stearns greeted him, and the brown, determined face wore an expression of pleasant and lively interest, as if this college world were precisely where he most preferred to be on a fine September morning.

"Congratulations, Simpson," heartily cried Stearns. "You didn't do a thing to my centre-rush last night, but I forgive you. I am expecting you out for football practice this afternoon. Meet me at the gymnasium and I'll fit you out with playing togs if you need them."

"Thank you," said the Freshman, extending a large, hard hand. "You are the foot-ball captain. You were pointed out to me last night as one of the sights of the campus. I guess I won't play foot-ball."

"You won't play foot-ball?" gasped the other. "Man, you're dreaming. We can't get along without you. The college won't listen to it."

Simpson laughed, a big, deep-chested laugh at which nobody could take offence, as he replied:

"If I don't want to play, the whole college can't budge me. It's this way, Mr. Stearns. I am pretty thick-headed, and I've had a mighty poor preparation for college. I just scraped through the entrance examinations. I shall have to peg away at my books like the everlasting old scratch to get anywhere at all. And when I'm not studying, I am going to have a good time."

"But lots of fellows will be glad to tutor you and help you work off those entrance conditions if you will join the foot-ball squad," persisted Stearns. "You can spare the time, I am sure. And if you want to play at anything, there is no finer sport in the world than foot-ball."

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of play," smiled the Freshman; "I want to sort of circulate around and enjoy the college life. I've never had any time to play. And your foot-ball is darned hard work."

This was heresy almost incredible, and Simpson was rolling out these dreadful assertions in a voice that could have been heard half across the campus. Stearns put a hand on his arm and said in a fatherly manner:

"That sort of talk will queer you at Yale. You are a green Freshman and my advice is worth something. Every fellow big and strong enough to play foot-ball is supposed to turn out and lend a hand. All the men at Yale who are worth anything at all think it is an honor to be allowed to work for the college."

"That doesn't fit my case," good-humoredly replied the shocking Freshman. "I am here to give John Simpson an education and a good time on the side. Man, I'm sick to the bone of hard work, with my hands and my feet, and my back."

"But you jumped in last night as if you had the right kind of spirit," said Stearns.

"Oh, pshaw! I wanted to take a fall out of that ox of a Buffington," and Simpson grinned delightedly. "It was no trick at all to tip him over. He's all beef and awkwardness and his head is swelled."

Nettled at this slighting characterization of his centre-rush, Stearns flung back sharply:

"So you tackled him because you thought he was an easy mark. Perhaps you don't care to play foot-ball because it is a bit harder."

"You're joking or I'd stand you on *your* head," calmly observed the unruffled Freshman. "Well, I must be trotting along to my first recitation. So long, Mr. Stearns."

The captain gazed after him in speechless amazement. For a Freshman to address him in these scandalous terms was a thing unheard of. However, this must be viewed as a matter vital to the college inter-

ests and not as a personal affront. The pressure of public opinion must be brought to bear on Simpson. The eleven had to have him. He could be shown the error of his ways. Thereupon Stearns hastened to confide his sorrows to the sympathetic Hector Alonzo McGrath who was fairly dumfounded.

"He refuses to play foot-ball? The big loafer!" was his angry outburst. "It is simply tragic, Jim. Here I have tried for every team in college year after year, and nobody will take me seriously. And Simpson could make the eleven and the crew without half trying. If he had my spirit in that carcass of his, he would be a world-beater. Why couldn't you argue him into it?"

"He just laughed and said he didn't want to," sighed Stearns, "but I'll get after him again. I never heard anything like it in my life."

"Nor I," cried Hector. "What did he come to college for, anyhow?"

Inasmuch as it was very clear to the candid mind of John Simpson that he had come to college for something else than foot-ball, campus opinion failed to sway him from his purpose. He walked to the field occasionally and watched the foot-ball practice which he seemed to enjoy as a spectacle, but the captain and the coaches were hugely disgusted to overhear him remark that he was perfectly well satisfied to let the other fellows sweat and worry.

Such behavior as this was bound to make honest *John* Simpson unpopular. He was a renegade, in a

way, and it was commonly agreed that he had spoiled his college career; he could never win any secret society honors or class recognition, and must be a sort of outcast through his four years. The worst of it was that he didn't seem to care a rap. The Freshmen tried to show their disapproval but it was a hard matter to dislike him. He was excellent company, although he never talked about himself, and any convivial company of youngsters could count on him to sit up late and enjoy himself as an appreciative listener.

The social side of college life appealed to him immensely. He drank it all down with boyish avidity. His friends remembered how he had defeated the Sophomore champion at wrestling and refused to believe him lazy or cowardly. This refusal to play football was set down as an eccentricity. Among the undergraduates at large, however, he was looked at as a man with a yellow streak. They interpreted his clash with "Dad" Buffington as a flash in the pan, and with the illogical prejudice of youth called him "the Big Loafer." He pegged away doggedly at his books, making slow headway with them, and cheerfully admitting that he was a born wooden-head.

The busy young student of human nature, Hector Alonzo McGrath, was puzzled. This provoking Simpson ought to be a college hero, a bulwark of Yale prestige, and he had all the qualities of an athlete and leader, barring the fact that he so blandly refused to be either. As the year wore on, the captain of the

'varsity crew strove in vain to entice Simpson to endure the slavery of the eight-oared shell, but this proposition struck the brawny Freshman as positively ridiculous. To pull a twelve-foot oar several hours a day for six months on end was not to be considered for a moment. He was bound to go his own misguided gait, enjoying the campus life with the most ardent enthusiasm, and welcoming every opportunity for diversion with a certain boyish zest which embodied the true spirit of the Freshman.

Jim Stearns had long since forsaken him and held him up as an example of hopeless disloyalty to the college, but Hector McGrath was of a more charitable temper and pronounced Simpson a mystery rather than a crime.

"He is a man, every inch of him," said Hector to Jim, "or, at least he has all the plans and specifications of such. But the big loafer won't look at things our way. I ran across him in Billy's café the other night. He was sitting at a table with a lot of silly Freshmen singing songs and drinking ginger-ale like regular young devils. And he looked as happy as a kid. I tried to butt in and make myself agreeable, but they had no time for me. There's another queer thing about Simpson. He has no class feeling whatever. He was no more respectful to me than he would have been to a Freshman. All men look alike to him."

"He said something about standing me on my head the first week he was in college," murmured Stearns. "He ought to have been hazed."

"I heard no eager clamor of volunteers for the job,"

commented Hector. "Perhaps 'Dad' Buffington would like to try it."

"He is so blamed cheerful and happy that it irritates me just to look at him. He has enough on his conscience to give a man a grouch for the rest of his life."

"Still thinking about the foot-ball team?" observed Hector.

"Yes, and if he had been in the rush-line, Harvard wouldn't have made those gains through centre," snapped Stearns. "I have no use for the big loafer."

After the boat-race at New London, McGrath invited Stearns for a cruise in his forty-foot yawl, bound to the coast of Maine. They loafed along from port to port of Long Island Sound, finding friends and diversion in summer resort cottages and hotels, and getting enough work as amateur sailormen to keep them feeling fit and hearty. The yacht carried a professional skipper, one hand forward, and a Japanese cook, and was both comfortable and weatherly for her size. Hector was the sort of owner who likes to crack on sail and take chances with the barometer, which salty ardor caused argument with his skipper, a stolid Norwegian of middle-age who had learned his trade in the waters of the old country.

The yawl was at Martha's Vineyard, ready to lift anchor for the run around Cape Cod to Provincetown, when the cautious sailing-master began to grumble that he liked not the look and feel of the weather and was for remaining in port a day or so longer.

"Oh, nonsense, Mr. Oleson," cried McGrath. "You have told me yourself that this boat is fit to cruise around the world in if she is properly handled. What if we do run into a little blow? It can't last long in the summer."

"I do not like a lee shore, I have told you yust now," stubbornly reiterated the skipper. "An 'dere is one thing I likes less and dot is to be blowed offshore in a little wessel mitout stores and spare sails for a deep-water woyage."

"Pooh! the skies are bright and fair in spots," carolled Hector Alonzo with a careless shrug. "On our way, eh, Jim? I should like a touch of weather to vary the monotony."

"Go as far as you like," said Stearns. "I won't spoil your sport."

There was more argument which McGrath cut short by giving the skipper a positive order to get under way, and the *Mermaid* yawl picked up her course with a smart breeze over her quarter. There was haze in the air but the sky was not overcast. As the day wore on the wind became fitful and what there was of it swung into the northeast. The yawl was close-hauled and managed to hold to her course well offshore, while the two collegians smoked and lounged on deck or took their tricks at the wheel and helped trim sail by way of occupation. Skipper Oleson still grumbled in his flaxen beard and eyed the barometer with grave disapproval, nor did he like the uneasy, oily roll of the seas and the fickle breeze. McGrath called him a

"false alarm," and stubbornly held out against seeking a harbor for the night.

When the gale broke out of the northeast, the sun had set in a bank of black and sullen clouds, and it was too late to run for shelter. It was a summer storm of terrific violence, coming after many days of unusual heat, and in its wicked violence resembled a West Indian hurricane. The *Mermaid* had been stripped to a fore stay-sail and reefed jigger in time to escape being caught by the fury of the first squall which preceded the steady, shrieking fury of the wind, and for some time she scudded madly over a sea hammered flat as a floor by the gale. Then, as the water gathered momentum in long, white-crested combers, she began to labor in giddy swoops and plunges which flooded her deck. Captain Oleson hove her to before it should be too late to risk the manœuvre, and she went staggering into the shouting seas in a wild, drunken dance.

The hatches were battened and the crew hung fast to lines along the streaming deck. Hector Alonzo McGrath, a dripping rat of a youth, hated himself as an ignorant, foolhardy sailor who had scorned the counsel of one who knew more than he, but this was no time for apologies.

"Some class to this storm," Jim Stearns shouted in his ear. "We are blowing plumb into the large, wet Atlantic Ocean. Think this packet of yours will hold together till morning?"

"I'd hate to bet on it," yelled McGrath with a plucky

smile. "I was the original little Know-It-All, and here is where I get what's coming to me."

Darkness, spray-swept and clamorous, obscured the struggling yawl, and her people clung grimly to their stations. At peril of his life, Oleson, true Norseman that he was, got out a sea-anchor, and the *Mermaid* headed into it a trifle better, but she was so small to face such a storm as this that the great seas tossed her this way and that, and she rolled until her mainmast seemed to lie flat on the water. The skipper tried to keep a rag or two of sail on her, but he had no heavy storm canvas and the summer weight of duck was blown from the bolt-ropes like so much paper.

At length, and it must have been near midnight, the sluggish feel of the racked and straining hull told his experienced intelligence that the *Mermaid* was leaking. She was losing her quick, almost sentient responsiveness to the buffeting of the sea, and was like a courageous, skilled fighter who has gone groggy in the prize-ring.

Oleson sighed heavily and crawled below. The water was washing over the cabin floor, and pumping could not hold it down. He groped around forward to find an axe and returned to the deck. The *Mermaid* was heavily sparred and the weight of her top-hammer was helping to strain her disintegrating hull and to bring her nearer and nearer capsizing. A few deft blows, and the mainmast shrouds parted. Then he laid the axe to the mast itself and the whole complex fabric came down with a crash. Somehow he cut it clear, and the *Mermaid* rode a trifle easier.

"If she vill stay afloat, I vill work her back mit some kind of a jury-rig," said Oleson to himself. "But I t'ink she vill yust founder pretty quick."

The storm was of briefer duration, however, than the skipper was reckoning with. The wind slackened shortly after this, still blowing in great gusts with quieter intervals between. The dismasted hulk of the yawl wallowed bravely as if these respites revived her. The seas no longer stamped her under, and she shook herself clear now and then, as if determined to avert the tragic destiny which had seemed inevitable.

She was still afloat when daylight, gray and wan, began to break through the ragged clouds. All hands gazed around the rim where sky and ocean met, but no other vessel was in sight. They made shift to pump and bail for their lives, but the gallant little *Mermaid* was settling deeper, inch by inch. She had survived the night and the worst of the storm, only to face obliteration by the slow and melancholy process of foundering. The only small boat had been smashed to kindling and swept away. The ocean was still monstrously swollen. It was hopeless to try to build a raft.

The yacht's company toiled and waited in the silence of exhaustion. All the airy persiflage had been battered out of the soul of Hector Alonzo McGrath. Once he said to Jim Stearns with the ghost of a smile:

"I was an awful idiot to bring you into this, old man."

"Forget it," mumbled Stearns through salt-cracked

lips. "This isn't the first game we have played together, and I have a hunch that it isn't going to be the last. I am banking on Yale luck to pull us through."

They shook hands and said nothing more. It was perhaps an hour later when Skipper Oleson flourished his arms to the southward and bellowed tremendously. The others turned and beheld a three-masted coasting schooner just lifting above the misty horizon. Her spars had not been visible earlier, for the top-masts were no more than jagged stumps, and most of her sails appeared to have been blown away. She was making some kind of a course into the northward, however, and her black sides lifted buoyantly as if she were still sound below.

"Glory be! This is something bigger than Yale luck," devoutly exclaimed Hector Alonzo.

"We had better hoist some kind of a distress signal on the jigger-mast," cried the practical-minded Stearns. "The schooner may not see us."

Before Oleson could dive below, Hector was scrambling for a locker in the cabin. With a touch of that sentimental imagination which is one of the most precious assets of youth and the campus, he clawed out an American ensign and then ripped from the cabin bulkhead a large blue banner displaying a white "Y" in the centre. Tucking them under his arm he scrambled on deck and shouted as he displayed them to Oleson:

"Half-mast the stars and stripes if you like, but

fly this Yale flag with it. If we are going to make a grandstand finish, let's show our own colors."

"Good boy!" roared Jim Stearns. "Run up the old blue, sink or swim."

Oleson grinned pityingly at the brace of excited young lunatics, but did as he was told. The more conspicuous the distress signals the better, reasoned he. With anxiety too deep for words they watched the crippled schooner reel and tumble nearer and nearer. She was making heavy weather of it, and, although no one confessed it aloud, it seemed impossible that she could lower a boat and fight a way to the rescue of the *Mermaid's* people.

At length, they perceived that her course had been altered. She was heading to pass them close aboard. McGrath snatched the glasses from the rack in the companionway, and saw a flag crawl to the end of her spanker-gaff. Others followed it, a string of them, sending a message in the international code, and Oleson yelled that it read "Will stand by to take you off." But Hector Alonzo McGrath was still gazing at the flag that had first fluttered aloft. It was of dark blue and there was a white letter emblazened in the centre.

"Is that a code flag on top?" Hector excitedly demanded of the skipper.

"No, dot is a Yale flag, yust like yours," was the answer. "It iss comical to meet up mit two of 'em so?"

Jim and Hector were rubbing their eyes and their mouths hung open. That their sentimental signal

should be greeted by the same kind of response in such circumstances as these was a thing too fantastic to be true. Soon the battered schooner was heaving to windward of the wreck of the *Mermaid*, and through the glasses Hector gazed fixedly at a stalwart figure in oil-skins which dominated the quarter-deck. There was something oddly familiar in the athletic, alert movements of the man, in the easy poise with which he kept his uncertain footing. The two vessels drew closer together and Hector was able to distinguish the tanned, good-humored features. It was John Simpson, Yale Freshman, beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"Hi, Jim," yelled Hector across the deck of the *Mermaid*. "It's the big loafer, yonder, in command of that schooner."

"Sure enough," thundered Stearns, clutching the glasses. "That explains the Yale flag he flew in answer to ours. Give him the long cheer."

Together the two shipwrecked undergraduates barked for all they were worth the cadenced slogan of the campus which has thrilled and inspired so many crowded arenas. And at the end of it they added the tribute, "Rah, rah, rah, *Simpson, Simpson, Simpson.*"

The young man on the after-deck of the big merchant schooner waved his arms over his head and his shout of recognition came booming down the wind. Then the imperilled company of the *Mermaid* waited in tense, painful anxiety for him to devise some means of taking them off the sinking hulk. It was obviously

impossible for the two vessels to come along-side each other or for a line to be thrown to the deck of the yawl. The seas were running in great, angry surges which now lifted the schooner high, now dropped her in the weltering trough.

Oleson shook his head and muttered that a boat could never be launched and got away from the schooner's side in such water as this. But Hector Alonzo McGrath was possessed of a serene, calming confidence that John Simpson would somehow save them. They saw him run forward to where the two boats had been lashed amidships. He was gesticulating to his seamen, a mixed crew of half a dozen whites and blacks. They hung back, refusing to man the boat. Jumping out of his oil-skins, Simpson made for the nearest of them who showed fight and the other sailors stormed aft to rescue their comrade.

The Freshman met them with his fists and knocked one man down. They closed on him and he threw another and took a third by the throat and shook him like a bundle of rags. The company of the yawl forgot their plight. To a man, Japanese cook and all, they cheered themselves breathless. Hector Alonzo McGrath was trying to dance at grave risk of breaking his neck or sliding overboard, and Jim Stearns was shouting this most incongruous encouragement:

"Oh, you big loafer! Get to it, just as you handled 'Dad' Buffington. Put me aboard somehow, and I'll lend a hand."

Simpson glanced over his shoulder and the spectators

saw him grin with that aspect of boyish good-nature which had been characteristic of his campus demeanor. His crew had been thoroughly tamed by this time and were ready to do his bidding. Picking a boat's crew by the summary process of shoving them toward the bulwark, one after the other by the back of the neck, he had the lashing off the stout little craft in a jiffy, and the other men were lifting her clear of the deck with block and fall. Presently she was swinging from a pair of wooden davits and Simpson himself was in the stern-sheets. His four men were seated on the thwarts ready to fend the boat clear if possible. Plop, and she dropped into a foaming comber, rose in a smother of spray, was thrust an oar's length away from the swinging side of the schooner and appeared to have escaped unscathed.

Then a thunderous sea caught her abeam, there was a crash of splintered planks, and the boat vanished in the white froth. A moment later, several heads were bobbing where the boat had been, and the men left on board the schooner were frantically flinging them coils of halliards and other ends of running gear. In an agony of suspense, those on the deck of the *Mermaid* watched and prayed while the crew of the boat were fished out. Simpson had grasped the drowning sailor nearest him, and the two were locked together when they were hauled over the bulwark. The others had clung to bits of planking and oars, and the second mate left in charge of the schooner had paid off her head so that she drifted close to them.

"Well, I see our finish," murmured Hector Alonzo McGrath. "He can't make another try for us, and the *Mermaid* will founder before this sea smooths down."

But John Simpson was on his feet shaking himself like a wet Newfoundland dog. He beckoned to the three men who had been left on board his vessel, and when they hesitated he ran at them with an iron belaying pin in his fist. The remaining boat was dragged to the side and launched and again Simpson leaped into the stern-sheets. This time the bold enterprise seemed to be favored by fortune. A patch of slightly smoother water was in the schooner's lee, and the second boat got clear without mishap. It shot down the long green slopes and slid up the watery hills while the seamen tugged at their oars like madmen, and John Simpson, the long steering sweep in his hands, handled her like a wizard. Around to the lee side of the *Mermaid* swept the brave boat until those on board could hear Simpson trumpeting:

"Jump and we'll pick you up as you drift by. Hello, Stearns. Howdy, McGrath. I'm glad I happened along."

He drove his boat perilously near the yawl's counter and the derelicts obeyed his commands, plunging overboard one by one, and being washed safely within grasping distance of the men in the schooner's boat. Hector Alonzo McGrath lay gasping on the bottom boards like an expiring fish, and had nothing to say until he and his comrades had been hoisted up the

schooner's side after a bruising struggle. Then Simpson put an arm around him and half-dragged him into the after-cabin, while Stearns and Oleson limped in their wake.

"Excuse me," said Simpson. "You'll find some dry clothes in my room. Help yourselves. The steward will bring you some grub and coffee right away. I am needed on deck. By the way, your yacht just went to the bottom."

Stearns had more vigor left in him than his chum, and he began to explore the quarters, but blundered into the wrong state-room. A deep, rather querulous voice was raised from a bunk.

"Is that you, John? Did you get all those people off?"

"Mr. Simpson has gone on deck, sir," said Stearns, peering into the state-room lighted only by the small bull's-eye port past which the green seas were washing. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"So you are one of the young men my mate picked off the yacht," replied the other, and Stearns perceived that he was white-bearded. "I am the master of this vessel, Captain Amos McIntyre. Got washed against the deckhouse last night and broke my leg. John made a pretty good job of settin' it. Make yourselves to home, boys."

Hector Alonzo was stretched upon a sofa built against the wall of the cabin, and he felt more dead than alive, but his curiosity was so eager that he managed to pipe up in a very shaky voice:

"Is John Simpson really the first mate of this big schooner, and in charge of her now that you are disabled, Captain McIntyre?"

The stout old seafarer in the bunk beyond the open state-room door seemed to forget his acute discomfort for the moment, and the two young men heard him chuckle gently to himself before he replied:

"John will take this vessel into port. I ain't worrying a mite about that. His father was master of a sky-sail clipper in the China trade when he was twenty-three year old. The boy comes by it natural. And he's been sailin' with me since he was fourteen. Pretty stiff blow last night, hey? Had a kind of tough experience, didn't ye?"

Hector tried to respond, but his eyes had closed and he mumbled drowsily as he drifted off into heavy slumber. Stearns pulled the wet clothes off his exhausted chum, covered him with a blanket, and chatted a little while longer with the master of the schooner who appeared to be glad of the opportunity to sound the praises of his stalwart first-mate.

So Simpson, the Freshman, was a seafarer of the viking breed; a man with his feet under him whom the Yale campus had despised because he would not do what the undergraduate world considered a man's work. The stress of foot-ball, the toil of rowing in a 'varsity crew seemed pretty trifling along-side this sort of endeavor. Stearns felt sheepish, his judgments all confounded, and while he was cogitating in a mood of bewildered amazement, weariness and desire of sleep

overcame him, and he dragged himself to the bunk in the mate's room.

When he awoke, several hours later, the motion of the vessel had become much less violent. He looked out into the cabin and beheld Simpson seated at the table busily engaged with a coffee-pot and a platter of ham and eggs. Stiff and aching in every muscle, Stearns pulled himself out of bed and crossed the gently heaving floor to drop into a chair beside the briny Freshman, who beamed with the most cordial friendliness and exclaimed:

"Hello! You are rounding to in great shape. I shall be able to land you in Boston to-morrow morning if this breeze holds fair. Too bad McGrath had to lose his yacht. I hope he hasn't hurt himself. He doesn't look any too husky."

"I am husky enough to have a wrestling match with a few ham-and-eggs," unexpectedly announced Hector from the sofa, as he yawned and tried to sit up. "Am I dreaming, or is this really the Freshman that we used to call the big loafer? John Simpson, will you be kind enough to explain yourself?"

The rugged young seafarer grinned delightedly and his eyes twinkled as he returned:

"There isn't much to explain. While I was sailing with Captain McIntyre before the mast, I got it into my head that I wanted to go to college. My mother is chock full of ambition. She had a lot to do with it. She didn't want me to follow the sea all my life. I studied on board here and got ready for my Yale ex-

aminations in a lubberly kind of way and managed to scrape through. I was mate of this vessel by then, and Captain McIntyre was kind enough to hold my berth open during the summer vacation when the coal carrying trade is heavy between Norfolk and Boston."

"And he can have the berth every summer he wants it," sung out Captain McIntyre from the gloom of his retirement. "There ain't a better officer and seaman sailing out of an Atlantic port than John Simpson."

The young mate blushed at this and turned to say to Stearns, as if he had something on his mind:

"You fellows had no use for me. I was a poor Yale man and a shirker because I wouldn't play foot-ball." Simpson pounded the table with his fist and his voice took a deeper, more earnest note as he went on to say, "Did you ever stop to think that there might be two ways of looking at it? You make your foot-ball and your rowing a steady grind of hard work with all the fun knocked out of it. I've been having discipline and hard work knocked into me all my life. And you take your foot-ball and all that so seriously that it made me laugh, honestly it did. I had a bully time through my Freshman year. I had a little chance to play, the first chance I had since I was a kid."

"But there is such a thing as college loyalty," protested Stearns, profoundly admiring this masterful young man but unwilling to surrender.

"I saw your Yale flag half-masted, and I ran up my own," said Simpson.

"And you risked your life to rescue us and you did

what only one man in a million would have dared to do," excitedly shouted Hector Alonzo McGrath. "Shut up, you Jim Stearns. When it comes to college loyalty, I guess Simpson has more than squared accounts."

Jim Stearns extended his hand across the table, and as Simpson grasped it the captain of the Yale eleven said, and his voice showed that he was deeply moved:

"I apologize, Simpson, old man. You deserve all the fun you can get out of college. We sized you up all wrong. And the next man who calls you 'The Big Loafer' has me to whip."

"Thank you," was the simple response. "Maybe I'll play foot-ball next year if the college wants me."

From the state-room came the hurricane accents of Captain Amos McIntyre:

"Better stick to seafaring, John. It's a whole lot safer, accordin' to all I hear."

The young men, three Yale undergraduates brought together in this strange and glad reunion, rose to their feet and shook hands all around.

"I don't consider the last cruise of the *Mermaid* such a failure, after all," smilingly quoth Hector Alonzo McGrath.

THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP

THE Yale crew was quartered in a fine old mansion near Henley-on-Thames where that plaything of an English river winds like a bright ribbon between fair lawns and gardens and red-roofed country-houses set in parks of stately, immemorial oaks. Through the summer days and far into the long twilight evenings the river was gay with boating parties and fussy little steamers laden to the guards with exuberant London "trippers." But the little company of American athletes had not come to Henley on pleasure bent. The Thames meant to them nothing else than a battle-ground upon which they were to test their skill and courage against the finest oarsmen of England in rowing for the Grand Challenge Cup.

Morning and afternoon they launched their shell and pulled past Fawley Court to the stone bridge hard by the Red Lion Inn, while their coach, "Bob" Steele, clattered along the tow-path on a raw-boned hunter and shouted his instructions from the saddle. Curious crowds watched their practice, expressing open dislike of their style, and a flock of London newspapermen trailed afoot or on bicycles and clicked stop-watches opposite various marks on the shore.

Now and then the Yale men rested on their oars to see their rivals, the English eights, swing past with

powerful, hard-held stroke—Trinity Hall, New College, London Rowing Club, and, most formidable of all, the seasoned veterans of the Leander boat. The racing course seemed of trifling length, no more than a mile and a third, but in their practice pulls the bold Yankee invaders had learned that they must row their hearts out over every foot of the way to wrest the lead from their slashing, experienced foemen schooled at Oxford and Cambridge.

The English oarsmen held the singular notion that rowing was a sport, and they were enjoying with wholesome zest the festive diversions of Henley and its bedecked house-boats in the high-tide of June. The Yale men, bred to the New London tradition, which viewed rowing as one degree less serious than life and death, were courteously responsive to the many kinds of hospitality offered them, but at heart they were interested only in the stern fact that they had come three thousand miles to win or lose a boat race.

Of them all the most taciturn, unbending, and absorbed in the issue of the contest was Peter Burnham. He had been graduated from college a year before, but his fiery zeal and partisan loyalty to Yale were unabated. The great pitcher, now a hard-working reporter on the staff of the New York *Chronicle*, had been lucky enough to win the assignment to go to England with the crew whose attempt to win the Grand Challenge Cup commanded national interest at home. His former base-ball comrade, Tommy Prentice, also a fledgling alumnus, but by no means so in-

dustrious, had elected to sail with him, and the pair established head-quarters at the Angel Tavern, from whence they made daily visits to the ivy-clad mansion above which floated the blue banner of Yale. Indefatigable on the tow-path, they were the vanguard of the cheerful army of American visitors who would soon be gathering to shout what the London newspapers called their "barbarous college cry," and otherwise enliven the atmosphere of the Henley Regatta.

Peter Burnham was not an oarsman, but so brilliant had been his base-ball career that the Yale crew welcomed him as one whom they were delighted to honor, and considered him a member of their party second in importance only to Mr. "Bob" Steele. They took it for granted that Peter would be included in the invitations to teas, garden-parties, boating-club receptions, and river excursions with which the hospitable Britons fairly showered them, but the lanky base-ball hero of the solemn countenance failed to harmonize with his social environment, and he began to regret the day that he had invaded Henley-on-Thames.

The experiences which provoked this hostile frame of mind had begun shortly after his arrival. Tommy Prentice and he were seated by a window of the Angel Tavern, gazing at the crowded river, and chatting with the trim, loquacious bar-maid. The Yale crew had paddled down to their boat-house after an encouraging spin up-stream, and Peter had sent his daily cable "story" to New York, wherefore his soul was at peace and he was enjoying himself in his own quiet way. Presently

there entered a ruddy, cleanly built young Englishman in boating flannels, who ordered ginger-beer and exchanged harmless pleasantries with the bar-maid as if he were quite at home in the Angel Tavern. Raising his glass, he nodded to Peter and his companion with a friendly smile and remarked:

'Here's to the American eight, gentlemen. May your chaps win."

Surprised to hear so treasonable a sentiment from a native, Prentice cordially replied:

"Sorry I can't return the compliment without perjuring myself. Thank you very much. Will you join us?"

The athletic-looking stranger accepted the invitation, and after cards had been exchanged Prentice asked:

"Are you in one of the eights, Mr. Aylmer? I take it that you are here for the regatta."

The young Englishman flushed and said with a shadow of resentment:

"Oh, by Jove! no indeed. I do a bit of rowing. In fact, I have won quite a pot of medals in the open regattas, in the single sculls, you know. But I can't row at Henley. I am not what the Honorable Stewards call a gentleman. Sounds rather odd to you Americans, I fancy."

"It sounds like tommy-rot to me," growled Peter Burnham, whose uncompromising democracy was instantly up in arms. "While I never met you before, Mr. Aylmer, you impress me as enough of a gentleman to take part in athletics anywhere. Do you mean you are not an amateur?"

"Oh, no. I don't mean that at all," said the other with a smile. "I am no bally pot-hunting professional. I never rowed for cash in my life. I go in for the sport of the thing. Ask any chap in Henley. I have been wanting to have a try at the Diamond Sculls for ever so long, but of course I can't enter." He forestalled the question which tactless Peter was about to blurt by adding, "I am respectable company, I assure you. My family are very decent people. We have lived in Henley some two hundred years. But I am only a fairly well-educated machinist by trade. And Henley Regatta is for gentlemen only."

"You ought to know the rules, Peter. They were discussed at New Haven when our crew was picked to come over here," explained Tommy Prentice. "'Bob' Steele had to be very careful that none of the men had ever been 'by trade or employment a mechanic, artisan, or laborer, or engaged in any menial duty.' That is how the rule is worded. I looked it up on the steamer."

"I heard something about this snobbishness, but I paid no attention to it at the time," exclaimed Peter. "See here, do you mean to tell me that a clean, decent, straight man can't pull an oar in this gold-plated regatta? It is an outrage. How about the good men who are working and sweating their way through Yale by doing all sorts of menial duties, as these Englishmen put it. They are not gentlemen amateurs, I suppose. Oh, bosh, it makes me sick."

Aylmer was eyeing the wrathful American with

sympathetic amusement, but he was too courteous to explain that Peter was butting against a stone wall, and Tommy Prentice was left to declare with great frankness:

"You are making an ass of yourself, Peter. The Yale crew invited itself to the Henley Regatta, and we must play the game according to the rules laid down by our hosts, who have been tremendously nice and cordial. You can't bowl over the British social system single-handed, so you had better shut up and look pleasant. Isn't that good advice, Mr. Aylmer?"

"Mr. Burnham's motives do him great credit," was the diplomatic answer. "Personally I should like to see you beat Leander and take them down a bit, but it will do no good to kick up a row, you know. Well, I must be trotting along. Glad to have met you. When you have nothing better to do, drop into the Henley Boat Club House. Some of us are not 'gentlemen' amateurs, Mr. Burnham, but we will not steal your purse, and it will give our chaps a lot of pleasure to know you."

After his departure Peter sat in gloomy abstraction while Tommy Prentice blithely discussed the weather and the chances of the Grand Challenge eights with the well-informed bar-maid. At length he smote Peter in the ribs and declared:

"It is none of your funeral, you chronic old grouch. Why do you eternally insist upon hugging other folks' troubles to your manly bosom, and imploring utter strangers to knock chips off your shoulders? Forget

the Honorable Stewards of the Royal Henley Regatta and enjoy the delectable scenery."

"That Aylmer talks and acts as if he had been to college," returned Peter, as if speaking his thoughts aloud. "I imagine he must have a mechanical twist, and went into a machine shop to learn the business from the bottom up. But he isn't a gentleman! He can't row for the Diamond Sculls which were won last year by Lord somebody, the son of a brewer who got his title and his money by dishing up beer to the British nation. Thank God I am an American, Tommy."

"But you never met a finer lot of fellows than these Oxford and Cambridge oarsmen," protested Prentice. "Take them as you find them. When in Rome, don't try to do the Romans. They were here first."

Peter was not to be so easily cajoled. He was nursing a grievance of large dimensions, and stubborn indignation was written all over his rugged countenance as he pounded the table and proclaimed:

"I worked in a colliery and studied nights until I was ready to go to college. I have been an artisan, a mechanic, a laborer, and menial. I am proud of my record, and Yale took me on my merits as a man and an athlete. Now I come over here and I find that I am not good enough to associate with these oarsmen and 'varsity Johnnies. I couldn't pull an oar on this little bit of a billy-be-darned creek they call the glorious Thames. In their opinion, I am a mucker."

"I refuse to argue with you," cried Prentice. "You never could row in a crew anywhere. You were not

built for it. And you are not entered for the Grand Challenge Cup, and you are a disagreeable, sore-headed old trouble-hunter. I have an engagement to dine with the Trinity Hall crew. You can stay here alone and scold yourself some more if you like."

"Better not tell them that you have been seen in a public place with Aylmer and me," grumbled Peter by way of farewell. "They might throw you out as hopelessly contaminated."

The more Peter Burnham pondered over his assumption that he was not a "gentleman" at Henley, the more sulky and wrong-headed became his mental attitude. He was in a prickly mood next day, ready to resent the slightest appearance of condescension on the part of the careless, rosy, wholesome-looking young men of the crack English eights who lounged on the tow-path or strolled in groups through the picturesque village streets. He had interviewed several of them in his rôle of an American reporter and their calmly superior demeanor had ruffled him. Accustomed to a different kind of reception at home, he had mentioned this lack of cordiality to "Bob" Steele, who laughed and told him:

"You will have to put up with a good deal of that sort of manner in your newspaper work at Henley. The average English pressman, as they call him, has no social standing. Just grin and bear it as all in the days' work."

As Peter stalked along the tow-path to watch the *Yale* crew at practice, he was grumbling to himself: "I don't propose to kow-tow to any English cad-

man that ever wore a jersey. At home I was proud of being a Yale man and a New York reporter. Over here I seem to be an outcast on every count. The Revolutionary War was the best thing that ever happened to the good old United States."

He halted to gaze down-stream. His comrades of the blue were rowing easily toward the upper reaches of the course, driving their shell with faultless harmony and clean, delicate watermanship. The coxswain waved his hand as they slipped past Peter, who was thrilled at sight of the blue "Y" upon their white shirts. Where were there finer, truer sportsmen? They were quite good enough for honest Peter Burnham, and he knew they respected and honored him. Comforted by this bracing reflection, he became less eager to declare war against England and plodded about his business with a more cheerful aspect.

In the afternoon he wandered into the Angel Tavern in search of Tommy Prentice. The bar-maid brightened at sight of Peter's prodigious altitude, which compelled him to stoop in the tap-room lest he bang his head against the ancient rafters. As a squire of dames Peter had been counted a failure, but the bar-maid of the Angel found something to her liking in this tall, serious American, and she promptly forsook the other patrons to address him with a smile of genuine friendliness:

"I hope you are feelin' better than you did yesterday when you were crackin' on so very savage about our English rowin' men, sir. There's an American

gentleman in the backroom who seems to know a lot about the Grand Challenge eights an' Yale in particular. No, he ain't one of your party, Mr. Burnham. He's a stranger to me. He's as free with his money as he is with his talk. Do you want to meet 'im? He's 'avin' a drink with your friend, Mr. Aylmer."

"Not until I see him first, thank you," answered cautious Peter. "What does he look like?"

"Oh, 'e is dressed very swell, with 'is white flannels and 'is Panama and 'is binoculars. A big, bold strappin' man 'e is, and very handsome. A bit loud for my taste, but very keen on rowin' men and the like. You can 'ave a look at 'im through the door."

Peter had enough curiosity to peer into the backroom and observe the person under discussion who was declaring in vigorous tones:

"My dear chap, Yale will beat Leander on form and speed. She simply can't lose. The American boys are going to give these Englishmen a licking that will be talked about when you are gray-headed. Leander is the only crew that will make Yale extend herself, all the critics acknowledge this, and I can't see anything to it but Yale in a canter. To show you that I know what I am talking about, I am ready to lay even money on the Yankees against Leander for any amount.

"Even money on Yale against Leander?" Peter heard Aylmer echo in accents of breathless astonishment. "Why, my dear sir, even money on a foreign crew in the Grand Challenge is unheard of. I have been knocking about Henley all my life, and I really know

a thing or two about rowing. If you really mean what you say, our sporting men will mob you to get that even money of yours. You Americans make me dizzy."

"Even money it is, and I am looking for big money," calmly returned the florid stranger with his most impressive manner. "I am ready to go broke on my judgment."

Peter had seen and heard enough. Retreating to the bar he frowned in thoughtful silence. He did not wish to meet the other American in the backroom, and condescended briefly to inform the bar-maid:

"He is what you call a rotter and a bounder, and some other things even more impolite. I call him a blackguard. Don't let that cheap skate throw any bluffs at you, will you?"

"You sound very odd with your skatin' and your chuckin' about of bluffs, to be sure," said she. "The queer words you use! Oh, I won't be taken in by 'is nobs, never fear, and thank you, sir."

The rattle of chairs in the backroom warned Peter, and he turned his back toward his distrusted fellow-countryman's line of exit. Aylmer delayed to have a word with Peter, and presently they walked outside and halted upon the arched stone bridge, where they leaned against the parapet and looked at the gay flotillas of punts, canoes, and skiffs that drifted between the green shores.

"I like you well enough to tell you that you were in bad company just now," abruptly remarked Peter.

Aylmer looked surprised and returned with a mischievous smile:

"I thought he was nothing worse than one of your American millionaires, trying to get rid of some of his surplus tin. He marched into the place as if he were your great John D. Rockefeller himself, and I couldn't get away from him."

"He is 'Diamond Joe' Harrison, a New York gambler and pool-room man, and one of the smoothest. He hasn't a straight hair in his head," was the disconcerting announcement. "New York got too hot to hold him, and I suppose he is looking for easy money in England. He has cut off his moustache and dyed his hair. It isn't likely that he would remember me, but one of my first assignments as a reporter was with the police squad that broke into his gambling-house on Thirty-eighth Street. Now, what is he doing here? He is not in Henley for his health."

"He appears to be enjoying the best of health," gravely commented the Englishman, missing the point of Peter's figure of speech. "Um-m, by Jove! how very extraordinary. Do you know, I fancied he was rather vulgar, but, begging your pardon, some of the rich Americans who come over here in the summer are a bit peculiar. He was wasting his time on me, though. A gambler would find me poor plucking indeed."

"'Diamond Joe' Harrison never wastes time on anyone whom he can't use in his business, Aylmer. What kind of information did he extract from you?"

"Oh, he asked me about hiring boats, and the rules for policing the course, and the betting odds and so on. All perfectly harmless, I assure you. Lucky he *didn't* lift my watch, wasn't it?"

Peter rubbed his black head with an air of perplexity and squinted at the river. He was not ready to confide his surmises, however, and thought it wise to dismiss the topic with a curt warning:

"Don't bet with Mr. 'Diamond Joe' Harrison, and if he offers to teach you the great American pastime of draw poker, flee from him."

Returning to his rooms at the Angel, he found a note to inform him that Tommy Prentice had hastily departed for London to meet a party of American friends. While alone at supper, Peter had leisure to puzzle his wits over the presence in Henley of "Diamond Joe" Harrison and his eagerness to wager even money on the Yale crew. He was a good enough reporter to go straight to the heart of the matter, and thoughtfully reflected:

"He is not risking his bank-roll unless he expects to double it on a sure thing. This is the last place in the world to plan a crooked deal of any kind. The crews can't be bribed nor can the officials, but there must be a nigger in the wood-pile somewhere. Posing as an American millionaire with more money than good sense! His betting proposition is a bait for suckers, but I'll swear I can't find the hook."

Peter decided to make a twilight call at the Yale quarters and talk with "Bob" Steele. He found the head coach loafing in a hammock under the trees which overhung the river while the oarsmen were playing the ancient game of bowls upon the velvety turf. "Bob" Steele aroused himself from dreamy contemplation of

the gleaming river and the tranquil well-ordered landscape, and grunted a cheerful welcome to the hero of the Yale diamond. Without preliminaries, Peter asked the question uppermost in his mind:

"Do you think we have an honest chance of winning? This is not for publication, but I am mighty anxious to know just how you feel."

"Bob" Steele shrugged his broad shoulders and fingered his gray moustache as if hesitating, but this benevolent tyrant was in a yielding mood and he answered with a short laugh:

"A fighting chance, Peter. No more than that. The odds are all against us, a strange course and climate, a crew of youngsters against older, more experienced men, and not one race, but three in three days if we get as far as the final heat. We can whip anything here except Leander, but those chaps are a shade faster to-day than we are. There is an honest opinion for you. What is on your mind, Peter? You seem unusually sad-eyed."

"Then even money on Yale against Leander is silly," persisted Peter.

"Silly? Asinine!" was the heated reply. "If you know of anyone who is offering even money, tell his friends to put him in a padded cell."

"I crossed the trail of a New York gambler to-day, Mr. Steele, who is looking for all the English money he can find at that price. His name is 'Diamond Joe' Harrison. It looks queer to me and I can't fathom *it at all.*"

"'Diamond Joe' Harrison!" exclaimed the coach. "This is too deep for me. But whatever he may be up to, it is sure to be as crooked as a ram's horn. I hope you can uncover his tracks. If I can be of any help let me know."

Two days after this Peter decided to interview the Leander coach concerning the merits of the other Grand Challenge eights as material for his newspaper. Accordingly he sought the Leander club-house where a liveried servant led him upstairs to the breezy lounging-room facing the river. Now Peter Burnham was not in a diplomatic mood for such an errand as this. His bearing in no wise resembled that of a London sporting reporter obsequious in the presence of the lords and baronets sprinkled among the groups of old Leander oars who were chatting around the tables by the open windows. In his bosom still rankled the irritating notion that he was not classed as a "gentleman" in such company as this, and he was ready to take affront at any provocation whatsoever.

Unfortunately Mr. Hemphill-Benson, the Leander coach, was a gentleman of heavy manner and glacial dignity, and he was fond neither of Americans nor of reporters. He turned to face Peter Burnham with a perceptible air of annoyance as if the visit were an intrusion, then gazed at Peter's card which he was twisting between his fingers, and drawled:

"I do not recall having made an appointment with you, Mr.—er—Burnham. I never grant interviews to pressmen without previous appointment. Really, I am

engaged at present, as you should be able to observe. The servant should have told you as much."

"Oh, tell the poor chap what he wants to know," murmured one of Mr. Hemphill-Benson's companions. "It is his bread and butter. And I fancy I have seen him with the American oarsmen. He may be a friend of theirs."

Peter heard enough of this kind-hearted advice to make him flush red to the ears, but he made a great effort to hold his explosive temper in check and replied to Mr. Hemphill-Benson:

"I was introduced to you by Mr. Steele, the Yale coach, soon after our crew came to Henley. And he asked you to consider me one of the Yale party. My business is not important enough, however, to upset your rules about previous appointments. We don't stop to think of such things in my country when we have a chance to show any courtesy to an English visitor. According to our crude notions, such things as these mark the gentleman."

Mr. Hemphill-Benson looked aghast, almost upset his glass as he sputtered:

"Most uncalled for—I say, Mr. Burnham—now that I recall you as one of the Yale party—why of course I shall be pleased to—my word, do you mean to insinuate—let us have no misunderstanding. I resent your language—how dare you walk into this club and——"

These fragmentary sentiments moved Peter to interrupt with a dignity befitting a belted earl:

"You need not consider me one of the Yale party

at all. I am only a New York reporter attending to his legitimate business and I am used to decent treatment."

With this, the affronted intruder turned on his heel and tramped away from Mr. Hemphill-Benson, who was somewhat puzzled to know what all the bother was about. As Peter moved toward the stairway he glanced through the long windows at the spacious piazza, and was astonished to perceive none other than the bogus American millionaire, "Diamond Joe" Harrison, seated at his ease with a half-dozen Englishmen who were evidently enjoying his company. The gambler was cleverly playing his part as a breezy, open-hearted sportsman ready to back an American crew with more patriotism than good judgment, and his invasion of the most exclusive of the rowing clubs at Henley fairly staggered Peter Burnham, who grinned wickedly as he said to himself:

"If that frosty old terrapin, Hemphill-Benson, had thawed out enough to be half-way courteous to me, I would go back and warn him against 'Diamond Joe.' I suppose I ought to do it anyhow, but I feel just spiteful enough to let these high and mighty Britishers take their medicine. Harrison has managed to get an introduction to this swagger crowd and he proposes to separate them from their money."

In the afternoon the ceremonious event of drawing lots for the heats for the Grand Challenge Cup was held in the town hall of Henley. The Honorable Stewards, whom Peter so heartily detested, took every pre-

caution to have the drawings fairly made, and there was no possible chance of any underhanded work to favor the plans of "Diamond Joe" Harrison. The Yale oarsmen were in the crowd which filled the hall, and the overpowering atmosphere of British decorum smothered their jubilation when it was announced that they were to meet Trinity Hall in the first heat. They were thoroughly confident of winning against this crew, and the race would be an advantageous preparation for the later struggle with Leander.

"Your chaps can't get shut out of the final heat," said Aylmer, who was standing beside Peter. "It will be Yale and Leander for a fighting finish on the second or third day, and you will get a stiff run for your money, as you put it. Our sporty friend, Harrison, is busier than ever, I understand."

"He hasn't shown his hand yet, has he? He isn't betting even money on an honest race. He has made me lose some sleep."

"I hear he has wagered between two thousand and three thousand pounds in the Leander club-house, and a lot more with the London Rowing Club men, all on Yale. I can't very well tell them that he is a swindler by profession, can I? They think I am not good enough to row with them, you know."

"You and I are in the same boat," said Peter. "We can't interfere in gentlemen's affairs. And, after all, why should I worry? Certainly 'Diamond Joe' does not intend to interfere with Yale's chances of winning. *So let* the other fellows look out for themselves."

"Right you are!" cried the other. "We may be hunting a mare's nest and nobody is going to thank us for our pains."

The regatta was so close at hand that Peter had no leisure to think of anything else than his own work. The Yale crew was rowing fast, the men were keyed up to flawless physical condition, and "Bob" Steele was imperturbably calm and outwardly confident. On the morning of the first race with Trinity Hall, Peter walked to the quarters to bid the young heroes of his beloved alma mater god-speed and fare-you-well, and his eyes were moist as he watched them file out of the dressing-rooms clad in the colors for which he had fought so valiantly during the strenuous years of his campus life. More than any other on-looker, excepting grizzled "Bob" Steele, he knew what tense emotions tugged at their hearts.

Then he hurried up the tow-path beside the narrow river which was covered from shore to shore with small boats so gaily freighted that the stream was like a moving flower-garden. Soon he saw Yale paddle toward the starting line and he trotted after them, fidgeting, distraught, waiting to hear the signal gun.

When the two eights shot into view, side by side, swinging down the narrow lane of water between the emblazoned borders of pleasure craft, Peter could not believe that Yale was leading by a clean length and that Trinity Hall was beaten in the first half mile. But after rubbing his eyes and running abreast of the crews until distanced, he emitted a lone cheer of so much

volume that Englishmen near by moved hastily away as if a lunatic had been discovered unawares.

After he had written a soberly elated description of the victory Peter became conscious of keenly renewed interest in the stratagems of Mr. "Diamond Joe" Harrison. Whatever means that astute gentleman expected to employ to make certain that Yale should win from Leander must be set in motion within twenty-four hours, or not at all. In this first day's racing Leander had rowed her winning heat against New College fifteen seconds faster than the time of Yale's race against Trinity Hall. This was enough to swing the legitimate betting odds more than ever in favor of the Englishmen. "Bob" Steele appeared more thoughtful than usual, and when Peter asked him for a final opinion he shook his head and said:

"Leander has been improving within the last week, and we have no more than held our own. They are from one to two lengths faster than we are, and I expect to be beaten to-morrow. Don't breathe a word to our crew. They need all the encouragement they can get. They will row a good race. We shall not be disgraced, no matter what the result is."

"'Diamond Joe' Harrison has thousands of dollars in the stake-holders' hands to say that we can't lose," replied Peter with a slow smile. "What do you think of that for an argument?"

"It is fishier than ever, Peter. I wish I could make head or tail of it. We want to win fair or not at all. *That* goes without saying. *Our* hands are clean, at any

rate. Scout around to-night and see what you can find out, will you?"

Peter went baffled to bed, however, and awoke on the morning of the crucial race, wondering what could possibly happen to bring Yale first to the finish line. "Bob" Steele had personally requested that Peter be permitted to go aboard the referee's launch for the Leander race in order that he might follow the crews over the course. Permission had been courteously granted, but when the obstinate Peter learned that Mr. Hemphill-Benson was to be of the party, he made high-tempered objection and flatly refused to set foot in the launch. "Bob" Steele laughed and scolded him in vain, Peter briefly explaining that he was done with being patronized by the distasteful "gentlemen" of the Royal Henley Regatta, and proposed to run along the tow-path on his two democratic, American legs. He was striding through the crowds that lined the shore when Aylmer overtook him and excitedly confided:

"The 'Diamond Joe' person will bear watching, old chap. I believe I have run him to cover. For the last half hour he has been standing back in the meadow on this side of the river, and about half-way up the course. And I can swear I saw him signalling to some party or other with his handkerchief."

"Where is he? The race will start in a few minutes," exclaimed Peter whirling about and heading post-haste for the meadow. "Let me see what he is up to. How did you happen to find him?"

"It was the bar-maid at the Angel," panted Aylmer,

trotting alongside. "She thinks a lot of you, do you see, and she knew you had been anxious about this flash American Johnny. It seems she overheard a bit of talk last night that wasn't meant to be overheard, and——"

Boom! The signal gun sounded from the wooded shore of Temple Island. It told the waiting multitude that Yale and Leander had jumped away in the start of their momentous struggle.

Another minute or so, and the two shells would be clear of the screening island and speeding down the streak of water between the close-locked ranks of small craft and house-boats. Bowling spectators to right and left, Peter plowed desperately ahead in the hope of reaching the ambushed "Diamond Joe" and thwarting his purpose, whatever it might be. It was no easy task to push through the jostling, excited throngs upon the tow-path. Peter glanced over his shoulder and saw the racing crews surging down-stream, almost abreast of each other.

Leander seemed to be leading by a few feet, and Peter wavered for an instant. He thought of his smouldering grievances against these Englishmen who had angered and humiliated him and made him hate them. And he wanted Yale to defeat them more than anything else in the world. But Yale must win in a fair field, or victory was not worth having. Thus ran the elemental code of Peter Burnham as a man and a sportsman, and he could not lose sight of it, no matter how great the temptation. A moment later

Aylmer darted back from the edge of the meadow and cried:

"The bird has flown! Better stick to the tow-path and see what happens. We are too late to do anything."

Angry and bewildered, Peter veered toward the river and almost bumped into "Diamond Joe" Harrison, who was intently gazing, not at the oncoming crews, but at the jostling crowd of small boats which filled the river from the shore to the very edge of the narrow racing course. Just then a punt went adrift from its berth on the outer fringe of this flotilla and swung out into the stream. Its load of rowdy-looking men, with oaths and shouts, seemed to be trying clumsily and ineffectually to push it back out of the path of the Leander eight which was no more than a few hundred feet away. One splashed the water with an oar, another made awkward jabs with a pole, and their companions got in one another's way as if they were a crew of panic-smitten landlubbers unable to help themselves.

Instead of moving out of the course the wretched punt floundered, as if by blundering accident, directly in front of the Leander shell. Cries of alarm, warning, malediction rose in clamorous din from river and shore. No other boat dared push out in mid-stream to tow the derelict clear. In the eyes of the thousands who frantically shouted at the punt and its passengers, this was an accident which threatened to defeat the hopes of English victory, for so narrow was the course

that Leander could not possibly steer around the obstacle without fouling Yale or losing two or three lengths of distance.

In a twinkling Peter Burnham grasped the fact that this was no chance mishap. Here was "Diamond Joe" Harrison's stratagem to throw the race to Yale. These helpless rowdies in the punt were his hirelings, cleverly obeying orders. Peter's emotions were badly jumbled, but the dastardly trick must be spoiled at all hazards. Quick-witted in any crisis demanding instant action, he plunged down the bank, leaped from one boat to another in a series of gigantic hops, and did what nobody else had thought of doing.

The bow of the Leander shell was perhaps two lengths away and the coxswain was bawling madly at the splashing punt which had swerved further into the course. Stepping out of the last boat into which he had leaped, Peter landed in water up to his chin, waded three prodigious strides, extended a long arm, clutched the gunwale of the punt, thrust it shoreward with a tremendous effort, and popped his head under water barely in time to dodge the seething wash of the port oars of the Leander shell which passed clear of the obstruction without checking headway and surged down the river a good half-length ahead of Yale.

Amid such tumultuous cheering as Henley had not heard for many a year, Peter clambered ashore in a vast hurry to see the finish of the race. Fighting his way by main strength through a shouting mob that hailed him as a hero, he ran dripping down the tow-

path and was able to catch a glimpse of the finish flags. Spurting could not save the day for Yale. Rowing pluckily and in splendid form the Americans were fighting it out to the last stroke, but they were beaten by a scant length. Then, bent over their trailing oars, they cheered for Leander like the true-blue sportsmen that they were.

"Beaten by a length!" groaned Peter Burnham, as he leaned against a tree, a most disconsolate figure, and stared at his comrades in the Yale boat. "If I had not shoved that punt off the course, Leander would have been licked to a certainty. Well, I spoiled 'Diamond Joe's' game, all right. What will 'Bob' Steele say?"

The Yale coach was climbing ashore from the referee's launch as melancholy Peter passed the landing stage on his way to the Angel Tavern to shift into dry clothing. "Bob" Steele's aspect of clouded dejection vanished as he caught sight of Peter Burnham, and he thumped him tremendously on the back as he roared:

"You splendid old fool, you! I saw you do it. Yale will be proud of you, and she ought to be. By Jingo! I never expected to congratulate a man on making Yale lose a boat race. But it was the thing to do, and you did it. We don't want to win races by flukes or foul play. Wait till these Englishmen get hold of you. You ought to have heard them praising you aboard the launch."

"Including Mr. Hemphill-Benson, I presume," was Peter's rejoinder. "I refuse to accept his congratula-

tions without a previous appointment, and you can tell him so. I wasn't thinking of doing any favors for the Englishmen. It was to play square for myself, and for Yale. I just couldn't help it. I never wanted to win a ball game that wasn't fought out on the level from start to finish. Well, I must get busy and write my story of the race."

Peter fled while "Bob" Steele tactfully kept at bay a small army of English coaches and oarsmen who were for carrying the American hero off to their club-houses and giving him ovations without limit. But Peter hastened to lock himself in his room where he wrote steadily for three hours, mentioning as a minor incident of the race that "Leander narrowly escaped collision with a punt half-way down the course."

In the midst of his labor a servant intruded with the card of Mr. Hemphill-Benson. Peter grinned joyously and sent word that he was too busy to see the gentleman. To his surprise, the Leander coach was patiently waiting downstairs when Peter sallied forth to the cable office.

"I must apologize to you for arousing your resentment when you called to see me at our club-house," said the Englishman with some hesitation. "The fact is—really, I did not understand, don't you know, that you were such a famous 'varsity athlete on your side of the water. I am a sort of committee, as it were, from the several rowing clubs represented at the regatta. We have arranged a dinner at the Sports' *Club* in London for to-morrow night with the Ameri-

can crew as guests. And the fact is, we wish to have you there as the particular guest of honor of the Leander Club. You proved yourself to be as fine a gentleman and sportsman to-day, my dear sir, as ever set foot on British soil."

Peter's spirit was too manly to remember his grievances in the face of such a speech as this. His black eyes twinkled as he replied with a gratified smile:

"I thought I was a gentleman and a sportsman before I took that ducking. Any other Yale man would have done the same thing. Thank you most heartily for your good opinion of me, and I shall be delighted to attend the dinner. There is only one thing—" Peter balked, glanced quizzically down at the puzzled countenance of Mr. Hemphill-Benson, and went on to say, "I had a partner in the enterprise, and if he had not given me warning in the nick of time, the Leander shell would have had a most disastrous experience with that punt. Of course I can't invite him to the dinner. But he is a first-rate fellow, and a fine oarsman. His name is Aylmer. He can't row in the regatta because—well—he is shy some of the plans and specifications that make what you folks call a gentleman. I differ with you there, but how about giving Mr. Aylmer some recognition for his share in your victory?"

Mr. Hemphill-Benson appeared to be struggling with conflicting emotions, but his surrender was as graceful as possible under the circumstances, and he cried as if he meant it:

"Fetch him along. Your kind of an American will make our definition of a gentleman need some overhauling."

When young Mr. Aylmer was informed of the distinction bestowed upon him, he was so ingenuously delighted that Peter was moved to observe:

"You are just as good a man if you don't go to the dinner and hob-nob with the nobility, but I suppose you can't see it that way."

"It is so awfully nice of them," said Aylmer. "I never expected anything like it to happen to me. By the way, have you told them how they were taken in by the bogus American millionaire?"

"No, I shall not mention the late 'Diamond Joe' Harrison. They won a few thousand dollars of his money and I have nothing to complain about. I don't propose to give my country a bad name by letting them know that he was an American blackguard."

Peter fumbled in a pocket and brought forth an enamelled Yale pin which he gave to Aylmer with a blush and a frown as he said:

"Do you mind giving this to the bar-maid at the Angel for me? I am not much on pretty speeches, but she has been a good friend of mine, and I want her to know that I appreciate it."

"She'd jolly well rather see you," remarked Aylmer, but Peter had nothing more to say.

The banquet at the Sports' Club was a rarely brilliant occasion, and the chairman, Lord Weatherburn, *said* so much in eulogy of the sportsmanship of Peter

Burnham that the hero suffered agonies of embarrassment. After the Yale coach and the captain of the crew had responded to toasts, there was loud demand for a speech from Peter Burnham. He was not a man to flinch on the firing line, and he awkwardly arose and said with heavy deliberation:

"You have been kind enough to make a great fuss over my wading into the Thames and clearing the course for your crew. That is the advantage of rowing races on a river that is small enough to be turned on and off from a faucet. This was not my first experience in getting wet to save a boat race. While in college I jumped overboard in a class regatta and won the race because the boat went faster with seven men than when I was trying to row. In return for the favor I was able to do for you, I am going to ask one in return. When we Americans come over here to row against your crews, try to think that no nation has a monopoly of sportsman and gentleman. We play the game in our own way, and you in yours, but, please God, we shall always have the same foundation doctrines in common—that no victory in life is worth winning unless it is fairly, cleanly, honorably won, with a fair field and no favor. These are things that were taught me at Yale, and they were the most precious things I brought away from there. This is not the kind of speech, perhaps, that I ought to make, but I am not eloquent enough to talk the customary flap-doodle about 'hands across the sea.'"

Mr. Hemphill-Benson leaned across the table and

feelingly remarked to Lord Weatherburn, the chairman:

"That amazingly tall young man is very plain-spoken, isn't he? But do you know, I like it. And if he did not stamp himself as a gentleman yesterday, then we Englishmen had better cease bragging about Philip Sidney and Walter Raleigh."